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STORY HOUR READINGS



SEVENTH
YEAR

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STORY HOUR READINGS

SEVENTH YEAR

BY

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BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Illustrations by

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AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

NEW YORK

BOSTON

CINCINNATI

ATLANTA

CHICAGO

Edue T 759.21.448

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Jan. 30, 1928

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W. P. I

PREFACE

THIS reader undertakes to provide desirable material for work in silent reading without losing sight of the other elements essential in a good reader for pupils in the seventh grade or in the first year of the junior high school.

One task before the teacher of Reading in this year is to foster, by stimulating material, a taste for good reading which it is to be hoped has at least been partially formed in the preceding grades. The selections in this volume are made with the purpose of giving the seventh-grade pupils such virile and enjoyable literature as will make them desire more of the same kind. The character and fitness of the material, not the date of its production, have governed the choice of the editor.

ARRANGEMENT BY GROUPS. There is an obvious advantage in grouping kindred reading materials in sections under such captions as "Adventure," "From Great Books," "Our Country," etc. Besides affording some elements of continuity, the plan offers opportunity for comparison and contrast of the treatment of similar themes. It also insures a massing of the effect of the idea for which the section stands. Secondarily, the section divisions break up the solid text, and because of this the pupils feel at frequent intervals that they have completed something definite.

The groupings make no pretense to being mutually exclusive. On occasion a selection may well be transferred

to another section. For example, the Washington and Lincoln stories should be used in the proper season in the "Our Country" section although it is obvious that they belong in "Special Days." Teachers should have no hesitation in breaking across from one section to another when the occasion or the children's interest seems to warrant.

MECHANICAL FEATURES. Editor and publisher have spared no pains or expense to make this book attractive to children. The volume is not cumbersome or unwieldy in size. The length of line is that of the normal book with which they regularly will come into contact. The type is clean-cut and legible. Finally, enough white space has been left in the pages to give the book an "open," attractive appearance. No single item has so much to do with children's future attitude toward books as the appearance of their school Readers.

SOCIALIZED WORK. Opportunity for dramatization, committee work, and other team activity is presented repeatedly throughout this volume. Wherever the teacher can profitably get the pupils to work in groups she should take advantage of the coöperative spirit and do so.

CITIZENSHIP. This means more than the passing phase of so-called Americanization. It means a genuine love of country, a reverence for our pioneer fathers, a respect for law, order, and truth. This Reader is rich in patriotic content. It is hoped that the ethical element in the selections will be found to be forceful as well as pleasing. The book emphasizes throughout the importance of the individual and social virtues. If it can help teachers to make clean, upright, and loyal citizens of our great Republic it will not have been made in vain.

Mastery of the printed page is not the sole end and aim of Reading. It is hoped that the devices employed in this Reader, as well as the direction and suggestions in study materials contained in the volume, may assist in developing a genuine love of good books.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

IN addition to acknowledgments made in connection with material incorporated in this volume, thanks are due as follows for permissions to reprint:

To D. Appleton & Company, Publishers, for permission to use "A Battle with a Whale" from Frank T. Bullen's *The Cruise of the Cachalot*; to Thomas B. Harned, Literary Executor of Walt Whitman, for permission to reprint "O Captain! My Captain."

"The Stagecoach," from Mark Twain's *Roughing It*, is used by express permission of the Estate of Samuel L. Clemens, the Mark Twain Company, and Harper & Brothers, Publishers.

Selections by Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, Amy Lowell, James Russell Lowell, Sill, Thoreau, and Whittier are used by permission of and special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers of these authors.

Acknowledgment is made to the American Book Company for the use of selections by James Baldwin, John Esten Cooke, Edward Eggleston, Hélène Guerber, Joel Chandler Harris, William Dean Howells, James Johonnot, Orison Swett Marden, W. F. Markwick and W. A. Smith, Frank R. Stockton, and Maurice Thompson.

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A SHEAF OF LEGENDS

To every important race of people there has come down through the ages a fine heritage of story and song. Usually these tales are largely fiction and partially fact. They may be songs about heroes; stories to account for the existence of things; moral tales; or tales of pure imagination. Whatever they are, they preserve for us from the past the thoughts or the deeds of our early ancestors; and as tales they excite our interest because of their simplicity and straightforwardness.



ALI HAFED'S QUEST
(See following page)

ALI HAFED'S QUEST

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN

LONG, long ago, in the shadowy past, Ali Hafed dwelt on the shores of the River Indus, in the ancient land of the Hindus. His beautiful cottage, set in the midst of fruit and flower gardens, looked from the mountain side on which it stood over the broad expanse of the noble river.

Rich meadows, waving fields of grain, and the herds and flocks contentedly grazing on the pasture lands testified to the thrift and prosperity of Ali Hafed. The love of a beautiful wife and a large family of light-hearted boys and girls made his home an earthly paradise. Healthy, wealthy, contented, rich in love and friendship, his cup of happiness seemed full to overflowing.

Happy and contented was the good Ali Hafed, when one evening a learned priest of Buddha, journeying along the banks of the Indus, stopped for rest and refreshment at his home, where all wayfarers were hospitably welcomed and treated as honored guests.

After the evening meal, the farmer and his family with the priest in their midst gathered around the fireside, the chilly mountain air of the late autumn making a fire desirable. The disciple of Buddha entertained his kind hosts with various legends and myths, and last of all with the story of the creation.

He told his wondering listeners how in the beginning the solid earth on which they lived was not solid at all, but a mere bank of fog. "The Great Spirit," said he,

"thrust his finger into the bank of fog and began slowly describing a circle in its midst, increasing the speed gradually until the fog went whirling round his finger so rapidly that it was transformed into a glowing ball of fire. Then the Creative Spirit hurled the fiery ball from his hand, and it shot through the universe, burning its way through other banks of fog and condensing them into rain, which fell in great floods, cooling the surface of the immense ball.

"Flames then bursting from the interior through the cooled outer crust, threw up the hills and mountain ranges ¹⁰ and made the beautiful fertile valleys. In the flood of rain that followed this fiery upheaval, the substance that cooled very quickly formed granite, that which cooled less rapidly became copper, the next in degree cooled down into silver, and the last became gold. But the most beautiful substance of all, the diamond, was formed by the first beams of sunlight condensed on the earth's surface.

"A drop of sunlight the size of my thumb," said the priest, holding up his hand, "is worth more than mines of gold. With one such drop," he continued, turning to Ali ²⁰ Hafed, "you could buy many farms like yours; with a handful you could buy a province; and with a mine of diamonds you could purchase a whole kingdom."

The company parted for the night, and Ali Hafed went to bed, but not to sleep. All night long he tossed restlessly ²⁵ from side to side, thinking, planning, scheming, how he could secure some diamonds. The demon of discontent had entered his soul, and the blessings and advantages which he possessed in such abundance seemed as by some malicious magic to have vanished utterly. Although his ³⁰ wife and children loved him as before — although his farm, his orchards, his flocks and herds, were as real and

prosperous as they had ever been — yet the last words of the priest, which kept ringing in his ears, turned his content into vague longings and blinded him to all that had hitherto made him happy.

5 Before dawn next morning the farmer, full of his purpose, was astir. Rousing the priest, he eagerly inquired if he could direct him to a mine of diamonds.

“A mine of diamonds!” echoed the astonished priest.
“What do you, who already have so much to be grateful
10 for, want with diamonds?”

“I wish to be rich and place my children on thrones.”

“All you have to do, then,” said the Buddhist, “is to go and search until you find them.”

“But where shall I go?” questioned the infatuated man.

15 “Go anywhere,” was the vague reply; “north, south, east, or west — anywhere.”

“But how shall I know the place?” asked the farmer.

“When you find a river running over white sands between high mountain ranges, in these white sands you will find 20 diamonds. There are many such rivers and many mines of diamonds waiting to be discovered. All you have to do is start out and go somewhere —” and he waved his hand — “away, away!”

Ali Hafed's mind was fully made up. “I will no longer,”
25 he thought, “remain on a wretched farm, toiling day in and day out for a mere subsistence, when acres of diamonds — untold wealth — may be had by him who is bold enough to seek them.”

He sold his farm for less than half its value. Then,
30 after putting his young family under the care of a neighbor, he set out on his quest — a quest that was to cover many years and lands.

With high hopes and the coveted diamond mines beckoning in the far distance, Ali Hafed began his wanderings. During the first few weeks his spirits did not flag, nor did his feet grow weary. On and on he tramped, until he came to the Mountains of the Moon, beyond the bounds of Arabia. Weeks stretched into months, and the wanderer often looked regretfully in the direction of his once-happy home. Still no gleam of waters glinting over white sands greeted his eyes. But on he went, into Egypt, through Palestine and other eastern lands, always looking for the treasure he still hoped to find.

At last, after years of fruitless search, during which he had wandered north and south, east and west, hope left him. All his money was spent. He was starving and almost naked, and the diamonds — which had lured him away from all that made life dear — where were they? Poor Ali Hafed never knew. He died by the wayside, never dreaming that the wealth for which he had sacrificed happiness and life might have been his had he remained at home.

20

"Here is a diamond! here is a diamond! Has Ali Hafed returned?" shouted an excited voice.

The speaker, no other than our old acquaintance, the Buddhist priest, was standing in the same room where years before he had told poor Ali Hafed how the world was made and where diamonds were to be found.

"No, Ali Hafed has not returned," quietly answered his successor. "Neither is that which you hold in your hand a diamond. It is but a pretty black pebble I picked up in my garden."

30

"I tell you," said the priest excitedly, "this is a genuine

diamond. I know one when I see it. Tell me how and where you found it."

"One day," replied the farmer slowly, "having led my camel into the garden to drink, I noticed, as he put his nose into the water, a sparkle of light coming from the white sand at the bottom of the clear stream. Stooping down, I picked up the black pebble you now hold, guided to it by that crystal eye in the center, from which the light flashes so brilliantly."

"Why, thou simple one," cried the priest, "this is no common stone, but a gem of the purest water. Come, show me where thou didst find it."

Together they fled to the spot where the farmer had found the "pebble," and turning over the white sands with eager fingers, they found, to their great delight, other stones even more valuable and beautiful than the first. Then they extended their search, and, so the Oriental story goes, "every shovelful of the old farm, as acre after acre was sifted over, revealed gems with which to decorate the crowns of emperors and moguls."

— *Stories from Life.*

1. What is a legend? Distinguish between "legend" and "story." In what country is the scene of this legend laid?

2. What is your opinion of Ali Hafed? What happened to his family?

3. Do we have any Ali Hafeds in this country to-day? What do we mean by "Get-rich-quick" schemes? Illustrate.

4. If you were writing this story in these days of intensive farming, in what form would you have the "diamonds" come to the farmer?

HOW KILHUGH RODE TO ARTHUR'S HALL

By JAMES BALDWIN

This is a British legend of the days "when good King Arthur ruled the land." In his castle at Caerleon, according to legend, Arthur had gathered the most famous of his knights about the Round Table; and thither every aspiring knight journeyed in quest of adventure.

PRINCE KILHUGH blushed. The love of Olwen, the daughter of Thistlehair, filled his heart, although he had not heard her name before. His face flushed with happiness, and his eyes shone with joy.

"What is the matter, my son?" asked his father. "Why are you so gay and glad?"

"Father," answered Kilhugh, "my stepmother says that no one but Olwen shall be my wife."

"Well," quoth the king, "I doubt not there will be trouble enough before that saying comes true. But do not fear, my son. Thou art first cousin to King Arthur. Who but he should cut thy hair and be thy lord? Go to him, and crave this of him as a boon."

To Arthur's Hall, therefore, Prince Kilhugh made ready to go; and his father chose fifty of his bravest knights to go with him, that he might present himself to King Arthur in a befitting manner.

So gayly the youth rode forth upon a steed of dappled gray, four summers old, with shell-shaped hoofs and well-knit limbs. His saddle was of burnished gold, his bridle

of shining gold chains. His saddle cloth was of purple silk, with four golden apples embroidered in the four corners.

The war horn slung over his shoulder was of ivory; the sword that hung by his side had a golden hilt and a two-edged blade inlaid with a cross of gold that glittered like the lightning of heaven. His shoes, from the knee to the tip of the toe, were embossed with gold worth three hundred cattle; and his stirrups also were of gold.

In his hand he held two spears, with shafts of silver and heads of tempered steel, and of an edge so sharp as to wound the wind and cause the blood to flow. Two white-breasted greyhounds bounded before his steed. Broad collars set with rubies were on their necks; and to and fro they sprang, like two sea swallows sporting around him. The blades of reed grass bent not beneath him, so light was his courser's tread, as he journeyed toward the gate of Arthur's palace.

The Wide White Hall of Arthur had been built by Rear-fort, the architect. Eight and forty were the rafters of its roof. It would hold all Arthur's companions and his nobles, his warriors, his retainers, and his guests.

While Kilhugh was riding thither, the tables were set for the evening meal. The king, with his knights, his friends, and his attendants, were in their places around the board. And the gate of the outer court was locked.

As the prince rode on, he beheld from afar the walls and towers of Arthur's Hall. When he drew rein within the shadow of the vast portal, he saw that the door was closed and barred, and an armed warrior, stalwart and strong, was standing before it.

"O chieftain," he said, "is it King Arthur's custom to have a gatekeeper stationed here?"

"It is," replied the warrior sternly; "and if thou dost not hold thy peace, scant shall be thy welcome. I am Arthur's porter every New Year's Day, and that is why I ⁵ am here now."

"And who is the porter at other times?" asked Prince Kilhugh.

"At other times the gate is guarded by four lusty chieftains who serve under me," answered the Dusky Hero with ¹⁰ the Mighty Grasp. "The names of the first two are Blandmien and Speedquest. The third is Grumgruff, a man who never did anyone a favor in his life. The fourth is Rumbleroll, who goes on his head to save his feet. He neither holds it up to the sky like a man, nor stretches it ¹⁵ out toward the ground like a brute; but he goes tumbling about the floor, like nothing but a rolling stone."

"Unbar the door and let me in," commanded Kilhugh.

"Nay, that I will not," answered the Dusky Hero with ²⁰ the Mighty Grasp.

"And why not?" cried the prince.

"The knife is in the meat and the drink is in the horn, and there is revelry in Arthur's Hall; and no man may enter in save the son of a king from a friendly land. But never shall it be said that a wayfarer was turned harshly ²⁵ away from Arthur's door. Food enough for thee and thy fifty men shall be prepared; collops shall be cooked and peppered for all. In the stables there is fodder for thy horses and food in plenty for thy dogs. And thou shalt fare as well in the guest chamber as in the hall; only be ³⁰ content, and disturb not the king and his knights at the table."

"Nay, I will have nothing of all this," said young Kilhugh. "If thou wilt open the door, well and good. But if not, I will bring dishonor upon Arthur and shame upon thee. Here, on the spot where I stand, I will shout thrice and make the welkin ring. Sounds more deadly than those three shouts have never been heard in this land. They shall resound from Land's End to Cold Blast Ridge in Ireland, and turn the hearts of youths and maidens cold as stone. Matrons shall grow wan and weakly and many a mother's child shall die of fright — so dreadful will be my voice."

The Dusky Hero with the Mighty Grasp stood firm, although his heart misgave him. "No clamor that thou canst make," said he, "will ever admit thee here against King Arthur's wishes. However, I will go and tell him thou art here."

Well might he be perturbed by Kilhugh's threat. For he remembered what had once happened in the days of King Lud, when all Britain had been shaken by a fearful shriek. At the sound of it, men had grown pale and feeble, women listless and sad, and youths and maidens forlorn and woebegone. Beasts deserted their young ones, birds left their nestlings, trees cast off their fruit, the earth yielded no harvest.

Pondering upon these things, the Dusky Hero with the Mighty Grasp strode into the hall. King Arthur saw him and called out, "Hast thou come with tidings from the door?"

The Dusky Hero bowed, and answered in stately phrase, becoming a knight of the Table Round:

"Half of my life is past, noble king, and half of thine.

I have been with thee in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, and in the Island of Corsica. I was thy companion when thou didst spread the terror of the sword from Scandinavia to Spain. I fought by thy side in the Battle of Shades, when we brought away twelve hostages from the Dim Land under the Sea. I have been in Jerusalem and in Castle Covert-and-Clearing, built all of dead men's bones. I have been in Turning Castle, and in the Castle of Riches ; and there thou knowest we saw nine kings of nations, all comely men of noble mien. Yet, I protest and declare that I never before saw a youth so handsome and dignified as that one who is now sitting astride his horse and waiting outside the door of this hall."

Then cried the king, "Thou didst walk hither to tell me of him ; now hie thee back to him, running at full speed. ¹⁵ Invite him to come in ; and let every man who sees the light, and every man who blinks the eye, stand ready to do him honor."

The Dusky Hero with the Mighty Grasp returned to the great door. He drew back bolt and bar, and set it wide open before the prince and his train. The men at arms dismounted at the horse block in the courtyard, but Kilhugh still sat upon his steed and rode into the Hall.

"Hail to thee, King Arthur!" he cried. "I greet thee and thy guests and thy companions and thy warriors. ²⁵ My greeting is to the lowest as well as to the highest of all that have a seat within this Hall. May thy name, King Arthur, and thy fame and thy renown be forever held in glorious memory throughout the length and the breadth of this land!"

"Hail to thee, noble youth!" returned Arthur. "Thou

art right welcome. Here is a place for thee between two of my knights. Sit down, and my minstrels will play for thee."

But Kilhugh made answer: "I have not come hither, sire, to eat and drink, but to crave of thee a boon. If thou wilst grant it me, I will do thee such service as thou mayest command; and I will carry the praise of thy bounty and thy power into every land. But if thou dost refuse, I will spread ill reports of thee to the four quarters of the world."

Then King Arthur was greatly pleased, and he said:
"Ask thy boon, young chieftain. Thou shalt have whatever thy tongue may name, as far as the wind dries and the rain moistens and the sun revolves and the sea encircles and the earth extends. Thou shalt have anything that is mine, except my ship that bears me over the sea, and the mantle in which I can walk unseen, and my good sword, and my keen lance, and my shield, and my gleaming dagger, and Guinevere my wife. Ask what thou wilt."

"My request is, that thou wilt cut my hair," answered Kilhugh.

"Thy request is granted," quoth the king.

Then Arthur called for a golden comb and a pair of scissors with silver loops. And he combed the hair of the prince, as he sat upon his steed, and cut it front and back.

"Now tell me thy name," he said.

"My name is Kilhugh," replied the prince. "My father is Prince Kilith, and my mother was a sister of the fair Ygerne."

"Then we are cousins," cried Arthur, "and I give thee leave to ask another boon. Ask what thou wilt."

"Promise me, for the honor of thy kingdom, to grant my boon," said Kilhugh.

"I promise."

"Then do I crave of thee to obtain for me Olwen, the daughter of Thistlehair, chief of the Giants, to be my wife. . . . For the sake of the daughters of the Island of the Mighty, I crave thy help to seek this maiden. For the sake of Guinevere and of her sister; for the sake of Lynette^s of the Magic Ring; for the sake of Cordelia the daughter of King Lear, the loveliest maiden in this island; and for the sake of Iseult la Belle, and of Elaine, and of Angarad of the Golden Hand — for the sake of these and many others, I crave thy help."¹⁰

Then said Arthur, "O prince and cousin, I have never heard of this maiden, Olwen; I have never heard of her kindred. But I will send messengers to seek her; only grant them time to find her and return."

"To-day is New Year's Day," answered the prince.¹⁵
"I give them from this hour till the last day of the year."

And having said these words, he dismounted from his steed and went and sat by King Arthur's side in the midst of the heroes of the Table Round.

— *Fifty Famous Rides and Riders.*

1. This is a capital story in its representation of the knight in olden days. Do you think Kilhugh would be an agreeable fellow to have in your class? Give reasons for your answer.

2. What other legends of Arthur do you know?

3. The Arthurian tales have long furnished English writers with themes for stories and songs. Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, for example, is a group of narrative poems describing the adventures of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table.

THE GIFT OF THE WHITE BEAR

BY GEORGE WEBBE DASENT

A LONG time ago there lived in Iceland a man whose name was Audun. His means were small, but everybody knew of his goodness. In order to see the world and to add to his wealth, he once sailed to Greenland with a sea captain named Thorir. Before he went, he gave everything that he had to his mother — and this was not much.

In Greenland Audun bought a white bear that was well tamed and trained — and it was the greatest treasure of a bear that had ever been thought of. The next summer Thorir sailed back to Norway, and Audun went with him, taking the bear.

Now Audun had made up his mind to give the bear to Sweyn, the king of Denmark; and so, leaving Thorir, he made his way south to the Cattegat. While he was waiting for some vessel that would carry him across the channel, it so happened that Harold, the king of Norway, came also to the same place.

Of course some one soon told King Harold about the Icelander who had lately come from Greenland with a wonderful white bear, and he at once sent for Audun.

"I have heard about your white bear," said Harold, "and I wish to buy it."

"I will not sell it," answered Audun.

"But I will pay you twice as much as you gave for it," said the king.

"Not for any price will I sell it," said the Icelander.

"Then will you give it to me?" asked the king.

"No, my lord, I will not do that," answered Audun.

"What, then, will you do with it?" asked the king.

Audun answered, "I have made up my mind to take it to Denmark and give it to King Sweyn, for he is also the king of my own country."

Then Harold spoke up sharply: "Don't you know, my fellow, that there is war between Norway and Denmark, and between myself and your King Sweyn? Don't you know that I have the power to prevent you from ever getting to his land?"

Audun answered, "I know that you have the power, and that all rests with you. But I will consent to nothing save to do as I have told you."

The king sat in thought for a moment and then said, "Well, I see no reason why you should not do as you please in this matter. But promise me that when you come this way again, you will tell me how King Sweyn rewarded you for the beast."

"I give you my word to do that," answered Audun.

Then, leading the bear behind him, he went away. But it was a long time before he could find any means to cross over into Denmark, and when at last he set foot upon the shores of that country he had not even a penny with which to buy food. Both he and the bear were starving, and it was a long way to the place where the king was staying.

In his distress, Audun went to a rich man named Auki and begged for food for himself and his bear.

"What are you going to do with the beast?" asked Auki.

"Give him to King Sweyn," answered the Icelander.

"And how much do you expect to receive for him?"

"Only so much as the king in his bounty wishes to give."

Then the rich man answered, "If you will give me one half of the bear, I will feed you both."

And to this Audun made agreement, for he was almost dead of hunger and so was the bear.

Then the Icelander and the rich man went on, leading the bear, until they came to King Sweyn's house. The king greeted Auki in a friendly manner, and turning to Audun, said, "You are a stranger to me. Pray tell me whence you have come."

"I am from Iceland," answered Audun, "and have but lately been to Greenland. My errand here is to give you a white bear which I bought in Greenland. But my necessities have obliged me to part with one half of the beast, and I can only beg of you to accept the other half."

And then, after much questioning, he told the whole story.

The king turned to the rich man, who was standing by, and asked, "Is this true, Auki?"

"It is, my lord," answered Auki.

Then the king was angry and sent the rich man home, empty-handed and sorrowful. But he said to the Icelander, "I thank you for the rare and wonderful gift which you have brought me. Stay here in my house for a while."

So Audun dwelt for some time with the king's household, and no man was more faithful, more honest, or more brave than he. Many deeds of courage did he perform, and many and worthy were his services. All men liked him, and the king was most gracious to him; but his heart turned always toward Iceland and his poor mother whom he had left behind.

One day when the springtide was drawing on, the king spoke to the Icelander and said: "Audun, I have never

yet given you anything for the white bear. I have a mind to make you one of my chief officers, so that you shall always be near me."

And Audun answered, "I thank you, my lord, with all my heart. But far away over the northern seas there is a poor woman who is my mother. I fear that by this time she is in want; for although I left her all that I had, it was not much. I cannot bear to sit here in ease and honor while she has not enough to keep hunger away. And so I have set my heart on sailing for Iceland." 10

"There speaks a good man and true," cried the king. "You shall do as you most desire; but wait a little while till a ship is ready."

So Audun waited. And one day when spring was at its best, King Sweyn went with him down to the waterside,¹⁵ where many men were busy freighting ships for foreign lands. They walked till they came to a merchant vessel of fine size.

"What do you think of this ship, Audun?" asked the king. 20

"She is fine enough, surely," answered the Icelander.

"Well," said the king, "I will now repay you for the bear. This ship and all the goods on board of it are yours."

Audun thanked the king as well as he could. And when²⁵ the day came for the ship to sail, the two walked down to the waterside again.

"I have heard much of the perils of the sea," said King Sweyn, "and if this fair ship should be wrecked, all your goods will doubtless be lost and little will be left to show³⁰ that you have met the king of Denmark."

As he said this, the king put into Audun's hand a

leather bag, full of silver, saying, "Take this, and even if your ship goes down, you will not be entirely penniless."

Audun was so filled with gratitude that he could not speak. But the king had still another surprise for him.
He drew a ring of gold, very costly, from his arm and put it upon the arm of the Icelander.

"Take this," he said. "Even though you should lose ship and goods and money, you will still not be penniless, for the gold will be around your arm."

What could Audun do? What could he say?

The king shook his hand at parting, and said: "I have this to ask of you: Keep the gold ring on your arm and do not part with it on any account, unless it be to some great man to whom you feel yourself bound to give your best treasure in return for a great favor and much goodness.
And now, farewell, and may good luck follow your voyage."

Then Audun, in his fair, rich ship, put to sea.

On his way to Iceland he stopped for a time in a haven of Norway, where he heard that King Harold was holding his court. He was desirous of seeing the king, as he had given his word.

King Harold remembered him well and received him kindly.

"Sit here and tell me how it fared with you in Denmark," he said.

Audun told him a part of his story.

"But how did King Sweyn repay you for the white bear?" asked Harold.

"In this wise, my lord," answered Audun: "He took it and thanked me when I offered it."

"I would have repaid you as well myself," said Harold.
"What more did he give you?"

"He asked me to abide in his house, and he gave me his friendship. He offered me still greater honor if I would stay longer with him."

"That was good; but I would have done as much. He must have given you something more." ⁵

"Yes. He gave me a merchant ship filled with rich goods for trade in northern ports."

"That was a noble gift," said the king; "but I would have equaled it. Did he give you anything more?"

Audun answered, "Yes, he gave me a leather bag full of ¹⁰ silver; for he said that if the ship and her cargo should be lost in the sea, yet would I not go penniless."

"That was nobly thought of," said Harold; "and it is more than I would have done. But what else did he give?"

Then Audun took the gold ring from his arm and put ¹⁵ it upon King Harold's arm, saying, "He gave me as a farewell gift this priceless ring; and he bade me never to part with it save to some great man to whom I felt myself indebted for his goodness. And now I have found that man. For it was in your power to take away not only the bear ²⁰ but my life also, and yet you allowed me to go in peace to Denmark."

The king looked at the ring and then at the man; for both were of very great worth. "I thank you, Audun," he said; and they had much pleasant talk before they parted. ²⁵

And when Audun at length came with his ship to Iceland, everybody welcomed him as the luckiest man in the world; and he made his poor mother comfortable for the rest of her life.

1. What was the noblest thing Audun did? Why do you admire the man? What in the story indicates its old age?

2. Sketch the relative locations of Iceland, Norway, and Denmark, showing a possible return course for Audun.

THE STORY OF IRON

This is one of the tales from the *Kalevala* ("Home of the Heroes"), a group of legends from Finland. These tales were sung in verse very similar to that which Longfellow used in *Hiawatha*. The following is a prose translation of one of the popular myths.

THE first of all mothers was Air, and she had three daughters. Of these three maidens there is much to be said. They were as lovely as the rainbow after a storm; they were as fair as the full moon shining above the mountains. They walked with noiseless feet among the clouds and showered gifts upon the earth. They sent the refreshing rain, the silent dew, and the nipping frost, each in its season. They gave life to the fields, and strength to the mountains, and grandeur to the sea. And because of their bounty the earth was glad and the stars twinkled for joy.

"What more can we do to make the land fit for men to dwell in? What other gift have we to bestow?" asked the eldest of the sisters.

And the youngest said, "Let us send down iron — iron of which tools may be made, iron of which sharp weapons may be shaped. For without tools man will not be able to plow, to reap, or to build; and without weapons he cannot defend himself against the savage beasts of the forest."

So when the sun was about going down, the sisters went forth in trailing robes of purple and crimson and gold; and in their hands they bore mighty vessels of foaming milk.

The eldest sprinkled red milk in the brooks and marshes and along the banks of the rivers. The middle one scattered white milk on the wooded hills and the stony mountains. The youngest showered blue milk in the valleys and by the gray seashore. And on the morrow, where the red milk had been sprinkled, red and brittle ore of iron flecked the ground; where the white milk had been scattered, powdery ore of a yellow hue abounded; and where the blue milk had been showered, flaky masses of crude iron, tough and dark, lay hidden beneath the soil. 10

Thus came Iron into the world — Iron, the youngest of three brothers. Next older than he was Fire, a raging, dangerous fellow when free, but loving and faithful when held in bonds. Older still was Water, terrible in strength, but, when not aroused, as gentle as a mother's caress. 15

Years upon years went by, and at length one day Iron set out to visit his brothers. He found Water at home in the deep sea, and by him he was welcomed kindly enough. But when he climbed a mountain to see his second brother he had quite another reception. Fire was in a raging mood. The terrible fellow leaped and roared and stretched out his long red fingers as though he would devour his visitor. 20

Iron was so terrified that he turned and fled down the steep slopes, never stopping nor pausing to look behind. 25 He ran on, hiding in clefts and chasms, creeping under rocks, and lurking in the dry beds of mountain torrents. When by and by he reached the level plain, he glanced backward. The hills and the whole mountain top were aflame. 30

Wild with terror he hurried on, hiding himself in the woods and under the roots of trees and resting at last in

reedy marshes where swans build their nests and wild geese rear their young.

For ages and ages — nobody knows how many — Iron lay hidden in bogs and forests and lonely caverns. Fear of his raging brother made him lurk in lonely places, made him cover up his face. Lazy bears went ambling through the rocky places; wolves rushed madly over the oozy marshlands; and timid deer ran and leaped among the trees. In time the hiding places of Iron were uncovered.
10 Where the paws of bears had plodded often, where the feet of wolves had pattered, where the sharp hoofs of deer had trodden, there the timid metal, red, gray, yellow, black, peeped shyly out.

At length into that same land there came a skillful Smith.
15 He carried a hammer of stone in one hand and tongs of bronze in the other, and a song of peace was upon his lips. On a green hillock, where the south wind blew, he built him a smithy, and in it he placed the tools of his craft. His anvil was a block of gray granite; his forge was carefully built of sand and clay; his bellows was made of the skins of mountain goats sewn together.

The Smith heaped live coals in his forge and blew with his bellows until the flames leaped up, roaring and sparkling, and the smoke rose in dense clouds over the roof of the
25 smithy. "This forge will do its work well," he said. Then he checked the bellows and smothered the flames and raked ashes upon the fire until the red coals slumbered unseen at the mouth of the forge.

Out into the forest the Smith wandered. Closely he
30 scanned the hillsides and the boggy thickets and the paths among the trees. And there, where the bears had trailed and the wolves had rushed and the deer had left their

footprints, he found ruddy Iron, dusky Iron, yellow ore of Iron, peeping, trembling, hiding. The heart of the Smith was glad. His eyes danced merrily, and he sang a song of magic to the timid metal :

“Iron, Iron, hearken while I call you !
Let no false and foolish fears appal you,
Come from out the crevices that hide you,
Leave the worthless stones that are beside you,
Leave the earth that lies around, above you,
And come with me, for I do dearly love you.”

5

10

Iron moved not, but timidly answered, “I dare not leave my hiding places ; for Fire, my brother, waits to devour me. He is strong and fierce. He has no pity.”

The Smith shook his head and made reply, still singing :

“No ! your brother does not wish to harm you —
Willingly he never would alarm you.
With his glowing arms he would caress you,
Make you pure and with his kisses bless you.
So come with me, my smithy waits to greet you ;
In my forge your brother waits to meet you —
Waits to throw his loving arms around you,
Glad indeed that thus, at last, he’s found you.”

15

20

These words made Iron feel much braver ; and they were spoken in tones so sweet and persuasive that he was almost minded to obey without another word. But he asked, ²⁵ “Why should I leave these places where I have rested so long ? What will become of me after I have made friends with Fire ?”

Again the Smith replied to the query of Iron in a magic song :

“ Come with me, for kindly we will treat you.
On my anvil gently will I beat you;
With my tongs, then, deftly will I hold you;
With my hammer I will shape and mold you
Into forms so fair that all will prize you,
Forms so rare that none will e'er despise you:
Axes, knives (so men will wish to use you),
Needles, pins (so women, too, will choose you).
Come with me, your brother will not harm you,
Come with me, my smithy sure will charm you.”

Hearing this, Iron came out of his lurking places and without more ado bashfully followed the cunning Smith.
¹⁵ But no sooner was he in the smithy than he felt himself a prisoner. The tongs of bronze gripped him and thrust him into the forge. The bellows roared, the Smith shouted, and Fire leaped joyfully out of the ashes and threw his arms around his helpless younger brother. And bashful, ²⁰ bashful Iron turned first red and then white and finally became as soft as dough and as radiant as the sun.

Then the tongs of bronze drew him forth from the flames, and twirled him in the air, and threw him upon the anvil; and the hammer of stone beat him fiercely again and again ²⁵ until he shrieked with pain.

“ Oh, spare me! spare me! ” he cried. “ Do not deal so roughly with me. Let me go back to my lonely hiding places and lie there in peace as in the days of old.”

But the tongs pinched him worse than before, and the ³⁰ hammer beat him still harder, and the Smith answered: “ Not so, not so! Be not so cowardly. We do not hurt

you; you are only frightened. Be brave and I will shape you into things of great use to men. Be brave and you shall rule the world."

Then in spite of Iron's piteous cries, he kept on pounding and twisting and turning and shaping the helpless metal, until at length it was changed into many forms of use and beauty — rings, chains, axes, knives, cups, and curious tools. But it was so soft, after being thus heated and beaten, that the edges of the tools were quickly dulled. Try as he might, the Smith did not know how to give the metal a harder temper.

One day a honeybee strolled that way. It buzzed around the smithy and then lit on a clover blossom by the door.

"O bee," cried the busy Smith, "you are a cunning little bird, and you know some things better than I know them. Come now, and help me temper this soft metal. Bring me a drop of your honey; bring the sweet liquor which you suck from the meadow flower; bring the magic dew of the wildwood. Give me all such things that I may make a mixture to harden Iron."

The bee answered not — it was too busy with its own affairs. It gathered what honey it could from the blossom and then flew swiftly away.

Under the eaves above the smithy door an idler was sitting — a mischief-making hornet who heard every word that the Smith said.

"I will help him make a mixture," this wicked insect muttered. "I will help him to give Iron another temper."

Forthwith he flew to the thorny thickets and the miry bogs and the fever-breeding marshes, to gather what evils he might. Soon he returned with an arm load — the poison

of spiders, the venom of serpents, the miasmata of swamps, the juice of the deadly nightshade. All these he cast into the tub of water wherein the Smith was vainly trying to temper Iron.

5 The Smith did not see him, but he heard him buzzing and supposed it was the honeybee with sweets from the meadow flowers.

“Thank you, pretty little bird,” he said. “Now I hope we shall have a better metal. I hope we shall make edges that will cut and not be dulled so easily.”

Thereupon he drew a bar of the metal, white hot, from the forge. He held it, hissing and screeching, under the water into which the poisons had been poured. Little thought he of the evil that was there. He heard the hornet 15 humming and laughing under the eaves.

“Tiny honeybee,” he said, “you have brought me much sweetness. Iron tempered with your honey will be sweet although sharp. Nothing shall be wrought of it that is not beautiful and helpful and kind.”

20 He drew the metal from the tub. He thrust it back among the red coals. He plied the bellows and the flames leaped up. Then, when the metal was glowing again, he laid it on the anvil and beat it with strong, swift strokes; and as he worked he sang:

25 “Ding! Ding! Ding-a-ling, ding!
 Of Iron, sharp Iron, strong Iron, I sing,
 Of Iron my servant, of Iron my king —
 Ding! Ding! Ding-a-ling, ding!”

Forthwith Iron leaped up, angry and biting and fierce. 30 He was not a soft and ductile metal as before, but Iron hardened into tough blue steel. Showers of sparks flew

from him, snapping, burning, threatening; and from among them sprang swords and spears and battle-axes, and daggers keen and pointed. Out of the smithy and out through the great world these cruel weapons raced, slashing and clashing, thrusting and cutting, raging and killing, and carrying madness among men.

The wicked hornet, idling under the eaves, rejoiced at the mischief he had wrought. But the Smith was filled with grief, and the music of his anvil became a jangling discord.

"Oh, Iron," he cried, "it was not for this that I caused you to leave your hiding places in the hills and bogs! The three sisters intended that you should be a blessing to mankind; but now I greatly fear that you will become a curse."

At that moment the honeybee, laden with the sweets of field and wood, came buzzing into the smithy. It whispered hopefully into the ear of the Smith: "Wait until my gifts have done their work."

— Retold from the *Kalevala*.

1. Find on a map the country from which this legend comes.
2. According to this story, where did iron come from? Why was it fearful of fire? Who finally enticed it into the fire's embrace?
3. Why did the smith cease to be happy? What did the honeybee have in mind in the last sentence? Show how the honeybee's prophecy has come true, by naming the peaceful uses of iron.
4. A good description of an ancient forge is given. Of what did it consist? How is iron handled to-day in modern iron foundries and steel mills?

THE WONDERFUL ARTISAN

BY JAMES BALDWIN

There are enough Greek legends to fill several volumes. They relate the doings of the gods and heroes of ancient Greece, and endeavor to account for the origin of plants and animals and the founding of cities. This story no doubt contains many facts but it is chiefly fiction.

WHILE Athens was still only a small city there lived within its walls a man named Dædalus (dĕd'a-lüs), who was the most skillful worker in wood and stone and metal that had ever been known. It was he who taught the people how to build better houses and how to hang their doors on hinges and how to support the roofs with pillars and posts. He was the first to fasten things together with glue; he invented the plumb line and the auger; and he showed seamen how to put up masts in their ships and how to rig the sails to them with ropes. He built a stone palace for Ægeus, the young king of Athens, and beautified the Temple of Athena which stood on the great rocky hill in the middle of the city.

Dædalus had a nephew named Perdix, whom he had taken when a boy to teach the trade of builder. But Perdix was a very apt learner and soon surpassed his master in the knowledge of many things. His eyes were ever open to see what was going on about him, and he learned the lore of the fields and the woods. Walking one day by the sea he picked up the backbone of a great fish, and from it he invented the saw. Seeing how a certain bird carved holes in the trunks of trees, he learned how to make and use

the chisel. Then he invented the wheel which potters use in molding clay; and he made of a forked stick the first pair of compasses for drawing circles; and he studied out many other curious and useful things.

Dædalus was not pleased when he saw that the lad was so apt and wise, so ready to learn, and so eager to do.

"If he keeps on in this way," he murmured, "he will be a greater man than I; his name will be remembered and mine will be forgotten."

Day after day, while at his work, Dædalus pondered over this matter, and soon his heart was filled with hatred towards young Perdix. One morning when the two were putting up an ornament on the outer wall of Athena's temple, Dædalus bade his nephew go out on a narrow scaffold which hung high over the edge of the rocky cliff whereon the temple stood. Then when the lad obeyed, it was easy enough, with a blow of a hammer, to knock the scaffold from its fastenings.

Poor Perdix fell headlong through the air, and he would have been dashed in pieces upon the stones at the foot of the cliff had not kind Athena seen him and taken pity upon him. While he was yet whirling through mid-air she changed him into a partridge, and he flitted away to the hills to live forever in the woods and fields which he loved so well. And to this day, when summer breezes blow and the wild flowers bloom in meadow and glade, the voice of Perdix may still sometimes be heard calling to his mate from among the grass and reeds or amid the leafy underwoods.

As for Dædalus, when the people of Athens heard of his dastardly deed they were filled with grief and rage — grief

for young Perdix, whom all had learned to love; rage towards the wicked uncle who loved only himself. At first they were for punishing Dædalus with the death which he so richly deserved, but when they remembered what he had done to make their homes pleasanter and their lives easier they allowed him to live; and yet they drove him out of Athens and bade him never return.

There was a ship in the harbor just ready to start on a voyage across the sea, and in it Dædalus embarked with
10 all his precious tools and his young son Icarus (*ík'á-rús*). Day after day the little vessel sailed slowly southward, keeping the shore of the mainland always upon the right. It passed Troezen and the rocky coast of Argos and then struck boldly out across the sea.

15 At last the famous Island of Crete was reached, and there Dædalus landed and made himself known; and the King of Crete, who had already heard of his wondrous skill, welcomed him to his kingdom, and gave him a home in his palace, and promised that he should be rewarded
20 with great riches and honor if he would but stay and practice his craft there as he had done in Athens.

Now the name of the King of Crete was Minos. His grandfather, whose name was also Minos, was the son of Europa, a young princess whom a white bull, it was said,
25 had brought on his back across the sea from distant Asia. This elder Minos had been accounted the wisest of men — so wise, indeed, that Jupiter chose him to be one of the judges of the Lower World. The younger Minos was almost as wise as his grandfather; and he was brave and
30 farseeing and skilled as a ruler of men. He had made all the islands subject to his kingdom, and his ships sailed into every part of the world and brought back to Crete

the riches of foreign lands. So it was not hard for him to persuade Dædalus to make his home with him and be the chief of his artisans.

And Dædalus built for King Minos a most wonderful palace with floors of marble and pillars of granite; and in the palace he set up golden statues which had tongues and could talk; and for splendor and beauty there was no other building in all the wide earth that could be compared with it.

There lived in those days among the hills of Crete a terrible monster called the Minotaur (mīn'ō-tōr), the like of which has never been seen from that time until now. This creature, it was said, had the body of a man but the face and head of a wild bull and the fierce nature of a mountain lion. The people of Crete would not have killed him if they could; for they thought that the Mighty Folk who lived with Jupiter on the mountain top had sent him among them and that these beings would be angry if anyone should take his life. He was the pest and terror of all the land. Where he was least expected, there he was sure to be; and almost every day some man, woman, or child was caught and devoured by him.

"You have done so many wonderful things," said the king to Dædalus, "can you not do something to rid the land of this Minotaur?" 25

"Shall I kill him?" asked Dædalus.

"Ah, no!" said the king. "That would only bring greater misfortune upon us."

"I will build a house for him then," said Dædalus, "and you can keep him in it as a prisoner." 30

"But he may pine away and die if he is penned up in prison," said the king.

"He shall have plenty of room to roam about," said Dædalus; "and if you will only now and then feed one of your enemies to him, I promise you that he shall live and thrive."

So the wonderful artisan brought together his workmen, and they built a marvelous house with so many rooms in it and so many winding ways that no one who went far into it could ever find his way out again; and Dædalus called it the Labyrinth and cunningly persuaded the Minotaur to go inside it. The monster soon lost his way among the winding passages, but the sound of his terrible bellowings could be heard day and night as he wandered back and forth vainly trying to find some place to escape.

Not long after this it happened that Dædalus was guilty of a deed which angered the king very greatly; and had not Minos wished him to build other buildings for him, he would have put him to death and served him right.

"Hitherto," said the king, "I have honored you for your skill and rewarded you for your labor. But now you shall be my slave and shall serve me without hire and without any word of praise."

Then he gave orders to the guards at the city gates that they should not let Dædalus pass out at any time, and he set soldiers to watch the ships that were in port so that he could not escape by sea. But although the wonderful artisan was thus held as a prisoner, he did not build any more buildings for King Minos; he spent his time in planning how he might regain his freedom.

"All my inventions," he said to his son Icarus, "have hitherto been made to please other people; now I will invent something to please myself."

So through all the day he pretended to be planning some great work for the king, but every night he locked himself up in his chamber and wrought secretly by candlelight. By and by he had made for himself a pair of strong wings, and for Icarus another pair of smaller ones; and then, ⁵ one midnight, when everybody was asleep, the two went out to see if they could fly. They fastened the wings to their shoulders with wax, and then sprang up into the air. They could not fly very far at first, but they did so well that they felt sure of doing much better in time. ¹⁰

The next night Dædalus made some changes in the wings. He put on an extra strap or two; he took out a feather from one wing and put a new feather into another; and then he and Icarus went out into the moonlight to try them again. They did finely this time. They flew up to ¹⁵ the top of the king's palace, and then they sailed away over the walls of the city and alighted on the top of a hill. But they were not ready to undertake a long journey yet; and so just before daybreak, they flew back home. Every fair night after that they practiced with their wings, and ²⁰ at the end of a month they felt as safe in the air as on the ground and could skim over the hilltops like birds.

Early one morning, before King Minos had risen from his bed, they fastened on their wings, sprang into the air, and flew out of the city. Once fairly away from the island ²⁵ they turned towards the west, for Dædalus had heard of an island named Sicily which lay hundreds of miles away, and he had made up his mind to seek a new home there.

All went well for a time, and the two bold flyers sped swiftly over the sea, skimming along only a little above ³⁰ the waves, and helped on their way by the brisk east wind. Towards noon the sun shone very warm, and Dædalus

called out to the boy, who was a little behind him, and told him to keep his wings cool and not fly too high. But the boy was proud of his skill in flying, and as he looked up at the sun he thought how nice it would be to soar like it, high above the clouds in the blue depths of the sky.

"At any rate," said he to himself, "I will go up a little higher. Perhaps I can see the horses which draw the sun car, and perhaps I shall catch sight of their driver, the mighty sun master himself."

10 So he flew up higher and higher, but his father, who was in front, did not see him. Pretty soon, however, the heat of the sun began to melt the wax with which the boy's wings were fastened. He felt himself sinking through the air; the wings had become loosened from his shoulders.
15 He screamed to his father, but it was too late. Dædalus turned just in time to see Icarus fall headlong into the waves. The water was very deep there, and the skill of the wonderful artisan could not save his child. He could only look with sorrowing eyes at the unpitying sea, and
20 fly on alone to distant Sicily. There, men say, he lived for many years, but he never did any great work nor built anything half so marvelous as the Labyrinth of Crete. And the sea in which poor Icarus was drowned was called forever afterward by his name, the Icarian Sea.

— *Old Greek Stories.*

1. Dædalus's adventures can be divided into three sections. Tell what happened in each of the three episodes.
2. For other interesting Greek legends read Baldwin's *Old Greek Stories* or Guerber's *Myths of Ancient Greece and Rome*.

CHARLEMAGNE AND ROLAND

By HÉLÈNE A. GUERBER

A series of legends centers about the great emperor of France, Charlemagne (shär'lē-mān), and his nephew Roland. Charlemagne's sister Bertha had married an obscure knight, Milon, and had thus incurred the anger of her brother. The following story suggests the reconciliation of the two through the forwardness of Master Roland. Roland came to be known as the greatest knight of continental Europe in the Middle Ages.

Read the selection with a view to understanding the characters of the two chief personages.

NUMEROUS stories are told of the way in which Roland first attracted the attention of the great emperor, his uncle. Of these the most popular is that which relates how Milon, attempting to ford a stream, had been carried away and drowned, while his poor half-famished wife at home was thus left to perish of hunger. Seeing the signs of such acute distress around him, the child went boldly to the banqueting hall near by, where Charlemagne and his lords were feasting. Casting his eyes round for a suitable dish to plunder, Roland caught up a platter of food and fled. His fearless act greatly amused the emperor, who forbade his servants to interfere. Thus the boy carried off his prize in triumph, and soon set it before the startled eyes of his mother.

Excited by the success of his raid, a few minutes later the child reentered the hall, and with equal coolness laid hands upon the emperor's cup, full of rich wine. Challenged by

Charlemagne, the boy then boldly declared that he wanted the meat and wine for his mother, a lady of high degree. In answer to the emperor's bantering questions, he declared that he was his mother's cupbearer, her page, and her gallant knight, which answers so amused Charlemagne that he sent for her. He saw her to be his own sister, and, stricken with remorse, he asked for her forgiveness and treated her with kindness as long as she lived, and took her son into his service.

Another legend relates that Charlemagne, hearing that the robber knight of the Ardennes had a priceless jewel set in his shield, called all his bravest noblemen together, and bade them sally forth separately, with only a page as escort, in quest of the knight. Once found, they were to challenge him in true knightly fashion, and at the point of the lance win the jewel he wore. A day was appointed when, successful or not, the courtiers were to return, and, beginning with the lowest in rank, were to give a truthful account of their adventures while on the quest.

All the knights departed and scoured the forest of the Ardennes, each hoping to meet the robber knight and win the jewel. Among them was Milon, accompanied by his son Roland, a lad of fifteen, whom he had taken as page and armor-bearer. Milon had spent many days in vain search for the knight, when, exhausted by his long ride, he dismounted, removed his heavy armor, and lay down under a tree to sleep, bidding Roland keep close watch during his slumbers.

For a while Roland watched faithfully; then, fired by a desire to distinguish himself, he donned his father's armor, sprang on his steed, and rode off into the forest in search of adventures. He had not gone very far when he saw a

gigantic horseman coming to meet him, and by the dazzling glitter of a large stone set in his shield he recognized him to be the invincible knight of the Ardennes. Afraid of nothing, however, he laid his lance in rest when challenged to fight, and charged so bravely that he unhorsed his opponent. A fearful battle on foot ensued, each striving hard to accomplish the death of the other. But at last the fresh young energy of Roland conquered, and his terrible foe fell to the ground in agony. A minute later his corpse lay stiff on the field, leaving the victory in the hands of ¹⁰ Roland.

Hastily wrenching the coveted jewel from the shield of the dead warrior, the boy hid it in his breast. Then, riding rapidly back to his sleeping father, he laid aside the armor and removed all traces of a bloody encounter. Soon after, ¹⁵ Milon awoke and resumed the quest, when he came upon the body of the dead knight. He was disappointed indeed to find that another had won the jewel, and rode sadly back to court, to be present on the appointed day.

In much pomp Charlemagne ascended his throne amid ²⁰ the deafening sound of trumpets. Then, seating himself, he bade the knights appear before him and relate their adventures. One after another strode up the hall, followed by an armor-bearer holding his shield. Each in turn told of finding the knight slain and the jewel gone. Last of all ²⁵ came Milon. Gloomily he made his way to the throne to repeat the story that had already been told so often. But as he went, there followed behind him, with a radiant face, young Roland, proudly bearing his father's shield, in the center of which shone the precious jewel. At the ³⁰ sight of this all the nobles started, and whispered to one another that Milon had done the deed. Then when he

dismally told how he too had found the knight dead a shout of incredulity greeted him. Turning his head, he saw to his amazement that his own shield bore the dazzling gem. At the sight of it he appeared so amazed that 5 Charlemagne set himself to question Roland and thus soon learned how it had been obtained. In reward for his bravery in this encounter Roland was knighted, and allowed to take his place among the paladins of the emperor. Nor was it long before he further distinguished himself, becoming, 10 to his father's delight, the most renowned of that famous company.

— *Myths and Legends of the Middle Ages.*

1. Explain fully the relationship between Charlemagne and Roland.
2. How did Roland first attract the emperor's attention? What do these early acts of the youth show about the life and living of the times?
3. When did Charlemagne live? Over what country did he rule? Explain the difference between an emperor and a king; a page and a knight.
4. What feat did Roland perform when he was yet a page? One of the characteristics of a legend is its overstatement of fact. Is there anything improbable in Roland's overthrow of the knight? In a series of legendary stories, statements often conflict. What conflict of statement about Roland's father is there in this story?
5. Any encyclopedia and many books of legends will tell you more about Roland. See what you can find, make brief notes of what you read, and report your findings from your notes to the class.
6. Pronounce, spell, and define: amused; attracted; acute; interfere; triumph; gallant; separately; courtiers; distinguish; gigantic; opponent; disappointed; paladin.

KEEPING THE BRIDGE

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

Ancient Rome stood on seven hills on the south shore of the Tiber River, which formed a part of the inner defensive works of the city. Only one bridge—a wooden affair—spanned the river. Across the Tiber was the Janiculum, a hill fortified as an outer post of defense.

When Lars Porsena (Pōr'sē nā), king of Etruria, declared sudden war on Rome, he marched on the city so rapidly that the Janiculum was carried by storm. Nothing stood between him and the City of the Seven Hills—unless the bridge were destroyed.

Horatius and two others elected to hold the bridgehead opposite the city against Porsena's entire army while the Romans cut down the bridge. The best of the Etruscan warriors came against the powerful three, only to be slain. Just before the bridge fell into the river, Horatius sent his two comrades back across the bridge to safety. He held his foes at bay single-handed till the structure fell into the water. Then he plunged into the Tiber with his heavy fighting gear on, and swam to the Roman side. Thus was the city saved.

OUT spake the Consul roundly:
“The bridge must straight go down;
For since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town.”
Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
“To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?

“Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
 With all the speed ye may;
 I, with two more to help me,
 Will hold the foe in play.
 5 In yon strait path a thousand
 May well be stopped by three.
 Now, who will stand on either hand,
 And keep the bridge with me?”

Then out spake Spurius Lartius, —
 10 A Ramnian proud was he:
 “Lo, I will stand on thy right hand,
 And keep the bridge with thee.”
 And out spake strong Herminius, —
 Of Titian blood was he:
 15 “I will abide on thy left side,
 And keep the bridge with thec.”

“Horatius,” quoth the Consul,
 “As thou say’st, so let it be.”
 And straight against that great array
 Forth went the dauntless three.
 20 For Romans, in Rome’s quarrel,
 Spared neither land nor gold,
 Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
 In the brave days of old.

25 The three stood calm and silent,
 And looked upon the foes,
 And a great shout of laughter
 From all the vanguard rose.

A SHEAF OF LEGENDS

But soon Etruria's noblest
 Felt their hearts sink to see
 On the earth the bloody corpses,
 In the path the dauntless three!

Meanwhile the ax and lever
 Have manfully been plied;
 And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide.
 "Come back, come back, Horatius!"
 Loud cried the Fathers all;
 "Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
 Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
 Herminius darted back;
 And, as they passed, beneath their feet
 They felt the timbers crack.
 But when they turned their faces,
 And on the farther shore
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
 They would have crossed once more.

But, with a crash like thunder,
 Fell every loosened beam,
 And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
 Lay right athwart the stream;
 And a long shout of triumph
 Rose from the walls of Rome,
 As to the highest turret tops
 Was splashed the yellow foam.

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Alone stood brave Horatius,
 But constant still in mind;
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
 And the broad flood behind.
 "Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
 With a smile on his pale face.
 "Now yield thee!" cried Lars Porsena,
 "Now yield thee to our grace."

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Round turned he, as not deigning
 Those craven ranks to see;
 Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
 To Sextus naught spake he;
 But he saw on Palatinus
 The white porch of his home;
 And he spake to the noble river
 That rolls by the towers of Rome:

"O Tiber! Father Tiber!
 To whom the Romans pray!
 A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
 Take thou in charge this day!"
 So he spake, and speaking, sheathed
 The good sword by his side,
 And with his harness on his back,
 Plunged headlong in the tide.

25

No sound of joy or sorrow
 Was heard from either bank;
 But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
 With parted lips and straining eyes,
 Stood gazing where he sank;

A SHEAF OF LEGENDS

And when above the surges
 They saw his crest appear,
 All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
 And even the ranks of Tuscany
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.

5

“Curse on him!” quoth false Sextus;
 “Will not the villain drown?
 But for this stay, ere close of day
 We should have sacked the town!”
 “Heaven help him!” quoth Lars Porsena,
 “And bring him safe to shore;
 For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before.”

10

And now the ground he touches,
 Now on dry earth he stands;
 Now round him throng the Fathers,
 To press his gory hands;
 And now, with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,
 He enters through the River Gate,
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

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—*Horatius.*

1. This is one of the famous legends of Roman history, and it loses nothing in Macaulay's brilliant telling. Lord Macaulay (1800–1859) was an English statesman, essayist, historian, and poet. He reveled in the romance of history. Read and report on his life.

2. What was the situation when this extract takes up the tale? How many soldiers had Porsena?

3. Imagine yourself in Horatius's place. Read aloud his brave speech in the first and second stanzas.

4. If you were dramatizing this whole situation, what scenes would you have? What would be the climax?

PIONEER DAYS

In these days of the automobile, the swift express train, the telephone, the telegraph, and the airplane, it is hard for us to realize that our country did not always possess the conveniences and comforts we now enjoy. We are too apt to forget the struggles the pioneer fathers of our nation had in their frontier life. To them we owe a debt of gratitude not only for what we have and are, but also for the deeds of heroism they have bequeathed us as a part of our national heritage.



MOLLY PITCHER SALUTES WASHINGTON
(See following page)

THE STORY OF MOLLY PITCHER

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON

The battle of Monmouth, N. J., was fought June 29, 1778. It was the first battle the Americans had with the British after the terrible winter at Valley Forge. It would have been a signal victory for Washington's troops had General Charles Lee obeyed Washington's orders. Notwithstanding Lee's acts, the American troops held their ground till nightfall, when the British quietly retreated.

AT THE battle of Monmouth, a young Irishwoman, wife of an artilleryman, played a very notable part in the working of the American cannon on that eventful day in June.

Molly was born with the soul of a soldier, and although she did not belong to the army she much preferred going to war to staying at home and attending to domestic affairs. She was in the habit of following her husband on his various marches, and on the day of the Monmouth battle she was with him on the field.

The day was very hot. The rays of the sun came down with such force that many of the soldiers were taken sick and some died; and the constant discharges of musketry and artillery did not make the air any cooler. Molly devoted herself to keeping her husband as comfortable as possible, and she made frequent trips to a spring not far away to bring him water; and on this account he was one of the freshest and coolest artillerymen on the ground. In fact, there was no man belonging to the battery who was able to manage one of these great guns better than Pitcher.

Returning from one of her trips to the spring, Molly had almost reached the place where her husband was stationed when a bullet from the enemy struck the poor man and stretched him dead, so that Molly had no sooner caught sight of her husband than she saw him fall. She ran to the gun, but scarcely had reached it before she heard one of the officers order the cannon to be wheeled back out of the way, saying that there was no one there who could serve it as it had been served.

Now Molly's eyes flashed fire. One might have thought ¹⁰ that she would have been prostrated with grief at the loss of her husband, but as we have said, she had within her the soul of a soldier. She had seen her husband, who was the same to her as a comrade, fall, and she was filled with an intense desire to avenge his death. She cried out to ¹⁵ the officer not to send the gun away but to let her serve it; and scarcely waiting to hear what he would say, she sprang to the cannon and began to load it and fire it. She had so often attended her husband and even helped him in his work that she knew all about this sort of thing, and her ²⁰ gun was managed well and rapidly.

It might be supposed that it would be a very strange thing to see a woman on the battlefield firing a cannon; but even if the enemy had watched Molly with a spyglass, they would not have noticed anything to excite their surprise. She wore an ordinary skirt, like other women of the time; but over this was an artilleryman's coat and on her head was a cocked hat with some jaunty feathers stuck in it, so that she looked almost as much like a man as the rest of the soldiers of the battery. 30

During the rest of the battle Molly bravely served her gun; and if she did as much execution in the ranks of the

redcoats as she wanted to do, the loss in the regiments in front of her must have been very great. Of course all the men in the battery knew Molly Pitcher, and they watched her with the greatest interest and admiration. She would not allow anyone to take her place, but kept on loading and firing until the work of the day was done. Then the officers and men crowded about her with congratulations and praise.

The next day General Greene went to Molly — whom he found in very much the condition in which she had left the battlefield, stained with dirt and powder, with her fine feathers gone and her cocked hat dilapidated — and conducted her, just as she was, to General Washington. When the commander in chief heard what she had done, he gave her warm words of praise. He determined to bestow upon her a substantial reward; for anyone who was brave enough and able enough to step in and fill an important place, as Molly had filled her husband's place, certainly deserved a reward. It was not according to the rules of war to give a commission to a woman; but as Molly had acted the part of a man, Washington considered it right to pay her for her services as if she had been a man. He therefore gave her the commission of a sergeant and recommended that her name be placed on the list of half-pay officers for life.

— *Stories of New Jersey.*

1. How did Molly come to be on the battlefield? Describe her as she looked in an artilleryman's garb. Relate briefly her deed of heroism. How was it rewarded?
2. What other heroines of history can you recall?
3. Frank R. Stockton (1834-1902) is a well-known name in American literature. He wrote many books, among which *Rudder Grange* stands high. His short stories, however, are his best work.

KING PHILIP TO THE WHITE SETTLERS

BY EDWARD EVERETT

For thirty years Massasoit was the firm friend of the early settlers in New England. But when his son Philip came to rule over the Indian tribe their former friendship for the whites was broken. In 1675 Philip led his 10,000 warriors against the white settlers. King Philip's War lasted into 1676 when Philip was captured and slain. The following is a supposed speech of defiance that Philip delivered to the colonists.

WHITE man, there is eternal war between thee and me! I quit not the land of my fathers but with my life. In those woods where I bent my youthful bow, I will still hunt the deer. Over yonder waters I will still glide unrestrained in my bark canoe. By those dashing water-falls I will still lay up my winter's store of food. On these fertile meadows I will still plant my corn. Stranger, the land is mine! I understand not these paper rights. I gave not my consent when, as thou sayest, these broad regions were purchased, for a few baubles, of my fathers. They could sell what was theirs; they could sell no more. How could my fathers sell that which the Great Spirit sent me into the world to live upon? They knew not what they did. The stranger came, a timid suppliant, few and feeble, and asked to lie down on the red man's bearskin, and warm himself at the red man's fire, and have a little piece of land to raise corn for his women and children; and now he is become strong, and mighty, and bold, and spreads out his parchment over the whole, and says, "It is mine!"

Stranger, there is not room for us both. The Great Spirit has not made us to live together. There is poison in the white man's cup; the white man's dog barks at the red man's heels.

If I should leave the land of my fathers, whither shall I fly? Shall I go to the south, and dwell among the graves of the Pequots? Shall I wander to the west? — the fierce Mohawk, the man-eater, is my foe. Shall I fly to the east? — the great water is before me. No, stranger, here I have lived, and here I will die! And if here thou abidest, there is eternal war between thee and me. Thou hast taught me thy arts of destruction. For that alone I thank thee; and now take heed to thy steps; the red man is thy foe. When thou goest forth by day, my bullet shall whistle by thee; when thou liest down at night, my knife is at thy throat. The noonday sun shall not discover thy enemy, and the darkness of midnight shall not protect thy rest. Thou shalt plant in terror, and I will reap in blood; thou shalt sow the earth with corn, and I will strew it with ashes; thou shalt go forth with the sickle, and I will follow after with the scalping knife; thou shalt build, and I will burn, till the white man or the Indian shall cease from the land. Go thy way, for this time, in safety; but remember, stranger, there is eternal war between me and thee.

1. What reasons did Philip give for declaring war? To what extent were his reasons good?
2. What did he mean by "paper rights"; "a timid suppliant"; "poison in the white man's cup"; "arts of destruction"?
3. Edward Everett (1794-1865) was an American statesman, orator, and scholar. He served as a member of Congress, and afterwards was president of Harvard College. He was the leading orator of his day.

PIONEER LIFE IN OHIO

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

William Dean Howells (1837-1920) long held a position of leadership among American writers of prose. In his many years of authorship he produced novels, essays, criticism, plays, travel, and biography. For ten years he was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*; and he was connected at various times with *Harper's Magazine*, *The Nation*, and other journals. His writings excel in the truthfulness of the descriptions.

IT WOULD not be easy to say where or when the first log cabin was built, but it is safe to say that it was somewhere in the English colonies of North America, and it is certain that it became the type of the settler's house throughout the whole Middle West. It may be called the American house, the Western house, the Ohio house. Hardly any other house was built for a hundred years by the men who were clearing the land for the stately mansions of our day. As long as the primeval forests stood, the log cabin remained the woodsman's home; and not fifty years ago¹⁰ I saw log cabins newly built in one of the richest and most prosperous regions of Ohio. They were, to be sure, log cabins of a finer pattern than the first settler reared. They were of logs handsomely shaped with the broadax; the joints between the logs were plastered with mortar; the¹⁵ chimney at the end was of stone; the roof was shingled, the windows were of glass, and the door was solid and well hung. They were such cabins as were the homes of the well-to-do settlers in all the older parts of the West. But

throughout that region there were many log cabins, mostly sunk to the uses of stables and corn cribs, of the kind that the borderers built in the times of the Indian War, from 1750 to 1800. They were framed of the round logs, untouched by the ax except for the notches at the ends where they were fitted into one another; the chimney was of small sticks stuck together with mud, and was as frail as a barn-swallow's nest; the walls were stuffed with moss, plastered with clay; the floor was of rough boards called puncheons, riven from the block with a heavy knife; the roof was of clapboards, split from logs and laid loosely on the rafters and held in place with logs fastened athwart them.

When the first settlers broke the silence of the woods with the stroke of their axes and hewed out a space for their cabins and their fields, they inclosed their homes with a high stockade of logs, for defense against the Indians; or if they built their cabins outside the wooden walls of their stronghold, they always expected to flee to it at the first alarm and to stand siege within it. The Indians had no cannon, and the logs of the stockade were proof against their rifles; if a breach was made, there was still the block-house left, the citadel of every little fort. This was heavily built, and pierced with loopholes for the riflemen within, whose wives ran bullets for them at its mighty hearth, and who kept the savage foe from its sides by firing down upon them through the projecting timbers of its upper story; but in many a fearful siege the Indians set the roof ablaze with arrows wrapped in burning tow, and then the fight became desperate indeed. After the Indian War ended, the stockade was no longer needed, and the settlers had only the wild beasts to contend with, and those constant

enemies of the poor in all ages and conditions — hunger and cold.

They deadened the trees around them by girdling them with the ax, and planted the spaces between the leafless trunks with corn and beans and pumpkins. These were their necessaries, but they had an occasional luxury in the wild honey from the hollow of a bee tree when the bears had not got at it. In its season, there was an abundance of wild fruit, plums and cherries, haws and grapes, berries and nuts of every kind, and the maples yielded all the sugar they chose to make from them. But it was long before they had, at any time, the profusion which our modern arts enable us to enjoy the whole year round, and in the hard beginnings the orchard and the garden were forgotten for the fields. Their harvests must pay for the acres bought of the government, or from some speculator who had never seen the land; and the settler must be prompt in paying, or else see his home pass from him after all his toil into the hands of strangers. He worked hard and he fared hard, and if he was safer when peace came, it is doubtful if he were otherwise more fortunate. As the game grew scarcer it was no longer so easy to provide food for his family; the change from venison and wild turkey to the pork which early began to prevail in his diet was hardly a wholesome one. Besides, in cutting down the trees he opened spaces to the sun which had been harmless enough in the shadow of the woods, but which now sent up their ague-breeding miasma. Ague was the scourge of the whole region, and it was hard to know whether the pestilence was worse on the rich levels beside the rivers, or on the stony hills where the settlers sometimes built to escape it.

When once the settler was housed against the weather, he had the conditions of a certain rude comfort indoors. If his cabin was not proof against the wind and rain or snow, its vast fireplace formed the means of heating, while the forest was an inexhaustible store of fuel. At first he dressed in the skins and pelts of the deer and fox and wolf, and his costume could have varied little from that of the red savage about him, for we often read how he mistook Indians for white men at first sight, and how the Indians in their turn mistook white men for their own people. The whole family went barefoot in the summer, but in winter the pioneer wore moccasins of buckskin and buckskin leggins or trousers; his coat was a hunting shirt belted at the waist and fringed where it fell to his knees. It was of homespun, a mixture of wool and flax called linsey-woolsey, and out of this the dresses of his wife and daughters were made. The wool was shorn from the sheep, which were so scarce that they were never killed for their flesh, except by the wolves, which were very fond of mutton but had no use for wool. For a wedding dress a cotton check was thought superb, and it really cost a dollar a yard; silks, satins, laces, were unknown. A man never left his house without his rifle; the gun was a part of his dress, and in his belt he carried a hunting knife and a hatchet; on his head he wore a cap of squirrel skin, often with the plume-like tail dangling from it.

The furniture of the cabins was, like the clothing of the pioneers, homemade. A bedstead was contrived by stretching poles from forked sticks driven into the ground and laying clapboards across them; the bedclothes were bearskins. Stools, benches, and tables were roughed out with auger and broadax; the puncheon floor was left bare,

and if the earth formed the floor, no rug ever replaced the grass which was its first carpet. The cabin had but one room, where the whole of life went on by day; the father and mother slept there at night, and the children mounted to their chamber in the loft by means of a ladder. 5

The food was what has been already named. The meat was venison, bear, raccoon, wild turkey, wild duck, and pheasant; the drink was water, or rye coffee, or whisky, which the little stills everywhere supplied only too abundantly. Wheat bread was long unknown, and corn cakes 10 of various makings and bakings supplied its place. The most delicious morsel of all was corn grated while still in the milk and fashioned into round cakes eaten hot from the clapboard before the fire, or from the mysterious depths of the Dutch oven buried in coals and ashes on the hearth. 15 There was soon a great flow of milk from the kine that multiplied in the pastures in the woods, and there was sweetening enough from the maple tree and the bee tree, but salt was very scarce and very dear, and long journeys were made through the perilous woods to and from the 20 licks, or salt springs, which the deer had discovered before the white man or the red man knew them.

The bees which hived their honey in the hollow trees were tame bees gone wild, and with the coming of the settlers some of the wild things increased so much that 25 they became a pest. Such were the crows which literally blackened the fields after the settlers plowed, and which the whole family had to fight from the corn when it was planted. Such were the rabbits, and such, above all, were the squirrels, which overran the farms and devoured every 30 green thing till the people combined in great squirrel hunts and destroyed them by tens of thousands. The larger

game had meanwhile disappeared. The buffalo and the elk went first; the deer followed, and the bear, and even the useless wolf. But long after these the poisonous reptiles lingered, the rattlesnake, the moccasin, and the yet-sdeadlier copperhead; and it was only when the whole country was cleared that they ceased to be a very common danger.

— *Stories of Ohio.*

1. Make a pen or pencil sketch of the log house Howells describes; of the bedstead. Help the class make a display board of printed pictures that illustrate the objects mentioned.
2. What were the hardships of pioneering? The pleasures? Make a list of modern household conveniences the American pioneer did not have.

WITCHCRAFT

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864) is one of the best-known figures in American literature. He was a New Englander, and most of his writings deal with events or situations located in New England. He was especially happy in retelling old stories or in constructing tales from historical events.

SIR WILLIAM PHIPS became Governor of Massachusetts in 1692. Almost as soon as he assumed the government he became engaged in a frightful business which might have perplexed a wiser and better-cultivated head than his. This was the witchcraft delusion, which originated in the wicked arts of a few children. They belonged to the Rev. Mr. Parris, minister of Salem. These children complained of being pinched, and pricked with pins, and

otherwise tormented, by the shapes of men and women, who were supposed to have power to haunt them invisibly both in darkness and daylight.

Often in the midst of their family and friends the children would pretend to be seized with strange convulsions and would cry out that the witches were afflicting them. These stories spread abroad and caused great tumult and alarm. From the foundation of New England it had been the custom of the inhabitants, in matters of doubt and difficulty, to look to their ministers for counsel. So they did now; but unfortunately the ministers and wise men were more deluded than the illiterate people. Cotton Mather, a very learned and eminent clergyman, believed that the whole country was full of witches and wizards who had given up their hopes of heaven and signed a covenant with the Evil One.

Nobody could be certain that his nearest neighbor or most intimate friend was not guilty of this imaginary crime. The number of those who pretended to be afflicted by witchcraft grew daily more numerous; and they bore testimony against many of the best and worthiest people. A minister named George Burroughs was among the accused. In the months of August and September, 1692, he and nineteen other innocent men and women were put to death. The place of execution was a high hill on the outskirts of Salem; so that many of the sufferers, as they stood beneath the gallows, could discern their habitations in the town.

The killing of these guiltless persons served only to increase the madness. The afflicted now grew bolder in their accusations. Many people of rank and wealth were either thrown into prison or compelled to flee for their

lives. Among these were two sons of old Simon Bradstreet, the last of the Puritan governors. Mr. Willard, a pious minister of Boston, was cried out upon as a wizard in open court. Mrs. Hale, the wife of the minister of Beverly, was likewise accused. Philip English, a rich merchant of Salem, found it necessary to take flight, leaving his property and business in confusion. But a short time afterward the Salem people were glad to invite him back.

The boldest thing the accusers did was to cry out against the Governor's own beloved wife. Yes, the lady of Sir William Phips was accused of being a witch and of flying through the air to attend witch meetings. When the Governor heard this, he probably trembled.

Our forefathers soon became convinced that they had been led into a terrible delusion. All the prisoners on account of witchcraft were set free. But the innocent dead could not be restored to life, and the hill where they were executed will always remind people of the saddest and most humiliating passage in our history.

— *Grandfather's Chair.*

1. Find a biography of Hawthorne and report to the class on one of the following topics: his youth and education; his early manhood; his writings. In place of either of these subjects you may substitute the retelling of another story of Hawthorne's you have read.
2. Briefly, what is the history of witchcraft in New England?
3. How do you account for people as level-headed as the New England settlers believing in witches?

TEA PARTIES IN OLD NEW YORK

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

This extract portrays social life among the early Dutch settlers on the island of Manhattan. It is written in Irving's deliciously humorous style.

IN THOSE happy days, a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sundown. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestable symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness on being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bonds of intimacy by occasional banqueting, called tea parties.

As this is the first introduction of those delectable orgies which have since become so fashionable in this city, I am conscious my fair readers will be very curious to receive information on the subject. Sorry am I that there will be but little in my description calculated to excite their admiration. I can neither delight them with accounts of suffocating crowds, nor brilliant drawing rooms, nor towering feathers, nor sparkling diamonds, nor immeasurable trains.

I can detail no choice anecdotes of scandal, for in those primitive times the simple folk were either too stupid or too good-natured to pull each other's characters to pieces; nor can I furnish any whimsical anecdotes of brag — how one lady cheated or another bounced into a passion; for as yet there was no junto of dulcet old dowagers who met

to win each other's money and lose their own tempers at a card table.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or *noblesse*; that is to say, such as kept their own cows and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock and went away about six, unless it was winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. I do not find that they ever treated their company to ice creams, jellies, or sillabubs, or regaled them with musty almonds, moldy raisins, or sour oranges, as is often done in the present age of refinement. Our ancestors were fond of more sturdy, substantial fare. The tea table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy.

The company, being seated around the genial board and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces of this mighty dish in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast of an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough fried in hog's fat and called doughnuts; a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city except in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft teapot ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs, with boats sailing in the air and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by

their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper teakettle which would have made the pigmy macaronis of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum; until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea table by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth — an ingenious expedient, which is still kept up by some families in Albany, but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flatbush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coqueting; no gambling of old ladies nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones; no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen with their brains in their pockets nor amusing conceits and monkey diversions of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages; that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon.

— *Knickerbocker's History of New York.*

1. Read some passages in which Irving pokes fun at the Dutch customs; at the customs of his own times.
2. How was a tea party conducted in New Amsterdam?
3. Explain these words: incontestable, disapprobation, averse, delectable, orgies, whimsical, junto, dulcet, dowagers, macaronis, pigmy, hoyden, diversions. Read your definition into the sentence where the word occurs.

A SCHOOL OF LONG AGO

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON

The following description of a pioneer school in Pennsylvania affords a fine opportunity to study the methods of teaching then in vogue. Many of them may appeal to us as being ludicrous; but undoubtedly Dock's teaching was in many ways far in advance of the times, when the usual and most-approved method of "imparting knowledge" consisted in beating ideas into pupils' heads with hickory switches.

A HUNDRED and fifty years ago there was a famous teacher among the German settlers in Pennsylvania, who was known as "The Good Schoolmaster." His name was Christopher Dock, and he had two little country schools. For three days he would teach at a little place called Skippack, and then for the next three days he would teach at Salford.

People said that the good schoolmaster never lost his temper. There was a man who thought he would try to make him angry. He said many harsh and abusive words to the teacher, and even cursed him; but the only reply the teacher made was, "Friend, may the Lord have mercy on you."

Other schoolmasters used to beat their scholars severely with whips and long switches; but Schoolmaster Dock had found a better way. When a child came to school for the first time, the other scholars were made to give the new scholar a welcome by shaking hands with him one after another. Then the new boy or girl was told that

this was not a harsh school but a place for those who would behave. And if a scholar were lazy, disobedient, or stubborn, the master would in the presence of the whole school pronounce him not fit for this school but only for a school where children were flogged. The new scholar was asked to promise to obey and to be diligent. When he had made this promise, he was shown to a seat.

"Now," the good master would say, when this was done, "who will take this new scholar and help him to learn?" When the new boy or girl was clean and bright looking, many would be willing to take charge of him or her; but there were few ready to teach a dirty, ragged little child. Sometimes no one would wish to do it. In such a case the master would offer to the one who would take such a child a reward of one of the beautiful texts of Scripture, which the schoolmasters of that time used to write and decorate for the children. Or he would give him one of the pictures of birds which he was accustomed to paint with his own hands.

Whenever one of the younger scholars succeeded in learning his A, B, C, Christopher Dock would send word to the father of the child to give him a penny, and he would ask his mother to cook two eggs for him as a treat. These were fine rewards for poor children in a new country.

There were no clocks or watches in the country. The children came to school one after another, taking their places near the master, who sat writing. They spent their time reading until all were there; but everyone who succeeded in reading his passage without mistake stopped reading and came and sat at the writing table to write. The poor fellow who remained last on the bench was called the Lazy Scholar.

Every Lazy Scholar had his name written on the blackboard. If a child at any time failed to read correctly, he was sent back to study his passage and called again after a while. If he failed a second or a third time, all the scholars cried out, "Lazy!" Then his name was written on the blackboard, and all the poor Lazy Scholar's friends went to work to teach him to read his lesson correctly. And if his name should not be rubbed off the board before school was dismissed, all the scholars might write it down and take it home with them. But if he could read well before school was out, the scholars, at the bidding of the master, called out, "Industrious!" and then his name was erased.

The funniest of Dock's rewards was that which he gave to those who made no mistake in their lessons. He marked ¹⁵a large O with chalk on the hand of the perfect scholar. Fancy what a time the boys and girls must have had, trying to go home without rubbing out this O!

If you had gone into this school some day, you might have seen a boy sitting on a punishment bench all alone. ²⁰This was a fellow who had told a lie or used bad language. He was put there as not fit to sit near anybody else. If he committed the offense often, a yoke would be put round his neck, as if he were a brute. Sometimes, however, the teacher would give the scholars their choice of a blow on ²⁵the hand or a seat on the punishment bench. They usually preferred the blow.

The old schoolmaster in Skippack wrote one hundred rules of good behavior for his scholars. This is perhaps the first book on good manners written in America. But rules ³⁰of behavior for people living in houses of one or two rooms, as they did in that day, were very different from those needed in our time. Here are some of the rules:

"When you comb your hair, do not go out in the middle of the room," says the schoolmaster. This was because families were accustomed to eat and sleep in the same room.

"Do not eat your morning bread on the road or in school," he tells them, "but ask your parents to give it to you at home." From this we see that the common breakfast was bread alone, and that the children often ate it as they walked to school.

"Put your knife upon the right and your bread on the left side," he says. Forks were little used in those days,¹⁰ and the people in the country did not have any. He also tells them not to throw bones under the table. It was a common practice among some people of that time to throw bones and scraps under the table, where the dogs ate them.

As time passed on, Christopher Dock had many friends,¹⁵ for all his scholars of former years loved him greatly. He lived to be very old, and taught his schools to the last. One evening he did not come home, and the people went to look for the beloved old man. They found their dear old master on his knees in the schoolhouse. He had died²⁰ while praying alone.

— *Stories of American Life and Adventure.*

1. How was Christopher Dock's school different from most pioneer schools of that day?
2. How did he teach good behavior? What inducements were offered for scholarship? You often hear people say that only the "three R's" were taught when they went to school. What do they mean?
3. What information about pioneer home life does this article give you?
4. You will be interested to know that the pupils in the early schools studied their reading aloud at the top of their voices. They learned reading by singing "ab," "ba," etc. Later, when geography was taught, the capitals of the states were sung.

FRENCH LIFE IN THE NORTHWEST

BY JAMES BALDWIN

You will recall that the French explorers Marquette, Joliet, La Salle, and others established missions and trading posts in the Illinois country. It was due to these early explorations that the French got control of a large part of the Northwest Territory.

The following narrative tells of the simple life of the French settlers in that territory.

IT IS interesting to learn how the French people in the Illinois country lived in friendship with the savage tribes around them. The settlements were usually small villages on the edge of a prairie or in the heart of the woods. They were always near the bank of a river; for the water-courses were the only roads and the light canoes of the *voyageurs* were the only means of travel. There the French settlers lived like one great family, having for their rulers the village priest and the older men of the community.
The houses were built along a single narrow street and so close together that the villagers could carry on their neighborly gossip each from his own doorstep. These houses were made of a rude framework of corner posts, studs, and crossties, and were plastered, outside and in, with "cat and clay" — a kind of mortar, made of mud and mixed with straw and moss. Around each house was a picket fence, and the forms of the dooryards and gardens were regulated by the village lawgivers.

Adjoining the village was a large inclosure, or "common field," for the free use of all the villagers. The size of

this field depended upon the number of families in the settlement; it sometimes contained several hundred acres. It was divided into plots or allotments, one for each household, and the size of the plot was proportioned according to the number of persons in the family. Each household attended to the cultivation of its own ground and gathered its own harvest. And if anyone should neglect to care for his plot and let it become overgrown with weeds and thistles, he forfeited his right to any part of the common field and his ground was given to another.

Surrounding the common field was a large tract of cleared land that was used as a common pasture ground. In some cases there were thousands of acres in this tract, and yet no person was allowed to use any part of it except for the pasturage of his stock. When a new family came into the settlement or a newly married couple began house-keeping, a small part of the pasture ground was taken into the common field, in order to give the new household its proper allotment.

The priest occupied the place of father to all the villagers, whether white or red. They confided all their troubles to him. He was their oracle in matters of learning as well as of religion. They obeyed his word as law.

The great business of all was fur trading and the care of their little plots of ground. The women kept their homes in order, tended their gardens, and helped with the plowing and the harvesting. The men were the protectors of the community. Some were soldiers, some were traders, but most were engaged in hunting and in gathering beaver skins and buffalo hides to be sold to the traders.

The traders kept a small stock of French goods — laces, ribbons, and other articles, useful and ornamental — and

these they exchanged for the products of the forest. The young men, as a rule, sought business and pleasure in the great woods. Some of them became *voyageurs*, or boatmen, in the service of the traders. In their light canoes they explored every rivulet and stream and visited the distant tribes among the sources of the Mississippi and Missouri. Others took to the forest as woods rangers, or *coureurs de bois*, and became almost as wild as the Indians themselves. They wandered wherever their fancy led them, hunting game, trapping beavers, and trading with their dusky friends. Those who roamed in the Lake regions built here and there small forts of logs and surrounded them with palisades. In one of these forts a company of two or three *coureurs* would remain for a few weeks and then leave it to be occupied by anyone who might next come that way. A post of this kind was built at Detroit long before any permanent settlement was made there; and scattered long distances apart on the Lake shore and in the heart of the wilderness, were many others.

- The northern *coureurs*, when returning from the woods, resorted to Mackinac as their headquarters; or loaded with beaver skins they made their way to Montreal, where they conducted themselves in a manner that would have shamed a Mohawk or a Sioux. But the rangers of the Illinois country were in the habit of returning once each year to their village homes. There they were welcomed with joy, balls and festivals were given in their honor, and old and young gathered around them to hear the story of their adventures.
- Thus in the heart of the wilderness, these French settlers passed their lives in the enjoyment of unbounded freedom. They delighted in amusements and there were almost as

many holidays as working days. Being a thousand miles from any center of civilization they knew but little of what was taking place in the world. In their hearts they were devoted to their mother country; they believed that "France ruled the world and therefore all must be right."⁵ Further than this they troubled themselves but little. They were contented and happy and seldom allowed themselves to be annoyed by the perplexing cares of business.

They had no wish to subdue the wilderness — to hew¹⁰ down the forest, and make farms, and build roads, and bring civilization to their doors. To do this would be to change the modes of living that were so dear to them. It would destroy the fur trade, and then what would become of the traders, the *voyageurs*, and the *coureurs de bois*?¹⁵ These French settlers were not the kind of people to found colonies and build empires.

We are indebted to Father Marest for a description of the daily routine of life among the converts and French settlers at Kaskaskia. At early dawn his pupils came to²⁰ him in the church, where they had prayers and all joined in singing hymns. Then the Christians in the village met together to hear him say Mass — the women standing on one side of the room, the men on the other.

The French women were dressed in prettily colored²⁵ jackets and short gowns of homemade woolen stuffs or of French goods of finer texture. In summer most of them were barefooted, but in winter and on holidays they wore Indian moccasins gayly decorated with porcupine quills, shells, and colored beads. Instead of hats they wore³⁰ bright-colored handkerchiefs, interlaced with gay ribbons and sometimes wreathed with flowers.

The men wore long vests drawn over their shirts, leggings of buckskin or of coarse woolen cloth, and wooden clog shoes or moccasins of heavy leather. In winter they wrapped themselves in long overcoats with capes and hoods that could be drawn over their heads and thus serve for hats. In summer their heads were covered with blue handkerchiefs worn turbanlike as a protection from mosquitoes as well as from the rays of the sun.

After the morning devotions were over, each person betook himself to whatever business or amusement was most necessary or congenial; and the priest went out to visit the sick, giving them medicine and consoling them in whatever way he could. In the afternoon those who chose to do so came again to the church to be taught the catechism. During the rest of the day the priest walked about the village, talking with old and young and entering into sympathy with all their hopes and plans. In the evening the people would meet together again to chant the hymns of the church. This daily round of duty and devotion was often varied by the coming of holidays and festivals and sometimes by occurrences of a sadder nature — death, or misfortune, or the threatened invasion of savage foes.

— *The Discovery of the Old Northwest.*

1. Contrast the life of these French communities with the life of the Dutch settlers as described in pages 70-72. How did it differ from pioneer life in Ohio (pages 62-67)?
2. Why did the French communities not make progress? Why did the English colonists finally overcome them?
3. Longfellow's *Evangeline* describes French life in Nova Scotia. If you have read it, tell your classmates how Evangeline lived.
4. Find from your histories what parts of North America were settled by the French. What parts of it are still peopled largely by French?

A BEAR STORY

BY MAURICE THOMPSON

Not the least of the perils of the pioneers were the wild animals of the forest. Bears, wolves, and panthers were the worst terrors. Mothers were in constant fear of their children straying away from the cabin into the woods where four-footed danger lurked.

A MAN and his wife with three children — a boy aged nine and two little girls, the elder seven and the younger five years old — lived in a comfortable cabin not far from the eastern line of Indiana. Their nearest neighbor was six or seven miles distant, and all around their little clearing stood a wall of dense forest. The father tended a small field of corn and vegetables, but their main dependence for food was upon the game killed by him, so he was often absent all day in the woods, hunting deer and turkeys.

The children were forbidden to go outside the inclosure while their father was away, and the mother, at the slightest hint of danger, was instructed to close the door and bar it and shut the portholes. But even in times of such danger, people grew careless and permitted themselves to take risks in a way quite incredible to our minds. Children were restless when confined to a cabin or within a small yard, when the green woods were but a few steps away, with flowers blooming and rich mosses growing all around. They constantly longed to be free, if only for a few moments, to wander at will and make playhouses in the dusky shade, to climb upon the great logs and watch the gay-winged birds flit about in the foliage on high.

One day in early spring the father went to the woods to hunt. Before setting forth with his rifle on his shoulder, he particularly charged his wife not to permit the children, no matter how much they begged and cried for it, to go outside the yard.

"At this time of the year," he said, "bears and all other wild beasts are cross. They wander everywhere and are very dangerous when met with. Watch the children."

The wife did try faithfully to keep her eyes upon her darlings; but she had many household duties to perform, and so at last she forgot.

The spring was very early that year, and although it was not yet May, the green tassels were on the maples and the wild flowers made the ground gay in places. All around the clearing ran a ripple of bird song. The sunshine was dreamy, the wind soft and warm.

The little boy felt the temptation. It was as if a sweet voice called him to the wood. Nor were the little girls less attracted than he by the thought of gathering mosses and flowers and running at will under the high old trees.

Before their mother knew it, they were gone. She had not yet discovered their truancy when a cry coming from some distance startled her; it was her little boy's voice screaming lustily, and upon looking out she saw all three of the children running as fast as they could across the clearing from the wood toward the house. Behind them, at a slow, peculiar lope, a huge bear followed.

Frightened almost to death, the poor woman scarcely knew what she was doing; but she had the fighting instinct of all backwoods people, and her first motion was to snatch off the wall, where it lay in a deer's-horn rest, a large horse pistol. With this in hand she ran to meet her children.

Some hunter had broken the bear's fore leg with a bullet a few days before, which accounted for its strange, waddling gait; but it was almost within reach of the hindmost child when the mother arrived. The bear at once turned its attention to the newcomer, and with a terrific snarl rushed at her. On sped the children, screaming and crazy with fright. It was a moment of imminent peril to the mother, but she was equal to the occasion. She leveled the pistol and fired. Six leaden slugs struck the bear in the head and neck, knocking it over.

Not very far away in the woods at the time, the man heard the loud report, and fearing that Indians were murdering his family, he ran home to find his wife just reviving from a swoon. She had fainted immediately after seeing the effect of her shot.

The bear was not yet dead, but a ball from the rifle finished him. He was a monster in size. Doubtless the wound in his fore leg had made it difficult for him to get food, and he had attacked the children on account of sheer hunger. But had he not been in that maimed condition, his attack would have been successful and the hindmost child would have been torn to pieces and eaten up in the shortest time and with little show of table manners.

— *Stories of Indiana.*

1. There must be in your community some older person who knows stories of the pioneer days. Ask your teacher to have him tell your class about the life of an earlier day.
2. What other bear stories have you read or heard?
3. Maurice Thompson (1844-1901) knew life in the Middle West at first hand. His home was in Indiana. He was the author of several stories, his widest-read novel being *Alice of Old Vincennes*.

A PATRIOT OF GEORGIA

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

Many of the most interesting incidents of the Revolutionary War are buried in old state documents, in family records, or in stray personal letters. Others are largely traditional; for our ancestors of pioneer days were doers rather than chroniclers of their doings.

The following event is largely legendary, but none the less true. It is dramatically told here by the author of the Uncle Remus stories.

THE Revolutionary War in Georgia developed some very romantic figures, which are known to us rather by tradition than by recorded history. First among them, on the side of the patriots, was Robert Sallette. Neither history nor tradition gives us the place of his birth or the date of his death; yet it is known that he played a more important part in the struggle in the colony than any man who had no troops at his command. He seems to have slipped mysteriously on the scene at the beginning of the war. He fought bravely, even fiercely, to the end; and then, having nothing else to do, slipped away as mysteriously as he came.

Curious as we may be to know something of the personal history of Robert Sallette, it is not to be found chronicled in the books. The French twist to his name makes it probable that he was a descendant of those unfortunate Acadians who, years before, had been stripped of their lands and possessions in Nova Scotia by the British, their houses and barns burned, and they themselves transported away from their homes. They were scattered at various

points along the American coast. Some were landed at Philadelphia, and some were carried to Louisiana. Four hundred were sent to Georgia. The British had many acts of cruelty to answer for in those days, but none more infamous than this treatment of the gentle and helpless Acadians. It stands in history to-day a stain upon the British name.

Another fact that leads to the belief that Robert Sallette was a descendant of the unfortunate Acadians was the ferocity with which he pursued the British and the Tories.¹⁰ The little that is told about him makes it certain that he never gave quarter to the enemies of his country.

His name was a terror to the Tories. One of them, a man of considerable means, offered a reward of one hundred guineas to any person who would bring him the head of ¹⁵ Robert Sallette. The Tory had never seen Sallette, but his alarm was such that he offered a reward large enough to tempt some one to assassinate the daring partisan. When Sallette heard of the reward, he disguised himself as a farmer, and provided himself with a pumpkin, which ²⁰ he placed in a bag. With the bag swinging across his shoulder, he made his way to the house of the Tory. He was invited in, and deposited the bag on the floor beside him, the pumpkin striking the boards with a thump.

"I have brought you the head of Robert Sallette," said ²⁵ he. "I hear that you have offered a reward of one hundred guineas for it."

"Where is it?" asked the Tory.

"I have it with me," replied Sallette, shaking the loose end of the bag. "Count out the money and take the head."³⁰

The Tory, neither doubting nor suspecting, counted out the money and placed it on the table.

"Now show me the head," said he.

Sallette removed his hat, tapped himself on the forehead, and said, "Here is the head of Robert Sallette!"

The Tory was so frightened that he jumped from the room, and Sallette pocketed the money and departed.

1. Who was Sallette? What guess does the author make as to his nationality? Why?

2. Relate the incident told.

3. Explain the meaning of: Tory, Acadians, chronicled, "never gave quarter," assassinate, partisan.

4. Joel Chandler Harris (1848-1908) was born, and spent most of his life, in Georgia. For many years he was editor of *The Atlanta Constitution*. You are doubtless acquainted with his charming Uncle Remus stories.

SONG OF THE PIONEERS

BY W. D. GALLAGHER

A SONG for the early times out West,
And our green old forest home,
Whose pleasant memories freshly yet
Across the bosom come;
A song for the free and gladsome life,
In those early days we led,
With a teeming soil beneath our feet,
And a smiling heaven o'erhead!
Oh, the waves of life danced merrily,
And had a joyous flow,
In the days when we were pioneers,
Seventy years ago!

The hunt, the shot, the glorious chase,
The captured elk or deer ;
The camp, the big, bright fire, and then
The rich and wholesome cheer :
The sweet, sound sleep, at dead of night,
By our camp fire, blazing high,
Unbroken by the wolf's long howl,
And the panther springing by.
Oh, merrily passed the time, despite
Our wily Indian foe,
In the days when we were pioneers,
Seventy years ago !

5

xo

Our forest life was rough and rude,
And dangers closed us round ;
But here, amid the green old trees,
Freedom was sought and found.
Oft through our dwellings wintry blasts
Would rush with shriek and moan ;
We cared not — though they were but frail,
We felt they were our own !
Oh, free and manly lives we led,
'Mid verdure or 'mid snow,
In the days when we were pioneers,
Seventy years ago !

x5

zo

1. In your own community how many years past are the days of pioneering?
2. What pleasant things about pioneer life does the author recall?
3. Imagine that you are a pioneer man or woman. Tell what one day of your life is like.

SPECIAL DAYS

There come days in the lives of men, of nations, of races, and in the life of civilization itself which are of such conspicuous importance that they are set apart from the ordinary run of days and the events they stand for are duly remembered each recurring year on the proper date. Birthdays, religious feast days, days of battle—many are the occasions commemorated. The value to us of such special days is in their observance—that we dedicate ourselves to the spirit they perpetuate.



WASHINGTON'S GREATEST BATTLE
(See page 116)

COLUMBUS AND THE ECLIPSE

BY JAMES JOHONNOT

This incident is related to show, first, something of the character of Columbus, and, second, the superstitions of the Indians. Read it to determine what the author wished to bring out about Columbus. Was Columbus justified in deceiving the Indians?

WHEN Columbus first landed upon the shores of the New World, and for a long time after, the natives thought that he had come down from heaven, and they were ready to do anything for this new friend. But at one place, where he stayed for some months, the chiefs became jealous of him and tried to drive him away. It had been their custom to bring food for him and his companions every morning, but now the amount they brought was very small, and Columbus saw that he would soon be starved unless he could make a change.

Now Columbus knew that in a few days there was to be an eclipse of the sun; so he called the chiefs around him and told them that the Great Spirit was angry with them for not doing as they agreed in bringing him provisions, and that to show his anger, on such a day, he would cause the sun to be darkened. The Indians listened, but they did not believe Columbus and there was a still greater falling off in the amount of the food sent in.

On the morning of the day set, the sun rose clear and bright, and the Indians shook their heads as they thought how Columbus had tried to deceive them. Hour after hour passed and still the sun was bright, and the Spanish

began to fear that the Indians would attack them soon, as they seemed fully convinced that Columbus had deceived them. But at length a black shadow began to steal over the face of the sun. Little by little the light faded and darkness spread over the land.

The Indians saw that Columbus had told them the truth. They saw that they had offended the Great Spirit and that he had sent a dreadful monster to swallow the sun. They could see the jaws of this horrible monster slowly closing to shut off their light forever. frantic with fear, they filled the air with cries and shrieks. Some fell prostrate before Columbus and entreated his help; some rushed off and soon returned laden with every kind of provisions they could lay their hands on. Columbus then retired to his tent and promised to save them if possible. About the time for the eclipse to pass away, he came out and told them that the Great Spirit had pardoned them this time and he would soon drive away the monster from the sun; but they must never offend in that way again.

The Indians promised, and waited. As the sun began to come out from the shadow their fears subsided, and when it shone clear once more, their joy knew no bounds. They leaped, they danced, and they sang. They thought Columbus was a god, and while he remained on the island the Spaniards had all the provisions they needed.

— *Stories of Heroic Deeds.*

FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY PROCLAMATION

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON, 1789

NOW, therefore, I do recommend and assign Thursday; the 26th day of November next, to be devoted by the people of these states to the service of that great and glorious Being, who is the beneficent author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be. That we may then all unite in the rendering unto Him our sincere and humble thanks for His kind care and protection of the people of this country previous to their becoming a nation — for the single and manifold mercies, and for the favorable interpellation of His providence, in the course and conclusion of the late war.

1. This old document comes down to us with a fine message of inspiration from the past and from its great author. Explain the reference in line 8; in lines 10 and 11. Compare this proclamation with the President's proclamation for the current year.

THANKSGIVING DAY PROCLAMATION, 1905

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

WHEN, nearly three centuries ago, the first settlers came to the country which has now become this great republic, they fronted not only hardship and privation, but terrible risk to their lives. In those grim years the custom grew of setting apart one day in each year for a special service of thanksgiving to the Almighty for preserving the people through the changing seasons. The

custom has now become national and hallowed by immemorial usage. We live in easier and more plentiful times than our forefathers, the men who with rugged strength faced the rugged days; and yet the dangers to national life are quite as great now as at any previous time, in our history. It is eminently fitting that once a year our people should set apart a day for praise and thanksgiving to the Giver of Good, and, at the same time that they express their thankfulness for the abundant mercies received, should manfully acknowledge their shortcomings and pledge themselves solemnly and in good faith to strive to overcome them. During the past year we have been blessed with plentiful crops. Our business prosperity has been great. No other people has ever stood on as high a level of material well-being as ours now stands. We are not threatened by foes from without. The foes from whom we should pray to be delivered are our own passions, appetites, and follies; and against these there is always need that we should war.

Therefore, I now set apart Thursday, the thirtieth day of this November, as a day of thanksgiving for the past and of prayer for the future, and on that day I ask that throughout the land the people gather in their homes and places of worship, and in rendering thanks unto the Most High for the manifold blessings of the past year, consecrate themselves to a life of cleanliness, honor, and wisdom, so that this nation may do its allotted work on the earth in a manner worthy of those who founded it and of those who preserved it.

1. Keep a lookout for the current Thanksgiving Day proclamation of the President. Read it with those of Washington and Roosevelt, and contrast the three, as to style of writing and historical facts mentioned.

HARVEST SONG

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY

THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice.
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

Yes, bless His holy name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth.
To glory in your lot
Is comely; but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amid your mirth.

The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accord.
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

1. Sing these three stanzas to the tune of *America*.
2. Explain lines 11-14; 18.
3. Search for a Thanksgiving story in current newspapers and magazines or in books. Read it and report on your story in class.

THE CRATCHITS' CHRISTMAS

BY CHARLES DICKENS

Old Scrooge was a rich and grasping business man; Bob Cratchit was his underpaid and overworked clerk. On Christmas Eve three spirits in succession appeared to Scrooge: Christmas Past, Christmas Present, and Christmas Yet-to-Come. The second showed him, with other visions, this Christmas feast in Cratchit's home. The lessons the spirits taught him so influenced Scrooge that he set out early next morning to spend a real Christmas; and he was a changed man ever after.

THEN up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed tout but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion these young Cratchits danced about the table and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collars nearly choked him) blew the fire until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour!"

s "Here's Martha, mother," said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's such a goose, Martha!"

ro "Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

15 "Well! never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

20 So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little
25 crutch and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

30 "Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only a joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim and bore him off into the washhouse, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs — as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby — compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course — and in truth

it was something very like it, in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't eaten it all at last! Yet everyone had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits, in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone — too nervous to bear witnesses — to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should

have got over the wall of the back yard and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose — a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid ! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Halloo ! A great deal of steam ! The pudding was out ^s of the copper. A smell like a washing day ! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that ! That was the pudding ! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered — flushed, but smiling proudly — with ¹⁰ the pudding, like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half a quatern of ignited brandy and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding ! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success ¹⁵ achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for ²⁰ a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges ²⁵ were put upon the table and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one ; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass — two tumblers and a custard cup without a handle. ³⁰

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done ; and Bob served it out

with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed :

“A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us !”
Which all the family reëchoed.

5 “God bless us every one !” said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

— *A Christmas Carol.*

1. A few days before Christmas you should read Dickens's *A Christmas Carol*. It is one of the best, if not the best, Christmas story ever written. How does Dickens make you feel while you read this selection? How many people are present at the Cratchits'? To whom does your sympathy go?

2. Select a list of words and phrases that suggest happiness. How does Dickens make you wish you were at the Cratchit feast?

3. Appoint a committee of three from your class to report fully on Dickens's life and writings. Take brief notes on their report.

THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT

BY ÉMILE SOUVESTRE

TWELVE o'clock.—A knock at my door; a poor girl comes in and greets me by name. At first I do not recall her, but she looks at me and smiles. Ah, it is Paulette! But it is nearly a year since I have seen her, and Paulette is no longer the same; the other day she was a child; to-day she is almost a young woman.

Paulette is thin, pale, and miserably clad; but she has always the same open and straightforward look — the same mouth, smiling at every word as if to plead for sympathy — the same voice, timid yet caressing. Paulette is not pretty — she is even thought plain; as for me, I think her charming. Perhaps that is not on her account but on my own. Paulette is a part of one of my happiest recollections.

It was the evening of a public holiday. Our principal buildings were lighted with festoons of fire, a thousand flags floated in the night wind, and the fireworks had just shot forth their jets of flame in the midst of the *Champ de Mars*. Suddenly one of those unaccountable panics which seize a multitude falls upon the dense crowd; they cry out, they rush on headlong; the weaker ones fall and the frightened crowd tramples them down in its convulsive struggles. Escaping from the confusion by a miracle, I was hastening away when the cries of a perishing child arrested me; I went back into that human chaos and after unheard-of exertions I brought Paulette away at the peril of my life.

That was two years ago; since then I had seen the child only at long intervals and had almost forgotten her; but ¹⁵ Paulette had a grateful heart, and she came at the beginning of the year to bring me her good wishes. She brought me, too, a wallflower in full bloom; she herself had planted and reared it; it was something that belonged wholly to herself, for it was because of her care, her perseverance, ²⁰ and her patience that it was hers.

The wallflower had grown in a common pot; but Paulette, who is a bandbox maker, had put it into a case of varnished paper ornamented with arabesques. These might have been in better taste, but I felt the good will ²⁵ none the less.

This unexpected present, the little girl's modest blushes, the compliments she stammered out, dispelled, as by a sunbeam, the mist which had gathered round my heart; my thoughts suddenly changed from the leaden tints of ³⁰ evening to the rosiest colors of dawn. I made Paulette sit down and questioned her with a light heart.

At first the little girl replied by monosyllables; but very soon the tables were turned and it was I who interrupted with short interjections her long confidences. The poor child leads a hard life. She was left an orphan long ago and with a brother and sister lives with an old grandmother, who has *brought them up to poverty*, as she says.

However Paulette now helps her to make bandboxes, her little sister Perrine begins to sew, and her brother Henri is apprenticed to a printer. All would go well if it were not for losses and want of work — if it were not for clothes which wear out, for appetites which grow larger, and for the winter, when you must buy your sunshine. Paulette complains that candles go too quickly and that the wood costs too much. The fireplace in their garret is so large that a fagot produces no more effect than a match; it is so near the roof that the wind blows down the rain and in winter it hails upon the hearth; so they have given up using it. Henceforth they must be content with an earthen chafing dish, upon which they cook their meals. The grandmother had often spoken of a stove that was for sale at the huckster's on the ground floor, but he asked seven francs for it and the times are too hard for such an expense; the family, therefore, resign themselves to cold for economy's sake!

As Paulette spoke I felt more and more that I was rising above my low spirits. The first disclosures of the little bandbox maker created within me a wish that soon became a plan. I questioned her about her daily occupations and she told me that on leaving me she must go with her brother, her sister, and her grandmother, to the different people for whom they work. My plan was immediately settled. I told the child that I would go to see her in the evening, and I sent her away, thanking her anew.

I placed the wallflower in the open window, where a ray of sunshine bade it welcome; the birds were singing around, the sky had cleared, and the day which began so gloomily had become bright. I sang as I moved about my room, and having hastily got ready I went out.

Three o'clock. — All is settled with my neighbor, the chimney doctor; he will repair my old stove, the old stove which I had replaced, and promises to make it as good as new. At five o'clock we are going to put it up in Paulette's grandmother's room.

Midnight. — All has gone well. At the hour agreed upon I was at the old bandbox maker's; she was still out. My Piedmontese fixed the stove, while I arranged in the great fireplace a dozen logs borrowed from my winter's stock. I shall make up for them by warming myself with walking or by going to bed earlier.

My heart beat at every step which was heard on the staircase: I trembled lest they should interrupt me in my preparations and should thus spoil my intended surprise. But no — everything is ready; the lighted stove murmurs gently, the little lamp burns upon the table, and a bottle of oil for it is provided on the shelf. The chimney doctor is gone. Now my fear lest they should come is changed into impatience at their delay. At last I hear children's voices; here they are! They push open the door and rush in — but they stop with cries of astonishment.

At sight of the lamp, the stove, and the visitor who stands there like a magician in the midst of these wonders, they draw back almost frightened. Paulette is the first to understand, and the arrival of the grandmother, mounting the stairs more slowly, finishes the explanation. Then come tears, ecstasies, thanks!

Surprises are not over yet. The little sister opens the oven and discovers some chestnuts just roasted; the grandmother puts her hand on the bottles of cider arranged on the dresser; and I draw forth from the basket that I have hidden, a cold tongue, a wedge-shaped piece of butter, and some fresh rolls.

Now their wonder turns into admiration; the little family have never taken part in such a feast! They lay the cloth, they sit down, they eat; it is a perfect festival for all, and each contributes his share. I had brought only the supper; the bandbox maker and the children supplied the enjoyment.

What bursts of laughter at nothing! What a hubbub of questions which waited for no reply, of replies which answered no question! The old woman herself shared in the wild merriment of the little ones! I have always wondered at the ease with which the poor forget their wretchedness. Accustomed to live in the present, they use every pleasure as soon as it offers itself. But the rich, blunted by luxury, gain happiness less easily. They must have all things in harmony before they consent to be happy.

The evening passed like a moment. The old woman has told me the story of her life, sometimes smiling, sometimes crying. Perrine has sung an old ballad with her fresh young voice. Henri has told us what he knows of the great writers of the day, whose proofs he has to carry. At last we were obliged to separate, not without new thanks on the part of the happy family.

I have come home slowly, with a full heart, thinking over the pure memories of this evening. It has given me comfort and much instruction. Now the years can come and go. I know that no one is so unhappy as to have nothing to receive and nothing to give.

As I came in I met my rich neighbor's new equipage. She too had just returned from her evening party; and as she sprang from the carriage step with feverish impatience, I heard her murmur, "*At last!*"

I, when I left Paulette's family, said, "*So soon!*"

5

1. Is this a Christmas story? Give reasons for your answer. Is its title fitting? What in the story itself suggests the time of year? Where do the events take place? Contrast this story with "The Cratchits' Christmas," preceding, as to (a) kind of people; (b) place; (c) the chief actor; (d) the feast itself; (e) the manner of telling.

2. Describe Paulette's family. How did they make a living? How had the author become acquainted with Paulette?

3. Émile Souvestre (soo ves tr') was a French novelist and dramatist (1806-1854). His chief works deal with his native Brittany, but his last book has in it charming studies of Paris life.

CHRISTMAS IN THE PINES

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Here is a Christmas story of the northland, in which cities give way to pine woods, and people to silences and snow. Get the picture each stanza portrays as you read through the poem, and make a mental comparison with snow scenes with which you are familiar.

THE sky was clear all yesterday,
From dawn until the sunset's flame;
But when the red had grown to gray,
Out of the west the snow clouds came.

At midnight by the dying fire,
Watching the spruce boughs glow and pale,
I heard outside a tumult dire,
And the fierce roaring of the gale.

5

Now with the morning comes a lull;
The sun shines boldly in the east
Upon a world made beautiful
In vesture for the Christmas feast.

5 Into the pathless waste I go,
With muffled step among the pines
That, robed in sunlight and soft snow,
Stand like a thousand radiant shrines.

10 Save for a lad's song, far and faint,
There is no sound in all the wood;
The murmuring pines are still; their plaint
At last was heard and understood.

25 Here floats no chime cf Christmas bell,
There is no voice to give me cheer;
But through the pine wood all is well,
For God and love and peace are here.

1. What does each of the first three stanzas portray? The last three stanzas describe sights and sounds perceived by whom?

2. Explain what pictures these phrases make for you: "sunset's flame"; "spruce boughs glow and pale"; "tumult dire"; "beautiful In vesture"; "muffled step"; "radiant shrines." Read lines 11 and 12, putting the thought in your own words.

3. Make a Christmas card, sketching one of the scenes suggested above as the corner or center decoration.

4. Meredith Nicholson (1866—) is an American writer. He is the author of several popular novels, an essayist, and a writer of excellent verse. He lives in Indianapolis.

("Christmas in the Pines" is used by special courtesy of Mr. Nicholson.)

THE NEW YEAR'S DINNER PARTY

BY CHARLES LAMB

The following essay is a humorous treatment of the days of the year, with emphasis on the holidays and special days in the English calendar. You should read it with a sharp lookout for the play on words. Each day supposedly acts in keeping with its character, and so the New Year's dinner party is kept in high mirth. But you cannot appreciate the humor until you understand what each day stands for.

THE Old Year being dead, the New Year came of age,
which he does by Calendar Law as soon as the breath
is out of the old gentleman's body. Nothing would serve
the youth but he must give a dinner upon the occasion, to
which all the Days of the Year were invited. 5

The Festivals, whom he appointed as his stewards, were
m mightily taken with the notion. They had been engaged
time out of mind, they said, in providing mirth and cheer
for mortals below; and it was time that they should have
a taste of their bounty. 10

All the Days came to dinner. Covers were provided for
three hundred and sixty-five guests at the principal table,
with an occasional knife and fork at the sideboard for the
Twenty-ninth of February.

I should have told you that invitations had been sent out. 15
The carriers were the Hours — twelve as merry little whirligig foot pages as you should desire to see. They went all around, and found out the persons invited well enough, with the exception of Easter Day, Shrove Tuesday, and a few such Movables, who had lately shifted their quarters. 20

Well, they were all met at last, four Days, five Days, all sorts of Days, and a rare din they made of it. There was nothing but "Hail! fellow Day!" "Well met, brother Day! sister Day!" — only Lady Day kept a little aloof and seemed somewhat scornful. Yet some said that Twelfth Day cut her out, for she came in a silk suit, white and gold, like a queen on a frost cake, all royal and glittering.

The rest came, some in green, some in white — but Lent and his family were not yet out of mourning. Rainy Days came in dripping, and Sunshiny Days helped them to change their stockings. Wedding Day was there in his marriage finery. Pay Day came late, as he always does. Doomsday sent word he might be expected.

April Fool (as my lord's jester) took upon himself to marshal the guests. And wild work he made of it; good Days, bad Days, all were shuffled together. He had stuck the Twenty-first of June next to the Twenty-second of December, and the former looked like a maypole by the side of a marrowbone. Ash Wednesday got wedged in betwixt Christmas and Lord Mayor's Day.

At another part of the table, Shrove Tuesday was helping the Second of September to some broth, which courtesy the latter returned with the delicate thigh of a pheasant. The Last of Lent was springing upon Shrovetide's pancakes; April Fool, seeing this, told him that he did well, for pancakes were proper to a good fry-day.

May Day, with that sweetness which is her own, made a neat speech proposing the health of the founder. This being done, the lordly New Year from the upper end of the table, in a cordial but somewhat lofty tone, returned thanks.

They next fell to quibbles and conundrums. The question being proposed, who had the greatest number of followers — the Quarter Days said there could be no question as to that; for they had all the creditors in the world dogging their heels. But April Fool gave it in favor of the Forty Days before Easter; because the debtors in all cases outnumbered the creditors, and they kept Lent all the year.

At last, dinner being ended, all the Days called for their cloaks and greatcoats, and took their leaves. Lord Mayor's Day went off in a Mist, as usual; Shortest Day in a deep black Fog, which wrapped the little gentleman all round like a hedgehog.

Two Vigils, or watchmen, saw Christmas Day safe home. Another Vigil — a stout, sturdy patrol, called the Eve of St. Christopher — escorted Ash Wednesday.

Longest Day set off westward in beautiful crimson and gold — the rest, some in one fashion some in another, took their departure.

— *Last Essays of Elia.*

1. Lord Mayor's Day falls on November 9. Explain the reference to Mist. Quarter Day is the day usually looked upon as the day rent falls due. Why did April Fool decide against the Quarter Days in behalf of the Forty Days before Easter? The Second of September is the beginning of the open season for shooting. Explain the reference to "pheasant."

2. How many were at this feast? Why did the Festivals come? Why have only twelve carriers, in the fourth paragraph? Explain how April Fool added to the merriment in seating the guests. What pun did April Fool make?

3. What American holidays would you add if you were writing this essay? How could you make them fit in humorously?

4. Charles Lamb (1775–1834), English essayist, is noted for his humorous sketches. You should read his "Dissertation on Roast Pig." With his sister Mary, he wrote *Tales from Shakespeare*, which you will enjoy reading.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(WRITTEN FOR JESSE W. FELL, DECEMBER 20, 1859)

Abraham Lincoln enjoyed telling stories of his youth and early manhood, but he wrote very little about himself. The following is the longest statement he has set down anywhere about his own life. And he did this only at the earnest request of a fellow citizen in Illinois, Mr. Fell. You should read this brief autobiography with two things in mind: the facts of Lincoln's life, and the simplicity and modesty of the statement of these facts.

I WAS born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families — second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, and others in Macon County, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where a year or two later he was killed by the Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like.

My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County,

Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the state came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher ^s beyond "readin', writin', and cipherin'" to the rule of three. If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came of age I did not ¹⁰ know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois, Macon County. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Sangamon, now in Menard, County, where I remained a year as a ²⁰ sort of clerk in a store.

Then came the Black Hawk war, and I was elected a captain of volunteers, a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went the campaign, was elated, ran for the legislature the same year (1832), and was beaten — the only time I have ever been beaten by the ²⁵ people. The next and three succeeding biennial elections I was elected to the legislature. I was not a candidate afterward. During this legislative period I had studied law, and removed to Springfield to practice it. In 1846 I was once elected to the lower house of Congress. Was ³⁰ not a candidate for reëlection. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, practiced law more assiduously than ever before.

Always a Whig in politics; and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again. What I have done since then is pretty well known.

If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said I am, in height, six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollect.

1. Outline Lincoln's life, ancestry, etc., as here presented, under the proper heads. Test your outline by trying to group all the facts under their proper headings. This will require careful re-reading of the selection.

2. Next take one of your topics and practice *thinking* of the items you have included under it. Be ready to speak on any one of your topics at class recitation.

3. What major events of Lincoln's life are omitted from this document? Why? (To answer this, refer to your history for the dates of Lincoln's presidency; compare with the date when this was written.)

4. Is there anything in the article that sounds the least boastful? Explain lines 25-26 in this connection.

5. Who were the Whigs? What was the Missouri Compromise?

6. One sentence in this suggests the sly humor of Lincoln. Find it.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN

BY WALT WHITMAN

The Civil War between the North and the South lasted from 1861-1865. Abraham Lincoln was President of the United States at the time, and it was largely due to his wisdom that the great conflict lasted no longer. The Northern armies were generally victorious in the winter and spring of 1865. The nation, however, was suddenly bowed in grief. The President was shot by an assassin on April 14, and died next day.

Walt Whitman (1819-1892) at the time was employed in a clerical position in the War Department, and, outside office hours, in nursing wounded soldiers in Washington. He often saw Lincoln, who passed Whitman's house almost every day. The "Good Gray Poet" and the President had a bowing acquaintance; and in one of his books Whitman refers to the dark-brown face, deep-cut lines, and sad eyes of Lincoln. Whitman gave expression to his grief at the country's loss in the following poem, in which he refers to the martyred President as the captain of the Ship of State.

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we
sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and s
daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle
trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths — for you the
shores a-crowding.
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning.

Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and
done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

— *Drum Taps*.

1. Explain the references to the safe arrival of the ship in port, the ringing of the bells, and the general exultation.
2. Re-read the poem carefully. Picture to yourself what each stanza contributes as you read. When you have finished, test yourself to see how much of it you can recall exactly. Complete the memorization by this same process of careful re-reading.
3. Whitman had his volume, *Drum Taps*, practically completed when Lincoln's assassination occurred. He held up its publication to include "O Captain! My Captain" and another poem on the death of Lincoln, called "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed." Why is the title of the latter poem appropriate?

WASHINGTON'S GREATEST BATTLE

By FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

By 1781 the French were coöperating with our colonial troops against the armies and navies of the British. Lafayette was in the South helping Greene worry Cornwallis. Rochambeau was working with Washington near New York, to keep Clinton from uniting his forces with those of Cornwallis. De Grasse, in charge of the French fleet, was planning a blow at the British squadron. The stage was thus set for a great military stroke — and Washington readily took up the cue.

WORD was received from Lafayette that Cornwallis had moved to Yorktown on the York River, Virginia, close to Chesapeake Bay, and almost at the same moment the long-expected dispatch arrived from de Grasse, advising Washington that he was just on the point of sailing for Chesapeake Bay. The instant he received this news the American commander realized that his chance had come. Cornwallis had evidently brought his army to Yorktown that it might coöperate with a British fleet in the Chesapeake, and by good luck de Grasse was heading directly for this very spot. A bold, swift stroke might now end the war, and the plan which Washington immediately put in operation was daring to a really perilous degree.

Up to this point all the movements of the French and Americans had convinced Clinton that an attack would soon be made against New York. Never for a moment did he imagine that his opponent would dare leave the Hudson unguarded and throw his whole army against Cornwallis. The risk of losing West Point and the difficulty of covering

the hundreds of miles that lay between New York and Yorktown seemed to forbid any such maneuver. Nevertheless, this was precisely what Washington intended to do, and within a few days after the receipt of de Grasse's message he was hurrying southward with every man he could possibly spare.

Secrecy and speed were essential to success, for if Clinton discovered what was happening, he would undoubtedly try to throw his army between Cornwallis and the Americans, and even though he failed in stopping them he could easily delay their march until the British force at Yorktown had time to escape. Washington, therefore, took extraordinary care to conceal his plans, not only from his foes but also from his friends. Indeed, Rochambeau was the only officer who knew where the men were being headed as they hurried through New Jersey, and so cleverly was their route selected that even when Clinton learned of their march he still believed that the Americans, having failed in the attempt on his rear door near King's Bridge, were about to swing around and try to get in at the front door from Staten Island or Sandy Hook.

This was just what Washington wanted him to think, and to deceive him still further, camp kitchens were erected along the expected line of march and the troops were so handled that they seemed to be moving straight to an attack on New York. But at the proper moment they were suddenly turned southward at a pace that defied pursuit, and before the true situation dawned on the British commander they were almost at the Delaware River. But though he had by this time acquired a fairly safe lead, Washington did not slacken his speed, and with a roar of cheers from the now excited populace, the dusty columns

were soon pouring through Philadelphia, the American commander pushing on ahead to Chester, and sending back word that de Grasse had arrived in Chesapeake Bay and that not a moment must be lost.

Clinton then made a frantic effort to save the day by sending Arnold to attack some of the New England towns, thinking that the American commander might hurry back to their rescue. But Washington was first and foremost a man of good, hard common sense, and he knew that all Arnold could accomplish would be the destruction of a few defenseless towns, and to let Cornwallis escape in order to protect them did not appeal to his practical mind at all. He therefore paid no attention to the traitor's movements, but bent all his efforts on speeding his army southward.

At Chesapeake Bay an exasperating delay occurred, for there were not sufficient vessels to transport the army over the water, and for a time the success of the whole expedition was threatened. But Washington was in no mood to be blocked by obstacles of this sort. If his troops could not be ferried down the bay, they must march around it, and march many of them did, their general obtaining the first glimpse he had had in six years of his beloved Mount Vernon as he swept by, and on September 28, 1781, his whole force was in front of Yorktown, with success fairly within its grasp.

Meanwhile de Grasse's fleet had fiercely assailed a British squadron which had been sent to the rescue, and after a sharp engagement the French had been able to return to the bay while the British vessels were obliged to retire to New York, leaving Cornwallis with the York River on one side of him, the James River on the other, and the Chesapeake Bay at his back, but no ships to carry him to safety.

Only one chance of escape now remained, and that was to hurl his whole army through the narrow neck of land immediately in front of him and beat a hasty retreat to the south. But Washington had anticipated this desperate move by positive instructions to Lafayette, and acting upon them the young marquis rushed a body of French troops from the fleet into the gap, and the arrival of the American army completely blocked it.

But, though the enemy was now in his clutch, Washington lost no time in tightening his hold, for de Grasse declared that his orders would not allow him to tarry much longer in the Chesapeake, and the failure of the other attempts to work with the French warned him to take no risks on this occasion.

He therefore instantly set the troops at work with pick-axes and shovels throwing up intrenchments, behind which they crept nearer and nearer the imprisoned garrison, and he kept them at their tasks night and day, supervising every detail of the siege and organizing the labor with such method that not a second of time nor an ounce of strength was wasted.

Finally, on October 14th — just sixteen days after the combined armies had arrived on the scene — the commander in chief determined to hurry matters still further by carrying two of the enemy's outer works by assault, and Hamilton was assigned to lead the Americans and Colonel de Deuxponts the French. A brilliant charge followed, and Washington and Rochambeau, closely watching the movement, saw the Americans scale one of the redoubts and capture it within ten minutes, while the French soon followed with equal success. From these two commanding positions a perfect storm of shot and shell was then loosed

against the British fortifications, but still Cornwallis would not yield.

Indeed, he made an heroic attempt to break through the lines on the following night, and actually succeeded in spiking some of the French cannon before he was driven back; and again on the next night he made a desperate effort to escape by water, only to be foiled by a terrific storm. By this time, however, his defenses were practically battered to the ground and the town behind them was tumbling to pieces beneath the fire of more than fifty guns.¹⁰

In the face of this terrific bombardment further resistance was useless, and at ten o'clock on the morning of October 17, 1781, exactly four years after the surrender of Burgoyne, a red-coated drummer boy mounted on the crumbling ramparts and beside him appeared an officer with a white¹⁵ flag. Instantly the firing ceased, and an American officer approaching, the flag bearer was blindfolded and conducted to Washington. The message he bore was a proposition for surrender and a request that hostilities be suspended for twenty-four hours. But to this Washington²⁰ would not consent. Two hours was all he would grant for arranging the terms of surrender. To this Cornwallis yielded, but his first propositions were promptly rejected by Washington, and it was not until eleven at night that all the details were finally agreed upon, and Cornwallis,²⁵ with over eight thousand officers and men, became prisoners of war.

Two days later the British marched from their intrenchments, their bands playing a quaint old English tune, called *The World Turned Upside Down*, and, passing between³⁰ the French and American troops drawn up in line to receive them, laid down their arms. At the head of the

victorious columns rode Washington, Hamilton, Knox, Steuben, Lafayette, Rochambeau, Lincoln, and many other officers, but the British commander, being ill, was not present in person, and when his representative, General O'Hara, tendered his superior's sword to Washington, the commander in chief allowed General Lincoln, who had once been Cornwallis's prisoner, to receive it, and that officer, merely taking it in his hand for a moment, instantly returned it.

- 10 Meanwhile horsemen were flying in all directions with the joyful tidings, and within a week the whole country was blazing with enthusiasm, while Washington was calmly planning to finish the work to which he had set his hand.

(From Frederick Trevor Hill's *On the Trail of Washington*. Used by permission of the publishers, D. Appleton & Company.)

1. Make a sketch showing the position of the various armies and navies at the time Washington conceived the bold stroke of trapping Cornwallis, and explain from your map how this stroke was achieved.
 2. Tell who the following are: De Grasse, Greene, Clinton, Rochambeau, Lafayette, Lincoln, Steuben, Cornwallis, Burgoyne.
 3. What might have disjointed all Washington's plans? Discuss.
-

WHERE may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows
Nor despicable state?

Yes, one — the first — the last — the best —
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make men blush there was but one!

—George Gordon Byron.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

By W. F. MARKWICK AND W. A. SMITH

Our birds and our trees are often honored together on a Bird and Arbor Day. The names of many naturalists might be selected, whose biographies could fittingly be read on such an occasion; but none could be more appropriately chosen than that of John James Audubon, the American pioneer among the scientist lovers of both birds and trees.

IN 1828 a wonderful book, *The Birds of America*, by John James Audubon, was issued. It is a good illustration of what has been accomplished by beginning in one's youth to use the powers of observation. Audubon loved and studied birds. Even in his infancy, lying under the orange trees on his father's plantation in Louisiana, he listened to the mocking-bird's song, watching and observing every motion as it flitted from bough to bough. When he was older he began to sketch every bird that he saw, and soon showed so much talent that he was taken to France to be educated.

He entered cheerfully and earnestly upon his studies, and more than a year was devoted to mathematics; but whenever it was possible he rambled about the country, using his eyes and fingers, collecting more specimens, and sketching with such assiduity that when he left France, only seventeen years old, he had finished two hundred drawings of French birds. At this period he tells us that "it was not the desire of fame which prompted to this devotion; it was simply the enjoyment of nature."

A story is told of his lying on his back in the woods with some moss for his pillow and looking through a telescopic microscope day after day, to watch a pair of little birds while they made their nest. Their peculiar gray plumage harmonized with the color of the bark of the tree, so that it was impossible to see the birds except by the most careful observation. After three weeks of such patient labor, he felt that he had been amply rewarded for the toil and sacrifice by the results he had obtained.

His power of observation gave him great happiness, from the time he rambled as a boy in the country in search of treasures of natural history, till, in his old age, he rose with the sun and went straightway to the woods near his home, enjoying still the beauties and wonders of nature. His strength of purpose and unwearied energy, combined with his pure enthusiasm, made him successful in his work as a naturalist; but it was all dependent on the habit formed in his boyhood — this habit of close and careful observation; and he not only had this habit of using his eyes but he looked at and studied things worth seeing, worth remembering.

This brief sketch of Audubon's boyhood shows the predominant traits of his character — his power of observation, the training of the eye and hand — that made him in manhood "the most distinguished of American ornithologists," with so much scientific ardor and perseverance that no expedition seemed dangerous or solitude inaccessible when he was engaged in his favorite study.

He has left behind him, as the result of his labors, his great book, *The Birds of America*, in ten volumes, and illustrated with four hundred and forty-eight colored plates of over one thousand species of birds, all drawn by his own

hand, and each bird represented in its natural size; also a *Biography of American Birds*, in five large volumes, in which he describes their habits and customs. He was associated with Dr. Bachman, of Philadelphia, in the preparation of a work on *The Quadrupeds of America*, in six large volumes, the drawings for which were made by his two sons; and later on he published his *Biography of American Quadrupeds*, a work similar to the *Biography of American Birds*. He died at what is known as Audubon Park, on the Hudson, now within the limits of New York city, in 1851, at the age of seventy.

— *The True Citizen.*

1. Give a brief summation of Audubon's life. What does his name stand for?
2. How many birds can you identify by sight? By song? What winter birds do you know? What is the first migrant bird you see in the spring? Name some birds that stay with us the year round.
3. If you are interested in birds you will enjoy looking through Chapman's *Bird-Life*; Burroughs' *Wake-Robin*; Gilmore's *Birds Through the Year*; Blanchan's *Bird Neighbors*; Miller's *The First Book of Birds*. You should make a list of these in your notebook for summer reading.
4. In this connection make up a list of five poems about birds; five about flowers; five about trees. For good reading on trees, see Dorrance's *Story of the Forest*.

MEMORIAL DAY, 1917

By WOODROW WILSON

Spoken at Arlington to the veterans of the Federal and Confederate armies. There were present men in khaki soon to carry the spirit of America to the battlefields of France.

ANY Memorial Day of this sort is, of course, a day touched with sorrowful memory, and yet I for one do not see how we can have any thought of pity for the men whose memory we honor to-day. I do not pity them. I envy them, rather, because theirs is a great work for liberty accomplished and we are in the midst of a work unfinished, testing our strength where their strength already has been tested. There is a touch of sorrow, but there is a touch of reassurance also in a day like this, because we know how the men of America have responded to the call of the cause of liberty, and it fills our minds with a perfect assurance that that response will come again in equal measure, with equal majesty, and with a result which will hold the attention of all mankind.

When you reflect upon it, these men who died to preserve the Union died to preserve the instrument which we are now using to serve the world — a free nation espousing the cause of human liberty. In one sense that great struggle into which we have now entered is an American struggle, because it is in defense of American honor and American rights, but it is something even greater than that; it is a world struggle. It is a struggle of men who love liberty everywhere and in this cause America will

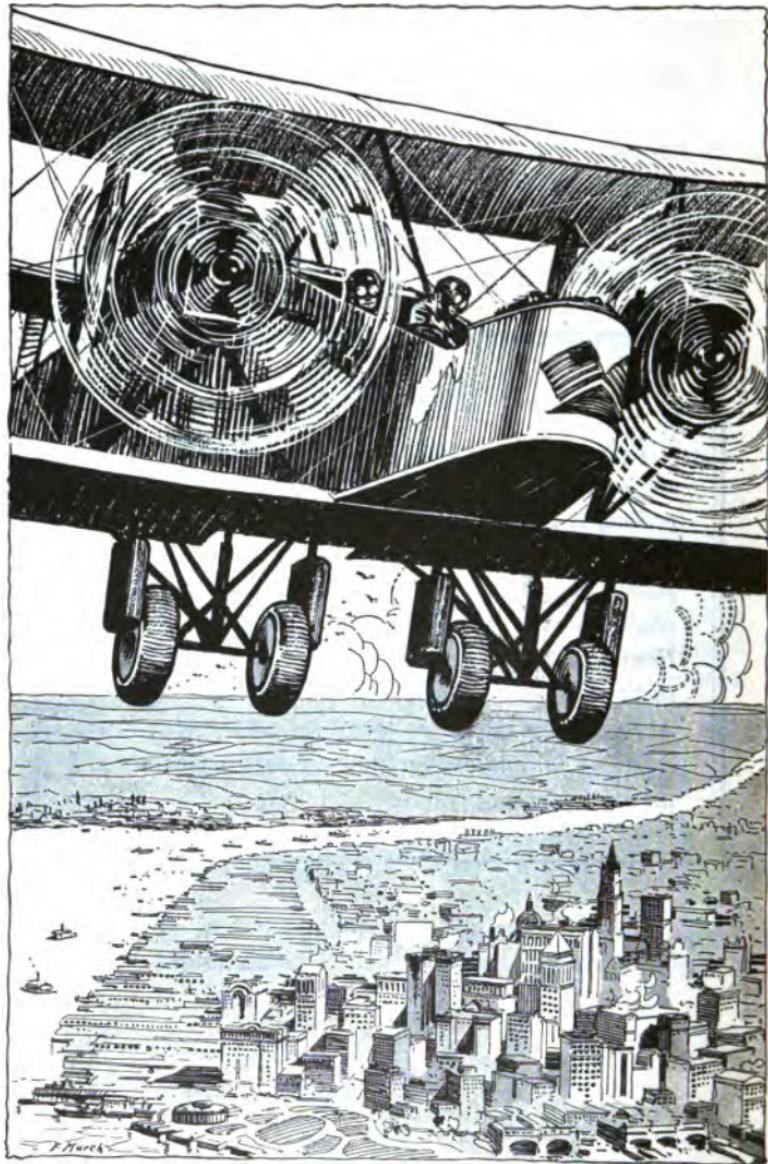
show herself greater than ever because she will rise to a greater thing.

We have said in the beginning that we planned this great government that men who wish freedom might have a place of refuge and a place where their hope could be realized, and now, having established such a government, having preserved such a government, having vindicated the power of such a government, we are saying to all mankind, "We did not set this government up in order that we might have a selfish and separate liberty, for we are now ready to come to your assistance and fight out upon the fields of the world the cause of human liberty." In this thing America attains her full dignity and the full fruition of her great purpose.

1. During the World War, President Woodrow Wilson (1856—) delivered several notable speeches. In fact, his ability to phrase a thought neatly, caused Europe to look upon him as the spokesman of the Allied cause. This extract from his speech in the cemetery at Arlington, Va., is a good example of his finished literary style. Compare it with Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. How are the two alike? How different?
2. How long before the delivery of this speech did the United States declare war against Germany? What references to this war are in the speech?
3. The cemetery at Arlington is a national burying ground of the fallen heroes of the Civil War. Read the line or lines that refer to them.

ADVENTURE

Life is a series of experiences. A few of these we call adventures because they are out of the ordinary. If, however, one is keen and alert, every experience is a fresh adventure. And excitement galore can be had by reading about the doings of other people. It is no longer necessary to hunt lions or to be adrift on an ice sheet to get the thrill of those who have experienced these things. Books, pictures, and theaters afford us ample means of enjoying in comfort the hour of high adventure of the other person.



A GRANDSTAND SEAT IN THE SKY
(See following page)

A GRANDSTAND SEAT IN THE SKY

BY HOWARD MINGOS

"I DON'T know whether we can make it or not," said the pilot. "There's a forty-mile-an-hour wind up aloft, and we're going straight in the teeth of it. Maybe we'll have to turn back."

But we did not turn back, and at times before we had covered the twenty-two miles separating New York from the army's Hazlehurst Field at Mineola, Long Island, I wished that we might turn round, if only for an instant, that I might adjust the fur-lined chin strap, the buckle of which snapped against my left ear with maddening persistency.

A half dozen times, perhaps, I had raised my left hand carefully, only to have it flapped back at me as if I were slapping myself in the face. For we were in the pilot's seat of America's largest bombing plane, grandstand seats with nothing between us and the show but air, of which there was a plenty.

Captain Roy N. Francis, one of the best-known American pilots, had cautioned me against sticking out my arm or hand, because of the nine-foot propeller whirling along side of me, and its tips fanned my elbow just two thousand times a minute as I huddled in the seat with Francis to afford him more room.

You understand I wanted to make myself as small as possible, so that he might have more space in which to operate the controls. I had every reason to believe they required minute attention if we were to remain rebounding

(Used by arrangement with *Motor Life*, New York city.)

about the skies from wind pocket to wind pocket five thousand feet above the flying field. I had forgotten our objective, which was Manhattan — the dreams of fifteen years about to be realized.

I particularly wanted to be ricocheting from the crest^s of one air wave to another. It was the choice of alternatives, I concluded, for below us the crazy-quilted landscape of Long Island appeared to be anything but a soft place for landing. And there was a barn directly under us for several minutes — the same barn. I know it was a¹⁰ barn because it had a fence around it; otherwise it might have been a dog's kennel — a lone dog's kennel at that — so tiny was it from our viewpoint.

I know we hung suspended over it for some time. I had an opportunity to review my entire past life, my good¹⁵ deeds, of which there were few that I could recall at the moment, and my misdeeds, of which there were many. I pondered if they would miss me at the office. I thought of other offices and other fellows and the nature of their retrospection, fellows who had been in positions similar²⁰ to mine — and I knew where they were, or rather, where they were not.

Francis had pointed at me among four other prospective passengers standing about the great plane while they tuned up the motors.²⁵

"You there, little fellow, get in here beside me!"

I had shinnied up the stepladder and crawled in beside him, flattered at the distinction — the others took their places in other cockpits free from controls and instruments — and then I understood the reason for his choice.³⁰

Our flying suits were lined with fur, and bulky. The cockpit was narrow at best, and Francis is not a small man.

So I huddled as far as possible at the side of the flyer's seat, my side of it. And then: "Keep your paws in, if you don't want them taken off with that propeller," he had shouted into my ear. "Sit tight!"

I sat tight. No shrimp ever had as many wrinkles as I. I pulled my hand in a fraction of an inch, braced my legs against nothing in particular, while my back assumed the characteristics of a concertina, closed.

He had thrown back the throttle. There was a blast and a roar. I had the same lonesome feeling in the pit of my stomach that had seized me when I first took the express elevator in the Woolworth Building.

It occurred to me to win the respect of the pilot by appearing confident. So I forced myself to peer over the side. The earth was dropping away so fast that it all seemed like a nightmare. I felt as if I had been dreaming and had fallen out of bed.

"Grin at him," something told me. I grinned.

A dozen or more icicles immediately crunched between my teeth, pierced the roof of my mouth, and froze my brain, while leaden drops of water percolated through it and trickled down my spine.

"Keep grinning!" that unconscious self put in again. The advice was useless. I couldn't have closed my mouth had I wanted to. Finally by bowing my head I shut my jaws. Oh, for that chin strap which was whacking my face! It would have kept me warm. Despite the heat through which we had traveled in reaching Hazlehurst Field that morning, up here, a mile high, the air was cold. I stole a sidelong glance at Francis from behind the heavy goggles which some friendly stranger had fitted over my helmet. Francis was not looking at me.

Instead of watching and appraising me, as I had thought, he was half turned round, gazing back along the fuselage, or body, of our craft, for what reason I do not know.

I turned in my seat and looked back at the tail. Not seeing anything unusual, I sat back again. And there was Francis with his head thrown back, gazing at the sky. His hands and feet were not touching the controls.

Every time we struck an air pocket I shuddered. For ten minutes, minutes which seemed hours, I huddled and shrank and shuddered. That was about all there ¹⁰ appeared to be in the flight for me — huddles, shrinks, and shudders.

That dog kennel of a barn gave me much to think about. The wind was dead against us. Our speedometer registered ninety miles an hour — and the wind pushing us ¹⁵ back at the rate of forty miles left us fifty miles an hour speed. It seemed like fifty feet to me, until I saw off in the distance ahead the silvery haze that hangs over New York like a mantle of mist. A moment later we made out Long Island Sound, laid out with all its little bays and har- ²⁰ bors just like a pattern of white paper fallen on the extreme edge of a Persian carpet. There were a few specks on it, and from them whisps of smoke drifted up, many times smaller than pipe smoke.

Bump! A slight jar. I looked at Francis. He was ²⁵ gazing ahead unconcernedly.

Air pockets. We had dropped twenty feet on two separate occasions within the space of a moment. Great!

The machine was still intact. Good old machine! Nice old craft! . . . I felt like patting it on the nose and strok- ³⁰ ing its sleek fabric back — that is, if it remained constant. If ever I craved constancy in anything, it was then.

Suddenly I relaxed. A feeling of delightful content surged through me. Approaching New York. Above the haze, out of all the hustle and bustle of the human maelstrom. That look of absolute futility I had seen on the faces in the subway, on the streets, in the early hours of morning — these receded from memory. Life was good, after all. It was a wonderful thing if you viewed it correctly. And this was the way to view it.

Reflections of a bright young man being smeared all over the island were things of the past now, as on the right, as far as we could see, the Bronx stretched away, monotonously, endlessly. I thought how much happier I was up there, looking at the Bronx, than if I were in the Bronx down there, looking up at me.

Straight down I made out a Sound steamer. Hell Gate Bridge, a tiny thing like the toys in shop windows.

But the Bronx got me. I had heard much of the Bronx and once or twice had visited the Zoo. But I never conceived the Bronx as a few bushels of building blocks thrown down on a wide green lawn and tumbled about promiscuously. They were blocks, too; whole city squares, miles and miles of squares.

And there was the Harlem River — and Harlem. I looked for the homes of the cliff dwellers. They were not there. The scenery was as flat as the side of a house.

Veering slightly to the left, a mere touch from Francis of the auto wheel in front of him, and we were speeding over the upper East Side. Now I knew, or thought I knew, the millions who reside there, more or less in a state of perpetual congestion. I had often pondered as to where these millions hung their wash, when they washed. Today I learned.

Arranged in crisscross rows, compactly and without wasting an inch of space, that I could see, the roofs of the East Side were literally covered, literally littered, with clothes of a sameness that made of whole blocks or squares an awning. Here and there a red shirt, the only outstanding bit of color. At least I chose to assume that it was a shirt, because I knew that down in those narrow streets, moving about like minute grains of sand guided only by the confines of the conventional walls, were people sweltering in the heat of a summer day, and they needed those shirts to another season.

We dropped lower. We saw between the lines of garments, as we gazed straight downward, a bed, another bed, then a cot, more beds, a chair or two, now and then a bit of green I took to be plants, occasionally a bit of carpet, on the roof — and babies. The ten or fifteen babies who do not spend their days in the middle of the streets are enjoying the pleasures of their own roof gardens. As far as we could see to the left it was the same — roofs and clothes and babies, divided into squares like cuts of frosted cake.

We struck Fifth Avenue at 110 Street. To our right was Central Park. And it was not as large as the palm of one's hand. In fact it might have been a bare spot from which a few building blocks had been lifted, evenly and without disturbing the sharply outlined sides and corners.

There was nothing to be seen of the beautiful drives. The wonderful trees were as clumps of sagebrush, the gathering spots mere splotches of gray in a patch of moldy green. The lakes and the reservoir were as bits of broken glass with jagged edges and no reason on earth for their being there.

Below us we did make out a few of the taller buildings, but it required an effort and a prior knowledge of their location. Fifth Avenue, over which we were traveling at ninety miles an hour as we tacked across the pathway of the wind and sped southward, was like any other street from that height. One could never recognize it as Fifth Avenue, though in front of the Public Library the limousines forming two thin lines like black threads helped identify it.

The Metropolitan tower was passed far more quickly than it requires in the telling. I looked ahead to see the wonderful skyline down toward the Battery with its galaxy of skyscrapers. It was not there. Back over my shoulder I saw 42 Street and Broadway. Strange to relate, the great buildings on that side of town stood up in bold relief.

We could now take in both the North and East rivers and all of New York Bay at a single glance. A mile above them, and we were following Broadway to Battery Park. We recognized the Woolworth tower. But the Statue of Liberty was far more prominent, standing alone and distinguished, ready to meet all comers.

The Woolworth Building was a disappointment. I had thought to see it at its best, gaze at it from all angles; but I became far more interested in the piers that curbed our little island of Manhattan, the ferryboats that plied like toy ships, leaving scarcely a wake that we could see.

I recalled that the giant *Leviathan* was due in, that noon, with several thousand soldiers. I scanned the bay for it. A moment later, when we had swung around in a wide circle and started back uptown, I saw it. The transport had been under us and we had not seen it. I knew there must be thousands in Battery Park to greet the *Leviathan* and her heroes.

After straining my eyes I decided that the tiny specks at certain spots in the park where there were no trees must of a surety be human beings. But they were specks.

At this juncture all of us received a shock. The plane, headed against the stiff west wind again, bumped into its head first, and then keeled halfway over. Try tipping up on one runner of a rocking chair, try balancing yourself as you go whizzing through space. I realized then that if one were placed in a rocking chair in the tonneau of a motor car and the car rounded a corner say at thirty or 30 forty-five miles an hour, one might derive the same sensation.

Our bodies were tugging at the life belts that held us firmly in our seats. Every muscle in my body was taut. I held my breath. Would we turn over? Would something snap and send us down? I looked to see where we would fall. We would have fallen a sheer 5000 feet, directly on the Woolworth tower, the entire building of which was little more than a toy. But we did not fall.

The wind was better to us now, being in the rear. Yet 20 we did not appear to be making more speed. We drifted along, apparently. A moment later we were over green fields again. Far ahead I saw a Long Island train, doubtless moving. My gaze wandered momentarily. I looked for the train. It was gone. I looked back. It was in 25 our rear, and still coming in our direction.

It seemed but a matter of a few breaths of piercingly cold air before we were circling Hazlehurst Field. A brief glide and we were coasting on the ground toward the exact spot we had left. I looked at the watch again. 30

We had traveled from New York to the field, a distance of twenty-two miles, at the rate of two miles and a half a

minute. And my picture of Greater New York was that of a beautiful toy, a diamond sunburst glittering in a setting of purple and gold, a city full of windowpanes and skylights that throw back the rays of the sun — but a toy nevertheless, for verily I had beheld a city and had taken it in the palm of my hand, gazed at it in wonder a moment, and had then put it back again.

— *Motor Life.*

1. What was the extent of the airplane journey of the author? Had he ever been in an airplane before? How did he happen to sit with the pilot? How many people were in this plane?
2. What was the most exciting moment in his adventure? In about what year did this ride occur?
3. Pronounce and define: persistency, ricocheting, percolated, speedometer, maelstrom, promiscuously, recognize, tonneau.
4. If you have been close to an airplane tell what about it impressed you. What are airplanes used for now?

PRAYER FOR THE PILOT

BY CECIL ROBERTS

LORD of Sea and Earth and Air,
Listen to the Pilot's prayer —
Send him wind that's steady and strong,
Grant that his engine sings the song
Of flawless tone, by which he knows
It shall not fail him where he goes;
Landing, gliding, in curve, half-roll —
Grant him, O Lord, a full control,
That he may learn in heights of Heaven
The rapture altitude has given,
That he shall know the joy they feel
Who ride Thy realms on Birds of Steel.

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A BATTLE WITH A WHALE

BY FRANK T. BULLEN

Before the discovery of petroleum, whale oil was generally used for lighting. Whaling was then one of the big businesses of our country. Our whalers sought their game in all the waters of the world where the big animals were to be found. A whaling cruise usually lasted from two to five years. The following description of harpooning a whale is an actual experience of the author.

"**T**HREE she white-waters! Ah, bl-o-o-o-o-w, blow, blow!" sang Louis; and then, in another tone, "Sperm whale, sir; lone fish, headin' 'beout east-by-nothe."

"All right. Way down from aloft," answered the skipper, who was already halfway up the main rigging; and like squirrels we slipped out of our hoops and down the backstays, passing the skipper like a flash as he toiled upwards, bellowing orders as he went. Short as our journey down had been, when we arrived on deck we found all ready for a start. But as the whale was at least seven miles away and we had a fair wind for him, there was no hurry to lower, so we all stood at attention by our respective boats, waiting for the signal. I found, to my surprise, that although I was conscious of a much more rapid heartbeat than usual, I was not half so scared as I expected to be—that the excitement was rather pleasant than otherwise.

"Lower away boats!" came pealing down from the skipper's lofty perch, succeeded instantly by the rattle of the patent blocks as the falls flew through them, while the

four beautiful craft took the water with an almost simultaneous splash. The ship keepers had trimmed the yards to the wind and hauled up the courses, so that simply putting the helm down deadened our way and allowed the boats to run clear without danger of fouling one another. To shove off and hoist sail was the work of a few moments, and with a fine working breeze away we went.

Our boat, being the chief's, had the post of honor; but there was now only one whale, and I rather wondered why we had all left the ship. According to expectations, down he went when we were within a couple of miles of him, but quietly and with great dignity, elevating his tail perpendicularly in the air and sinking slowly from our view.

The scene was very striking. Overhead, a bright-blue sky just fringed with fleecy little clouds; beneath, a deep-blue sea with innumerable tiny wavelets dancing and glittering in the blaze of the sun; but all swayed in one direction by a great solemn swell that slowly rolled from east to west, like the measured breathing of some world-supporting monster. Four little craft in a group, with twenty-four men in them, silently waiting for battle with one of the mightiest of God's creatures — one that was indeed a terrible foe to encounter were he but wise enough to make the best use of his opportunities.

My musings were very suddenly interrupted. Whether we had overrun our distance, or the whale, who was not "making a passage" but feeding, had changed his course, I do not know; but anyhow he broke water close ahead, coming straight for our boat. His great black head, like the broad bow of a dumb barge driving the waves before it, loomed high and menacing to me, for I was no longer

forbidden to look ahead. But coolly as if coming along-side the ship, the mate bent to the big steer oar and swung the boat off at right angles to her course, bringing her back again with another broad sheer as the whale passed foaming. This maneuver brought us side by side with him before he had time to realize that we were there. Up till that instant he had evidently not seen us, and his surprise was correspondingly great.

To see Louis raise his harpoon high above his head and with a hoarse grunt of satisfaction plunge it into the black, shining mass beside him, up to the hitches, was indeed a sight to be remembered. Quick as thought he snatched up a second harpoon, and as the whale rolled from us it flew from his hands, burying itself like the former one, but lower down the body. The great impetus we had when we reached the whale, carried us a long way past him, out of all danger from his struggles. No hindrance was experienced from the line by which we were connected with the whale, for it was loosely coiled in a space for the purpose in the boat's bow, to the extent of two hundred feet, and this was cast overboard by the harpooner as soon as the fish was fast.

He made a fearful to-do over it, rolling completely over several times, backward and forward, at the same time smiting the sea with his mighty tail, making an almost deafening noise and bother. But we were comfortable enough while we unshipped the mast and made ready for action, being sufficiently far away from him to escape the full effect of his gambols.

After the usual time spent in furious attempts to free himself from our annoyance, he betook himself below, leaving us to await his return and hasten it as much as possible.

by keeping a severe strain upon the line. Our efforts in this direction, however, did not seem to have any effect upon him at all. Flake after flake ran out of the tubs until we were compelled to hand the end of our line to the second mate, to splice his own on to. Still it slipped away, and at last it was handed to the third mate, whose two tubs met the same fate. It was now Mistah Jones's turn to "bend on," which he did with many chuckles, as of a man who was the last resource of the unfortunate. But his face grew longer and longer as the never-resting line continued to disappear. Soon he signaled us that he was nearly out of line, and two or three minutes after, he bent on his "drogue" (a square piece of plank with a rope tail spliced into its center, and considered to hinder a whale's progress at least as much as four boats) and let go the end. We had each bent on our drogues in the same way, when we passed our ends to one another. So now our friend was getting along somewhere below, with 7200 feet of one-and-a-half-inch rope, and weight additional equal to the drag of sixteen thirty-foot boats.

Of course we knew that unless he were dead and sinking he could not possibly remain much longer beneath the surface. The exhibition of endurance we had just been favored with was a very unusual one, I was told, it being a rare thing for a cachalot to take out two boats' lines before returning to the surface to spout.

Therefore we separated as widely as was thought necessary, in order to be near him on his arrival. It was, as might be imagined, some time before we saw the light of his countenance; but when we did, we had no difficulty in getting alongside of him again. My friend Goliath, much to my delight, got there first and succeeded in picking

up the bight of the line. But having done so, his chance of distinguishing himself was gone. Hampered by the immense quantity of sunken line which was attached to the whale, he could do nothing and soon received orders to cut the bight of the line and pass the whale's end to us.

He had hardly obeyed, with a very bad grace, when the whale started off to windward with us, at a tremendous rate. The other boats, having no line, could do nothing to help; so away we went alone, with barely a hundred fathoms of line in case he should take it into his head to sound again. The speed at which he went made it appear as if a gale of wind were blowing, and we flew along the sea surface, leaping from crest to crest of the waves with an incessant succession of cracks like pistol shots. The flying spray drenched us and prevented us from seeing him, but I fully realized that it was nothing to what we should have to put up with if the wind freshened much. One hand was kept bailing out the water which came so freely over the bows, but all the rest hauled with all their might upon the line, hoping to get a little closer to the flying monster. Inch by inch we gained on him. After what seemed a terribly long chase we found his speed slackening, and we redoubled our efforts.

Now we were close upon him; now, in obedience to the steersman, the boat sheered out a bit and we were abreast of his laboring flukes; now the mate hurls his quivering lance with such hearty good will that every inch of its slender shaft disappears within the huge body.

"Lay off! Off with her, Louey!" screamed the mate; and she gave a wide sheer away from the whale, not a second too soon. Up flew that awful tail, descending with a crash upon the water, not two feet from us.

"Out oars! Pull, two! stern, three!" shouted the mate; and as we obeyed, our foe turned to fight.

Then might one see how courage and skill were such mighty factors in the apparently unequal contest. The whale's great length made it no easy job for him to turn, while our boat, with two oars a side and the great leverage at the stern supplied by the nineteen-foot steer oar, circled, backed, and darted ahead like a living thing animated by the mind of our commander. When the leviathan settled, we gave a wide berth to his probable place of ascent; when he rushed at us, we dodged him; when he paused, if only momentarily, in we flew and got home a fearful thrust of the deadly lance.

All fear was forgotten now — I panted, thirsted, for his life. Once, indeed, in a sort of frenzy, when for an instant we lay side by side with him, I drew my sheath knife and plunged it repeatedly into the blubber as if I were assisting in his destruction.

Suddenly the mate gave a howl: "Starn all — starn all! oh, starn!" and the oars bent like canes as we obeyed. There was an upheaval of the sea just ahead; then slowly, majestically, the vast body of our foe rose into the air. Up, up it went, while my heart stood still, until the whole of that immense creature hung on high, apparently motionless, and then fell — a hundred tons of solid flesh — back into the sea. On either side of that mountainous mass the waters rose in shining towers of snowy foam which fell in their turn, whirling and eddying around us as we tossed and fell like a chip in a whirlpool. Blinded by the flying spray, bailing for very life to free the boat from the water with which she was nearly full, it was some minutes before I was able to decide whether we were still uninjured or not.

Then I saw, at a little distance, the whale lying quietly. As I looked he spouted, and the vapor was red with his blood.

"Starn all!" again cried our chief, and we retreated to a considerable distance. The old warrior's practiced eye had detected the coming climax of our efforts, the dying agony, ^s or "flurry," of the great mammal. Turning upon his side he began to move in a circular direction, slowly at first, then faster and faster, until he was rushing round at tremendous speed, his great head raised quite out of water at times, clashing his enormous jaws. Torrents of blood ¹⁰ poured from his spout hole, accompanied by hoarse bellowings as of some gigantic bull, but really caused by the laboring breath trying to pass through the clogged air passages. The utmost caution and rapidity of manipulation of the boat was necessary to avoid his maddened ¹⁵ rush, but this gigantic energy was short-lived. In a few minutes he subsided slowly in death, his mighty body reclined on one side, the fin uppermost waving limply as he rolled to the swell, while the small waves broke gently over the carcass in a low, monotonous surf, intensifying the ²⁰ profound silence that had succeeded the tumult of our conflict with the late monarch of the deep.

— *The Cruise of the Cachalot.* .

1. Boats were always lowered when whales were sighted within rowing distance. Why? How many were lowered in this instance? How many men were in each? Who was in command of each?

2. There was considerable rivalry between the boats of the same ship to be the first to harpoon and the first to give the final lance thrust. Was there rivalry shown here?

3. How many feet of rope did the whale take out when he sounded? Reduce this to miles. How many feet of rope were there in each boat?

4. Find five words in the story for your classmates to define.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

BY LEIGH HUNT

This is an old tale of adventure, the incident occurring in the days of chivalry. But it is of sufficient dramatic interest to cause Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton and Robert Browning each to use it also as the subject for a poem. As you read it try to picture the scene as it is developed line by line.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king and loved a royal sport,

And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court.
The nobles filled the benches, and the ladies in their pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge with one for whom he sighed;

And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

¶ Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;

With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled on one another,

¶ Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous smother;

The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the air;

Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here
than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous lively
dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes which always
seemed the same;
She thought, "The count, my lover, is brave as brave can s
be;
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be
mine." 10

She dropped her glove, to prove his love, then looked at
him and smiled;

He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild;
The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regained his
place, 15

Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's
face.

"By Heaven," said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose
from where he sat;

"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like 20
that."

1. Where did this incident take place? How do you know?
2. Imagine yourself in a seat near King Francis. Tell what is happening in the arena. Make your description vivid.
3. What is your opinion of the lady? Did De Lorge treat her properly? In answering this, consider the fact that he did the rash act simply as gallantry. What could he have done instead of going among the lions? Why did he choose to go?
4. Leigh Hunt (1784-1859) was an English poet, essayist, and critic. Most of his poetry is witty and clever.

HOW BUCK WON THE BET

By JACK LONDON

Buck was a cross between St. Bernard and Scotch shepherd bloods, and a wonderful dog he was. He made a name for himself in Alaska, during the Klondike gold rush, and his owner, Thornton, was envied by all the miners in that land where dogs take the place of horses. Thornton once boasted that Buck could pull a thousand pounds on a sled — break it out and “mush,” or draw, it a hundred yards. Matthewson bet a thousand dollars that he could not.

MATTHEWSON’S sled, loaded with a thousand pounds of flour, had been standing for a couple of hours, and in the intense cold (it was sixty below zero) the runners had frozen fast to the hard-packed snow. Men offered odds of two to one that Buck could not budge the sled. A quibble arose concerning the phrase “break out.” O’Brien contend ed it was Thornton’s privilege to knock the runners loose, leaving Buck to “break it out” from a dead standstill. Matthewson insisted that the phrase included breaking the runners from the frozen grip of the snow. A majority of the men who had witnessed the making of the bet decided in his favor, whereat the odds went up to three to one against Buck.

There were no takers. Not a man believed him capable of the feat. Thornton had been hurried into the wager, heavy with doubt; and now that he looked at the sled itself, the concrete fact, with the regular team of ten dogs curled up in the snow before it, the more impossible the task appeared. Matthewson waxed jubilant.

(From *The Call of the Wild*, by Jack London, used by permission of The Macmillan Company, Publishers, and by arrangement with Mrs. Charmian K. London.)

"Three to one!" he proclaimed. "I'll lay you another thousand at that figure, Thornton. What d'ye say?"

Thornton's doubt was strong in his face, but his fighting spirit was aroused — the fighting spirit that soars above odds, fails to recognize the impossible, and is deaf to all save, the clamor for battle. He called Hans and Pete to him. Their sacks were slim, and with his own the three partners could rake together only two hundred dollars. In the ebb of their fortunes, this sum was their total capital; yet they laid it unhesitatingly against Matthewson's six hundred.

The team of ten dogs was unhitched, and Buck, with his own harness, was put into the sled. He had caught the contagion of the excitement, and he felt that in some way he must do a great thing for John Thornton. Murmurs of admiration at his splendid appearance went up. He was in perfect condition, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, and the one hundred and fifty pounds that he weighed were so many pounds of grit and virility. His furry coat shone with the sheen of silk. Down the neck and across the shoulders, his mane, in repose as it was, half bristled and seemed to lift with every movement, as though excess of vigor made each particular hair alive and active. The great breast and heavy fore legs were no more than in proportion with the rest of the body, where the muscles showed in tight rolls underneath the skin. Men felt these muscles and proclaimed them hard as iron, and the odds went down to two to one.

"Gad, sir! Gad, sir!" stuttered a member of the latest dynasty, a king of the Skookum Benches. "I offer, you eight hundred for him, sir, before the test, sir; eight hundred just as he stands."

Thornton shook his head and stepped to Buck's side.

"You must stand off from him," Matthewson protested.
"Free play and plenty of room."

The crowd fell silent; only could be heard the voices of the gamblers vainly offering two to one. Everybody acknowledged Buck a magnificent animal, but twenty fifty-pound sacks of flour bulked too large in their eyes for them to loosen their pouch strings.

Thornton knelt down by Buck's side. He took his head in his two hands and rested cheek on cheek. He did not playfully shake him, as was his wont, or murmur soft love curses; but he whispered in his ear. "As you love me, Buck. As you love me," was what he whispered. Buck whined with suppressed eagerness.

The crowd was watching curiously. The affair was growing mysterious. It seemed like a conjuration. As Thornton got to his feet, Buck seized his mittenend hand between his jaws, pressing it with his teeth and releasing it slowly, half reluctantly. It was the answer, in terms not of speech but of love. Thornton stepped well back.

"Now, Buck," he said.

Buck tightened the traces, then slackened them for a matter of several inches. It was the way he had learned.

"Gee!" Thornton's voice rang out, sharp in the tense silence.

Buck swung to the right, ending the movement in a plunge that took up the slack and with a sudden jerk arrested his one hundred and fifty pounds. The load quivered, and from under the runners arose a crisp crackling.

"Haw!" Thornton commanded.

Buck duplicated the maneuver, this time to the left. The crackling turned into a snapping, the sled pivoting and the

runners slipping and grating several inches to the side. The sled was broken out. Men were holding their breaths, intensely unconscious of the fact.

"Now, *mush!*"

Thornton's command cracked out like a pistol shot. Buck threw himself forward, tightening the traces with a jarring lunge. His whole body was gathered compactly together in the tremendous effort, the muscles writhing and knotting like live things under the silky fur. His great chest was low to the ground, his head forward and down, while his feet were flying like mad, the claws scarring the hard-packed snow in parallel grooves. The sled swayed and trembled, half started forward. One of his feet slipped, and one man groaned aloud. Then the sled lurched ahead in what appeared a rapid succession of jerks, though it never really came to a dead stop again — half an inch — an inch — two inches. The jerks perceptibly diminished; as the sled gained momentum he caught them up till it was moving steadily along.

Men gasped and began to breathe again, unaware that for a moment they had ceased to breathe. Thornton was running behind, encouraging Buck with short, cheery words. The distance had been measured off, and as he neared the pile of firewood which marked the end of the hundred yards, a cheer began to grow and grow, which burst into a roar as he passed the firewood and halted at command. Every man was tearing himself loose, even Matthewson. Hats and mittens were flying in the air. Men were shaking hands, it did not matter with whom, and bubbling over in a general incoherent babel.

But Thornton fell on his knees beside Buck. Head was against head, and he was shaking him back and forth.

Buck seized Thornton's hand in his teeth. As though animated by a common impulse, the onlookers drew back to a respectful distance.

— *The Call of the Wild.*

1. Jack London (1867-1916) was a Californian by birth. He early began roving, and his voyages and tramps took him all over the world. He was a keen observer and a virile writer. *The Call of the Wild* is perhaps the best known of his many tales. You observe from the extract that his stories are full of action. They are moving pictures in words.

2. What was the situation that led up to the bet? Where is this event supposed to have taken place? Read the lines that show the men are miners.

3. How much was staked against Buck? Who was for the dog? Against him? How did he respond? How did the men who bet against Buck show they were good losers?

THE LOSS OF THE *DRAKE*

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE

THE Newfoundland coast is a peculiarly dangerous one, from the dense fogs that are caused by the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. These waters rushing up from the equator here come in contact with the cold currents from the pole. As they meet, they send up such heavy vapor that day can sometimes scarcely be discerned from night; even at little more than arm's length objects cannot be distinguished, while from without, the mist looks like a thick, sheer precipice of snow.

In such a fearful fog, on the morning of the 20th of June, 1822, the small schooner *DRAKE* struck suddenly upon a rock and almost immediately fell over on her side, the waves breaking over her. Her commander, Captain Baker,

ordered her masts to be cut away, in hopes of lightening her so that she might right herself, but in vain. One boat was washed away, another upset as soon as she was launched, and there remained only the small boat called the captain's gig.

The ship was fast breaking up; the only hope was that the crew might reach a small rock, the point of which could be seen above the waves at a distance that the fog made difficult to calculate, but that, it was hoped, might not be too great. A man named Leonard seized a rope and sprang ¹⁰ into the sea, but the current was too strong for him; he was carried away in an opposite direction and was obliged to be dragged on board again.

Then the boatswain, whose name was Turner, volunteered to make the attempt in the gig, taking a rope fas-¹⁵tened round his body. The crew cheered him after the gallant fashion of British seamen, though they were all hanging on by the ropes to the ship, with the sea breaking over them and threatening every moment to dash the vessel to pieces. Anxiously they watched Turner in his boat, as ²⁰ he made his way to within a few feet of the rock. There the boat was lifted high and higher by a huge wave, then hurled down on the rock and shattered to pieces; but the brave boatswain was safe, and contrived to keep his hold of the rope and to scramble up on the stone.

Another great wave, almost immediately after, heaved up the remains of the ship and dashed her down close to this rock of safety. Captain Baker, giving up the hope of saving her, commanded the crew to leave her and make their way to the rock. For the first time he met with ²⁵ disobedience. With one voice they refused to leave the wreck unless they saw him before them in safety. Calmly

he renewed his orders, saying that his life was the last and least consideration, and they were obliged to obey, leaving the ship in as orderly a manner as if they were going ashore in harbor. But they were so benumbed with cold that many were unable to climb the rock and were swept off by the waves; among these was the lieutenant.

Captain Baker last of all joined his crew. It was then discovered that they were at no great distance from the land, but that the tide was rising and that the rock on which they stood would assuredly be covered at high water. The heavy mist and lonely coast gave scarcely a hope that help would come ere the slowly rising waters must devour them.

Still there was no murmur. Again the gallant boatswain, who still held the rope, volunteered to make an effort to save his comrades. With a few words of earnest prayer, he secured the rope round his waist, struggled hard with the waves, and reached the shore, whence he sent back the news of his safety by a loud cheer to his comrades.

There was now a line of rope between the shore and the rock, just long enough to reach from one to the other when held by a man at each end. The only hope of safety lay in working a desperate passage along this rope to the land. The spray was already beating over those who were crouched on the rock, but not a man moved till called by name by Captain Baker, and then it is recorded that not one, so summoned, stirred till he had used his best entreaties to the captain to take his place; but the captain had but one reply: "I will never leave the rock until every soul is safe."

Forty-four stout sailors had made their perilous way to shore. The forty-fifth looked round and saw a poor woman lying helpless, almost lifeless, on the rock, unable to move.

He took her in one arm, and with the other clung to the rope. Alas! the double weight was more than the much-tried rope could bear; it broke halfway, and the poor woman and the sailor were both swallowed in the eddy.

Captain Baker and three seamen remained, utterly cut off from hope of help. The men in best condition hurried off in search of help, found a farmhouse, obtained a rope, and hastened back; but long ere their arrival the waters had flowed above the head of the brave and faithful captain. All the crew could do was, with full hearts, to write a most touching letter to an officer who had once sailed with them in the *Drake*, entreating him to represent their captain's conduct to the Lords of the Admiralty.

"In fact," said the letter, "during the whole business he proved himself a man whose name and last conduct ought ever to be held in the highest estimation by a crew who feel it their duty to ask, from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that which they otherwise have not the means of obtaining; that is, a public and lasting record of the lion-hearted, generous, and the very unexampled way in which our late noble commander sacrificed his life in the evening of the 20th of June."

This letter was signed by the whole surviving crew of the *Drake*, and in consequence, a tablet in the dockyard chapel at Portsmouth commemorates the heroism of Captain Charles Baker.

— *A Book of Golden Deeds.*

1. Retell the main events of this story as briefly as you can. You can do this best by making a careful outline of the points set forth. Hand your topics to your teacher.

2. What is the rule aboard ship in case of abandoning the vessel? What accidents at sea do you know about?

THE WALRUS HUNT

BY ROBERT M. BALLANTYNE

The following episode is from *Ungava: A Tale of Eskimo Land*, a "classic" of the fifties and sixties. *Ungava* is full of thrilling adventure, based on the author's own experiences as a young fur trader in the Hudson Bay country. Ballantyne (1825-1894) belonged to the family of famous Edinburgh publishers that issued Scott's works.

Just prior to the incident quoted below, Annatock had discovered a walrus frozen to death and was engaged in chopping him up. Then appears walrus number two, who was thoroughly alive.

NOT far from the spot where this fortunate discovery had been made, there was a large sheet of recently formed black ice, where the main ice had been broken away and the open water left. The sheet, although much melted by the thaw, was still about three inches thick, and quite capable of supporting a man.

While Annatock was working with his back to this ice, he heard a tremendous crash take place behind him. Turning hastily round, he observed that the noise was caused by another enormous walrus, the glance of whose large round eyes, and whose loud snort, showed clearly enough that he was not frozen like his unfortunate companion. By this time the little boy had come up with Edith and the sledge, so Annatock ordered him to take the dogs behind a hummock to keep them out of sight, while he selected several strong harpoons and a lance from the sledge. Giving another lance to Peetoot, he signed to Edith to sit on the hummock while he attacked the grisly monster of the deep single-handed.

While these preparations were being made, the walrus dived, and while it was under water the man and the boy ran quickly forward a short distance and then lay down behind a lump of ice. Scarcely had they done so when the walrus came up again with a loud snort, splashing the water with its broad, heavy flippers — which seemed a sort of compromise between legs and fins — and dashing waves over the ice as it rolled about its large, unwieldy carcass. It was truly a savage-looking monster, as large as a small elephant and having two tusks of a foot and a half long.¹⁰ The face bore a horrible resemblance to that of a man. Its crown was round and bulging, its face broad and massive, and a thick, bristling mustache — rough as the spines of a porcupine — covered its upper lip and depended in a shaggy dripping mass over its mouth. After spluttering about a short time, it dived again.¹⁵

Now was Annatock's time. Seizing a harpoon and a coil of line, he muttered a few words to the boy, sprang up, and running out upon the smooth ice, stood by the edge of the open water. He had not waited here more than a few seconds when the black waters were cleft by the blacker head of the monster, as it once more ascended to renew its elephantine gambols in the pool.

As it rose the Eskimo threw up his arm and poised the harpoon. For one instant the surprised animal raised²⁵ itself breast-high out of the water and directed a stare of intense astonishment at the man. That moment was fatal. Annatock buried the harpoon deep under its left flipper. With a fierce bellow the brute dashed itself against the ice, endeavoring in its fury to reach its assailant; but the ice³⁰ gave way under its enormous weight, while Annatock ran back as far as the harpoon line would permit him.

The walrus, seeing that it could not reach its enemy in this way, seemed now to be actually endowed with reason. It took a long gaze at Annatock, and then dived. But the Eskimo was prepared for this. He changed his position hastily and played his line the meanwhile, fixing the point of his lance into the ice in order to give him a more effective hold. Scarcely had he done so when the spot he had just left was smashed up, and the head of the walrus appeared, grinning, and bellowing as if in disappointment.

At this moment Peetoot handed his uncle a harpoon, and ere the animal dived the weapon was fixed in his side. Once more Annatock changed his position; and once again the spot on which he had been standing was burst upwards. It was a terrible sight to see that unearthly-looking monster smashing the ice around it and lashing the blood-stained sea into foam, while it waged such mortal war with the self-possessed and wary man. How mighty and strong the one! how comparatively weak and seemingly helpless the other! It was the triumph of mind over matter — of reason over blind brute force.

But Annatock fought a hard battle that day ere he came off conqueror. Harpoon after harpoon was driven into the walrus — again and again the lance pierced deep into its side and drank its lifeblood; but three hours had passed away before the dead carcass was dragged from the deep by the united force of dogs and man.

— *Ungava: A Tale of Eskimo Land.*

1. Find the picture of a walrus, and tell what the animal looks like.
Get a description of a walrus from your reference library, if possible.
2. Describe Annatock's method of hunting the walrus.
3. Be prepared to give a two-minute talk on the Eskimos, touching on race to which they belong, methods of obtaining food, and mode of living.

THE RESCUE

ON a bright moonlight night, in the month of February, 1831, when it was intensely cold, the little brig which I commanded lay quietly at her anchors inside of Sandy Hook. We had had a hard time beating about for eleven days off this coast, with cutting northeasters blowing and snow and sleet falling for the most part of that time.

Forward, the vessel was thickly coated with ice, and it was hard work to handle her as the rigging and sails were stiff and yielded only when the strength of the men was exerted to the utmost. When we at length made the port, all hands were worn down and exhausted.

"A bitter cold night, Mr. Larkin," I said to my mate as I tarried for a short time upon deck. The worthy down-easter buttoned his coat more tightly around him, and looking up to the moon replied, "It's a whistler, Captain; and nothing can live comfortably out of blankets to-night."

"The tide is running out swift and strong, and it will be well to keep a sharp lookout for this floating ice, Mr. Larkin," said I, as I turned to go below.

About two hours afterward I was aroused from a sound sleep by the vigilant officer. "Excuse me for disturbing you, Captain," said he, as he detected an expression of vexation in my face, "but I wish you would turn out and come on deck as soon as possible."

"What's the matter, Mr. Larkin?" said I.

"Why, sir, I have been watching a large cake of ice, which swept by at a distance a moment ago, and I saw

something black upon it, something that I thought moved. The moon is under a cloud and I could not see distinctly, but I believe there is a child floating out to the sea, this freezing night, on that cake of ice."

s We were on deck before either spoke another word. The mate pointed out with no little difficulty the cake of ice floating off to the leeward, with its white, glittering surface broken by a black spot.

"Get the glass, Mr. Larkin," said I; "the moon will be out of that cloud in a moment and then we can see distinctly."

I kept my eye upon the receding mass of ice while the moon was slowly working her way through a heavy bank of clouds. The mate stood by me with the glass, and when the full light fell upon the water with a brilliancy only known in our northern latitudes, I put the glass to my eye. One glance was enough.

"Forward, there!" I hailed at the top of my voice; and with one bound I reached the main hatch and began to clear away the little cutter which was stowed in the ship's yawl.

Mr. Larkin had taken the glass to look for himself. "There are two children on that cake of ice!" he exclaimed, as he hastened to assist me in getting out the boat.

25 The men answered my hail and walked quickly aft. In a short space of time we launched the cutter, into which Mr. Larkin and myself jumped, followed by the two men who took the oars. I rigged the tiller, and the mate sat beside me in the stern sheets.

30 "Do you see that cake of ice with something black upon it, my lads? Put me alongside of that and I'll give you a month's extra wages when you are paid off," said I.

They bent to their oars, but their strokes were uneven and feeble, for they were worn out by the hard duty of the preceding fortnight; and though they did their best, the boat made little more headway than the tide. It was a losing chase, and Mr. Larkin, who was suffering torture, as he saw how little we gained, cried out, "Pull, lads! I'll double the captain's prize; two months' extra pay. Pull, lads! pull for life!"

A convulsive effort at the oars told how willing the men were to obey, but the strength of the strong men was gone.¹⁰ One of the poor fellows washed us twice in recovering his oar and then gave out, and the other was nearly as far gone. Mr. Larkin sprang forward and seized the deserted oar. "Lie down in the bottom of the boat," said he to the man; "and, Captain, take the other oar! We must row for our-¹⁵ selves."

I took the second man's place. Larkin had stripped off his coat, and as he pulled the bow, I waited for the signal stroke. It came, gently, but firm; and the next moment we were pulling a long, steady stroke, gradually increasing²⁰ in rapidity until the wood seemed to smoke in the rowlocks. We kept time, each by the long, deep breathing of the other.

Such a pull! We bent forward until our faces almost touched our knees; and then throwing all our strength into²⁵ the backward movement, drew on the oar until every inch covered by the sweep was gained. Thus we worked at the oars for fifteen minutes, and it seemed to me as many hours. The sweat rolled off in great drops, and I was enveloped in a steam generated from my own body.

"Are we almost up to it, Mr. Larkin?" I gasped out.

"Almost, Captain," said he; "don't give up!"

The oars flashed as their blades turned up to the moonlight, for the men who plied them were fathers and had fathers' hearts.

Suddenly Mr. Larkin ceased pulling, and my heart for a moment almost stopped its beating; for the terrible thought that he had given out crossed my mind. But I was reassured by his voice: "Gently, Captain, gently; a stroke or two more; there, that will do," and the next moment Mr. Larkin sprang upon the ice. I started up, and calling to the men to make fast the boat to the ice, followed him.

We ran to the dark spot in the center of the mass and found two little boys. The head of the smaller was resting in the bosom of the larger, and both were fast asleep. The lethargy which would have been fatal but for the timely rescue had overcome them.

Mr. Larkin grasped one of the lads, cut off his shoes, tore off his jacket, and then, loosening his own garments to the skin, placed the cold child in contact with his own warm body, carefully wrapping his overcoat around him. I did the same with the other child, and we then returned to the boat.

The children, as we learned when we had the delight of restoring them to their parents, were playing on the cake of ice, which had jammed into a bend of the river about ten miles above New York. A movement of the tide set the ice in motion, and the little fellows were borne away that cold night and would inevitably have perished but for Mr. Larkin's espousing them as they were sweeping out to sea.

1. Daring rescues are countless. Do you know of any in your community — by police, firemen, or civilians?

2. What about the rescue described here is unusual?

DESCENDING THE GRAND CAÑON

ONE of the most daring voyages in the history of American exploration was Major John Wesley Powell's descent through the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River, in 1869. The river had been discovered three hundred years before his memorable journey, but Major Powell was the first to explore the magnificent gorge through which it flows and to report his findings to the world.

Major Powell was a scientist. The lack of knowledge about the Grand Cañon was a challenge too strong for him to resist. With a party of ten picked men he started on the perilous voyage, on May 24, 1869. He did not know that ahead of them was a seething stretch of water, two hundred miles in length, broken by rapids and waterfalls, teethed with jagged stones, and walled in by solid rock a mile high in places. 15

Into the cañon shot the frail boats. Oars were soon broken on rocks, and new ones had to be made from drift logs. The constant hammering of the boats made them leaky. To calk the seams, the men had to climb thousands of feet to get resin from some stunted pine tree. More than once a boat filled with water in a turbulent passage, but the swiftness of the current carried it to more placid waters below, where it could be bailed out. 20

The difficulties of the explorers were increased by the lack of daylight hours. The sun shines each day for only a short time in the gorge, and twilight follows twilight in close succession. Moreover, the winding passage prevented 25

a view ahead. Falls were guessed at by the roaring of waters reverberating against the walls of rock. Upon such a warning the boats were landed, and if there was ledge room to walk, the men carried and dragged their vessels around the danger spot. If there was no shelving rock wide enough to permit a portage, the men climbed to a higher ledge and eased the boats over the falls with ropes. Sometimes nothing was left to do but to "shoot" the falls and trust to luck to get over without capsizing.

10 The food supply of the crew soon ran low. The flour was water-soaked, the bacon became tainted, and much of the supply was lost by going overboard.

Short rations, scant sleep on damp ledges, and the hard labor of navigation soon told on the men. But most of them were of tried courage and endurance. One day they came to a little patch of earth by the side of the river. On this some corn and squashes were growing — probably planted by Indian tribes living at the top of the gorge. The corn was too immature to be eaten; but the men enjoyed a feast of baked squash, even though the squashes were green.

At the end of fifteen days all of their provisions were gone, excepting some heavy flour and dried apples. They had arrived at a place where they could climb out of the cañon and the question arose as to seeing the voyage finished or giving it up. Three men decided to give up; so they took their share of provisions and guns and climbed out, only to be killed shortly afterwards by the Indians. The remainder pursued their awful way, not knowing how much longer they must endure the terrible hardships.

Suddenly, on the sixteenth day, they emerged into an open space. The Grand Cañon had been traversed!

Down the river they floated till the following day, when they found some settlers drawing in a fish net. These settlers had heard that Major Powell had been lost in the cañon and were keeping a lookout for pieces of boats. Instead, a worn but victorious party confronted them. Food in plenty was soon forthcoming, and the members of the party were feasted as heroes.

1. Give a two-minute talk on the Grand Cañon, touching on location, general character, etc. Consult your geographies and reference books for material. Make your talk interesting.
2. Why did Major Powell undertake this dangerous trip? How many men went with him? How many deserted him? What were some of the troubles they encountered? How did the venture turn out?
3. Name some other famous explorers. Who discovered the north pole? The south pole? The Mississippi River? The Pacific Ocean?

NIGHT FISHING IN THE SOUTH SEAS

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN

Mr. O'Brien spent some time among the South Sea Islands, and had many interesting adventures there. One of the most exciting was this encounter with a swordfish, which he relates in a delightful manner.

RED CHICKEN became my special friend and guide, and on one occasion it was our being together, perhaps, saved his life, and afforded me one of the most thrilling moments of my own.

He and I had gone in a canoe after nightfall to spear fish outside the Bay of Virgins. Night fishing has its attractions in these tropics, if only for the freedom from severe heat, the glory of the moonlight or starlight, and the waking dreams that come to one upon the sea, when the canoe rests tranquil, the torch blazes, and the fish swim to meet the harpoon. The night was moonless, but the sea was covered

with phosphorescence, sometimes a glittering expanse of light, and again black as velvet except where our canoe moved gently through a soft and glamorous surface of sparkling jewels. A night for a lover, a lady, and a lute.

5 Our torch of coconut husks and reeds, seven feet high, was fixed at the prow, so that it could be lifted up when needed to attract the fish or better to light the canoe. Red Chicken, in a scarlet pareu fastened tightly about his loins, stood at the prow when we had reached his
10 favorite spot off a point of land, while I, with a paddle, noiselessly kept the canoe as stationary as possible.

Light is a lure for many creatures of land and sea and sky. The moth and the bat whirl about a flame; the sea bird dashes its body against the bright glass of the lonely
15 tower; wild deer come to see what has disturbed the dark of the forest; and fish of different kinds leap at a torch. Red Chicken put a match to ours when we were all in readiness.
20 The brilliant gleam cleft the darkness and sent across the blackness of the water a beam that was a challenge to the curiosity of the dozing fish. They hastened towards us, and Red Chicken made meat of those that came within the radius of his harpoon, so that within an hour or two our canoe was heaped with half a dozen kinds.

Far off in the path of the flambeau rays I saw the sword-
25 fish leaping as they pursued small fish or gamboled for sheer joy in the luminous air. They seemed to be in pairs. I watched them lazily, with academic interest in their movements, until suddenly one rose a hundred feet away, and in his idle caper in the air I saw a bulk so immense, and
30 a sword of such amazing size, that the thought of danger struck me dumb.

He was twenty-five feet in length, and had a dorsal fin

that stood up like the sail of a small boat. But even these dimensions cannot convey the feeling of alarm his presence gave me. His next leap brought him within forty feet of us. I recalled a score of accidents I had seen, read, and heard of; fishermen stabbed, boats rent, steel-clad ships pierced through and through.

Red Chicken held the torch to observe him better, and shouted: "*Apan!* Look out! Paddle fast away!"

I needed no urging. I dug into the glowing water madly, and the sound of my paddle on the side of the canoe might have been heard half a mile away. It served no purpose. Suddenly half a dozen of the swordfish began jumping about us, as if stirred to anger by our torch. I called to Red Chicken to extinguish it.

He had seized it to obey when I heard a splash and the canoe received a terrific shock. A tremendous bulk fell upon it. With a sudden swing I was hurled into the air and fell twenty feet away. In the water I heard a swish, and glimpsed the giant espadon as he leaped again.

I was unhurt, but feared for Red Chicken. He had cried out as the canoe went under, but I found him by the outrigger, trying to right the craft. Together we succeeded, and when I had ousted some of the water, Red Chicken crawled in.

"*Papaoufaa!* I am wounded slightly," he said, as I assisted him. "The Spear of the Sea has thrust me through."

The torch was lost, but I felt a big hole in the calf of his right leg. Blood was pouring from the wound. I made a tourniquet of a strip of my pareu and, with a small harpoon, twisted it until the flow of blood was stopped. Then, guided by him, I paddled as fast as I could to the beach,

on which there was little trouble in landing as the bay was smooth.

Red Chicken did not utter a complaint from the moment of his first outcry, and when I roused others and he was carried to his house, he took the pipe handed him and smoked quietly.

"The Aavehie was against him," said an old man. Aavehie is the god of fishermen, who was always propitiated by intending anglers in the polytheistic days and who still has power.

There was no white doctor on the island, nor had there been one for many years. There was nothing to do but call the *tatihi*, or native doctor, an aged and shriveled man whose whole body was an intricate pattern of tattooing and wrinkles. He came at once, and with his clawlike hands cleverly drew together the edges of Red Chicken's wound and gummed them in place with the juice of the *ape*, a bulbous plant like the edible taro. Red Chicken must have suffered keenly, for the *ape* juice is exceedingly caustic, but he made no protest, continuing to puff the pipe. Over the wound the *tatihi* applied a leaf, and bound the whole very carefully with a bandage of tapa cloth, folded in surgical fashion.

— *White Shadows in the South Seas.*

1. What were the author and Red Chicken doing at the outset? Read the lines where the adventure begins.

2. Like most real adventures this one was all over in a moment. What happened? Why did it occur?

3. Spell, pronounce, and explain: phosphorescence, lure, stationary, propitiated, polytheistic, tattooing, caustic.

(Taken from O'Brien's *White Shadows in the South Seas* by permission of the publishers, The Century Co.)

A BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

No man has written more stirring tales, in prose or verse, in recent times than Rudyard Kipling. Born (1865) in Bombay, India, the son of an Englishman in the civil service, he became steeped in the ways of the men of the East. Consequently his first writings were sketches of Anglo-Indian life, written for Indian newspapers with which he was connected. Then followed a series of books on Eastern themes, some in prose and others in verse. Among these was *Departmental Ditties* from which the following narrative poem is taken. Read it through first to get the story and the atmosphere in mind.

KAMAL is out with twenty men to raise the Border side,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the
Colonel's pride:

He has lifted her out of the stable door between the dawn
and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far
away.

5

Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of the
Guides:

"Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal
hides?"

Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the
Ressaldar,

"If ye know the track of the morning mist, ye know where
his pickets are.

15

"At dusk he harries the Abazai — at dawn he is in Bonair;
But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare.
So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,
By the favor of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the
s Tongue of Jagai.

But if he be passed the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn
ye then,
For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is sown
with Kamal's men.
10 There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low
lean thorn between,
And ye may hear a breech bolt snick where never a man is
seen."

The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw, rough dun
15 was he,
With the mouth of a bell, and the heart of Hell, and the
head of the gallows tree.
The Colonel's son to the fort has won, they bid him stay
to eat —
20 Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at
his meat.

He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the
Tongue of Jagai;
25 Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her
back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the
pistol crack.
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball
30 went wide.

"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show now if ye can ride."

It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go,

The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.

The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,

But the red mare played with the snaffle bars, as a maiden plays with a glove.

There was rock to the left and rock to the right, and low, lean thorn between,

And thrice he heard a breech bolt snick tho' never a man was seen.

They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,

The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-roused fawn.

The dun he fell at a watercourse — in a woeful heap fell he, And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free.

He has knocked the pistol out of his hand — small room was there to strive,

"Twas only by favor of mine," quoth he, "ye rode so long alive:

There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clump of tree,

But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his knee.

"If I had raised my bridle hand, as I have held it low,
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a row:
If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she
5 could not fly."

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "Do good to bird and beast,
But count who come for the broken meats before thou makest a feast.
10 If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones away,
Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a thief could pay.

"They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men
15 on the garnered grain,
The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the cattle are slain.
But if thou thinkest the price be fair, — thy brethren wait to sup.
20 The hound is kin to the jackal spawn, — howl, dog, and call them up!
And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear and stack,
Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own way
25 back!"

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.

"No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when wolf and gray wolf meet.

"May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath;
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn
with Death?"

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "I hold by the blood
of my clan:

Take up the mare of my father's gift — by God, she has
carried a man!"

The red mare ran to the Colonel's son and nuzzled against
his breast,

"We be two strong men," said Kamal then, "but she loveth ¹⁰
the younger best.

So she shall go with the lifter's dower, my turquoise-
studded rein,

My broidered saddle and saddlecloth, and silver stirrups
twain."

The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle end,
"Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he; "will ye take
the mate from a friend?"

"A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight; "a limb for the
risk of a limb."

Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!"

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a
mountain crest —

He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like
a lance in rest.

"Now here is thy master," Kamal said, "who leads a troop
of the Guides,

And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder
rides.

“Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,
Thy life is his — thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.
So thou must eat the White Queen’s meat, and all her foes
5 are thine,
And thou must harry thy father’s hold for the peace of the Border line,
And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way to power —
10 Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged in Peshawar.”

They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault,
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on
15 leavened bread and salt;
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the wondrous Names of God.

20 The Colonel’s son he rides the mare and Kamal’s boy the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went forth but one.
And when they drew to the Quarter Guard, full twenty
25 swords flew clear —
There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of the mountaineer.
“Ha’ done! ha’ done!” said the Colonel’s son. “Put up the steel at your sides!
30 Last night ye had struck at a Border thief — to-night ’tis a man of the Guides!”

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain
shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment
Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor
Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come
from the ends of the earth!

— *Departmental Ditties.*

1. What do you think Kipling means by "East is East, and West is West"? Who in the poem represented the East? Who the West? Where is the scene of the poem laid?
2. What incident gave rise to the ride? Interpret the advice given by Mahammed Khan. What did he mean in lines 14-15, page 168, and lines 12-13, page 169?
3. What happened in the first lap of the ride? In the second? How was Mahammed Khan's advice shown to be true? What was the climax of the chase?
4. What happened when the two chief characters met face to face? What kind of man was Kamal? Prove your comments from the poem.
5. How did the whole affair turn out?
6. You doubtless have read Kipling's *Jungle Books*, and you will wish to read *Captains Courageous*, and some of his short stories like "Wee Willie Winkie."

Kipling married an American woman and lived for a time at Brattleboro, Vt. He now resides in England.

UNDER THE OPEN SKY

*Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.*

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



A NIGHT AMONG THE PINES
(See following page)

A NIGHT AMONG THE PINES

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

This is an account of one night's camping-out experience in the mountains of southeastern France. Stevenson's only companion was Modestine, a donkey "not much bigger than a dog, the color of a mouse, with a kindly eye and a determined jaw." The selection is especially fine in its interpretation of night out of doors. Read it to gather the impressions that the sights and sounds made upon the author. Then read it to discover what you would have listened for (and probably heard) had you been in the same position.

FROM Bleymard after dinner, although it was already late, I set out to scale a portion of the Lozère. An ill-marked stony droveroad guided me forward; and I met nearly half a dozen bullock carts descending from the woods, each laden with a whole pine tree for the winter's firing. At the top of the woods, which do not climb very high upon this cold ridge, I struck leftward by a path among the pines, until I hit on a dell of green turf, where a streamlet made a little spout over some stones to serve me for a water tap. "In a more sacred or sequestered bower . . . nor nymph, nor faunus, haunted." The trees were not old, but they grew thickly round the glade; there was no outlook, except northeastward upon distant hilltops or straight upward to the sky; and the encampment felt secure and private like a room. By the time I had made my arrangements and fed Modestine, the day was already beginning to decline. I buckled myself to the knees into my sack and made a hearty meal; and as soon as the sun went down, I pulled my cap over my eyes and fell asleep.

Night is a dead monotonous period under a roof; but in the open world it passes lightly, with its stars and dews and perfumes, and the hours are marked by changes in the face of Nature. What seems a kind of temporal death to people choked between walls and curtains, is only a light ^s and living slumber to the man who sleeps afield. All night long he can hear Nature breathing deeply and freely; even as she takes her rest, she turns and smiles; and there is one stirring hour unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad over the sleeping ¹⁰ hemisphere, and all the outdoor world are on their feet. It is then that the cock first crows, not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman speeding the course of the night. Cattle awake on the meadows; sheep break their fast on dewy hillsides, and change to a new lair among ¹⁵ the ferns; and houseless men, who have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night.

At what inaudible summons, at what gentle touch of Nature, are all these sleepers thus recalled in the same hour ²⁰ to life? Do the stars rain down an influence, or do we share some thrill of mother earth below our resting bodies? Even shepherds and old country folk, who are the deepest read in these arcana, have not a guess as to the means or purpose of this nightly resurrection. Towards two in the ²⁵ morning, they declare the thing takes place; and neither know nor inquire further. And at least it is a pleasant incident. We are disturbed in our slumber only, like the luxurious Montaigne, "that we may the better and more sensibly relish it." We have a moment to look upon the ³⁰ stars, and there is a special pleasure for some minds in the reflection that we share the impulse with all outdoor

creatures in our neighborhood, that we have escaped out of the Bastille of civilization, and are become, for the time being, a mere kindly animal and a sheep of Nature's flock.

When that hour came to me among the pines, I wakened ^sthirsty. My tin was standing by me, half full of water. I emptied it at a draft. The stars were clear, colored and jewellike, but not frosty. A faint silvery vapor stood for the Milky Way. All around me the black fir points stood upright and stock-still. By the whiteness of the packsaddle, ¹⁰I could see Modestine walking round and round at the length of the tether; I could hear her steadily munching at the sward; but there was not another sound, save the indescribable quiet talk of the runnel over the stones. I lay lazily smoking and studying the color of the sky, as ¹⁵we call the void of space, from where it showed a reddish gray behind the pines to where it showed a glossy blue-black between the stars.

A faint wind, more like a moving coolness than a stream of air, passed down the glade from time to time; so that ²⁰even in my great chamber the air was being renewed all night long. I have not often enjoyed a more serene possession of myself, nor felt more independent of material aids. The outer world, from which we cower into our houses, seemed after all a gentle, habitable place; and night after night a ²⁵man's bed, it seemed, was laid and waiting for him in the fields, where God keeps an open house. I thought I had rediscovered one of those truths which are revealed to savages and hid from political economists: at the least, I had discovered a new pleasure for myself. And yet even ³⁰while I was exulting in my solitude I became aware of a strange lack. I wished a companion to lie near me in the starlight, silent and not moving, but ever within touch.

For there is a fellowship more quiet even than solitude, and which, rightly understood, is solitude made perfect.

As I thus lay, between content and longing, a faint noise stole towards me through the pines. I thought, at first, it was the crowing of cocks or the barking of dogs at some very distant farm; but steadily and gradually it took articulate shape in my ears, until I became aware that a passenger was going by upon the highroad of the valley, and singing loudly as he went. There was more of good will than grace in his performance; but he trolled with ample lungs; and the sound of his voice took hold upon the hill-side and set the air shaking in the leafy glens. I have heard people passing by night in sleeping cities; some of them sang; one, I remember, played loudly on the bagpipes. I have heard the rattle of a cart or carriage spring up suddenly after hours of stillness and pass, for some minutes, within the range of my hearing as I lay abed. There is a romance about all who are abroad in the black hours, and with something of a thrill we try to guess their business. But here the romance was double: first, this glad passenger, who sent up his voice in music through the night; and then I, on the other hand, buckled into my sack, and smoking alone in the pine woods between four and five thousand feet towards the stars.

When I awoke again (Sunday, 29th September) many of the stars had disappeared, only the stronger companions of the night still burned visibly overhead; and away towards the east I saw a faint haze of light upon the horizon, such as had been the Milky Way when I was last awake. Day was at hand. I lit my lantern, and by its glowworm light put on my boots and gaiters; then I broke up some bread for Modestine, filled my can at the water tap, and

lit my spirit lamp to boil myself some chocolate. The blue darkness lay long in the glade where I had so sweetly slumbered; but soon there was a broad streak of orange melting into gold along the mountain top of Vivarais.
A solemn glee possessed my mind at this gradual and lovely coming in of day. I heard the runnel with delight; I looked round me for something beautiful and unexpected; but the still black pine trees, the hollow glade, the munching ass, remained unchanged in figure. Nothing had altered but the light, and that, indeed, shed over all a spirit of life and of breathing peace, and moved me to a strange exhilaration.

I drank my water chocolate, which was hot if it was not rich, and strolled here and there, and up and down about the glade. While I was thus delaying, a gush of steady wind, as long as a heavy sigh, poured direct out of the quarter of the morning. It was cold and set me sneezing. The trees near at hand tossed their black plumes in its passage; and I could see the thin, distant spires of pines along the edge of the hill, rock slightly to and fro against the golden east. Ten minutes after, the sunlight spread at a gallop along the hillside, scattering shadows and sparkles, and the day had come completely.

I hastened to prepare my pack, and tackle the steep ascent that lay before me; but I had something on my mind. It was only a fancy; yet a fancy will sometimes be importunate. I had been most hospitably received and punctually served in my green caravansary. The room was airy, the water excellent, and the dawn had called me to a moment. I say nothing of the tapestries or the inimitable ceiling, nor yet of the view which I commanded from the windows; but I felt I was in some one's debt for all

this liberal entertainment. And so it pleased me, in a half-laughing way, to leave pieces of money on the turf as I went along, until I had left enough for my night's lodgin^o. I trust they did not fall to some rich and churlish drover.

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— *Travels with a Donkey.*

1. What did Stevenson *see* during the night? What did he *hear*? How did he *feel*? The details are not unlike those in *Robinson Crusoe*.

2. Re-read the first paragraph, page 178, and tell what its chief idea is. Select the paragraph in which the description is clearest to you. Read it aloud. Observe how the simple words are arranged to make pictures and to produce rhythm. Stevenson rewrote many times to get this easy clearness.

3. If you have ever slept out of doors what impressed you most? What sounds did Stevenson probably fail to hear? Was he a naturalist?

4. Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1850. He belonged to a family of civil engineers. His health was always poor, so he traveled a great deal. He went to France and to Switzerland. He came to America and spent some time in the Adirondacks. Finally he settled on an island far out in the Pacific Ocean, where he lived till his death, in 1894. In spite of his poor health, he was a busy writer of novels, essays, short stories, and verse.

AUTUMN ON THE FARM

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

This is a poetic description of an old-fashioned autumn scene on a New England farm. The huskers in the field merely jerked the ear of corn from its stalk, leaving the husk on the ear. The husks were afterwards removed in the barn at a big husking bee or picnic, in which the neighbors took part. Read the poem for its pictures.

IT WAS late in mild October,
And the long autumnal rain
Had left the summer harvest fields
All green with grass again;
The first sharp frosts had fallen,
Leaving all the woodlands gay
With the hues of summer's rainbow
Or the meadow flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning,
The sun rose broad and red;
At first a rayless disk of fire,
He brightened as he sped;
Yet even his noon tide glory
Fell chastened and subdued
On the cornfields and the orchards
And softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon,
Slow sloping to the night,
He wove with golden shuttle
The haze with yellow light;

Slanting through the painted beeches,
 He glorified the hill ;
 And beneath it pond and meadow
 Lay brighter, greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts 5
 Caught glimpses of that sky,
 Flecked by many-tinted leaves,
 And laughed, they knew not why ;
 And schoolgirls, gay with aster flowers,
 Beside the meadow brooks, 10
 Mingled the glow of autumn
 With the sunshine of sweet looks.

From spire and barn, looked westerly
 The patient weathercocks ;
 But even the birches on the hill 15
 Stood motionless as rocks.
 No sound was in the woodlands
 Save the squirrel's dropping shell,
 And the yellow leaves among the boughs,
 Low rustling as they fell. 20

The summer grains were harvested ;
 The stubble fields lay dry,
 Where June winds rolled, in light and shade,
 The pale-green waves of rye ;
 But still on gentle hill slopes, 25
 In valleys fringed with wood,
 Ungathered, bleaching in the sun,
 The heavy corn crop stood.

Bent low by autumn's wind and rain,
 Through husks that, dry and sere,
 Unfolded from their ripened charge,
 Shone out the yellow ear ;
 5 Beneath, the turnip lay concealed
 In many a verdant fold,
 And glistened in the slanting light
 The pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters ;
 10 And many a creaking wain
 Bore slowly to the long barn floor
 Its load of husk and grain ;
 Till, broad and red as when he rose,
 The sun sank down at last,
 15 And like a merry guest's farewell,
 The day in brightness passed.

And lo ! as through the western pines,
 On meadow, stream, and pond,
 Flamed the red radiance of a sky,
 Set all afire beyond,
 20 Slowly o'er the eastern sea bluffs
 A milder glory shone ;
 And the sunset and the moonrise
 Were mingled into one !

— *The Huskers.*

1. What is Indian summer? Is this a description of an Indian summer day? Sketch the field described, or the sunset. Observe the color words in the last stanza.
2. What was happening in the woods on that October day? In the fields? Describe the scene in each.

GOLDENROD

BY ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN

Most of our wild flowers that blossom in the fall are of brilliant colors. In September the fields and fence rows are a blaze of reds, yellows, buffs, and browns. Conspicuous among these is the stately yellow plume of the goldenrod, strikingly described in the following poem. Read this selection slowly. Every line adds to the picture—every word means one more idea. Try to sense the entire meaning of the author.

WHEN the wayside tangles blaze
In the low September sun,
When the flowers of summer days
Droop and wither, one by one,
Reaching up through bush and brier,
Sumptuous brow and heart of fire,
Flaunting high its wind-rocked plume,
Brave with wealth of native bloom —
Goldenrod !

When the meadow lately shorn,
Parched and languid, swoons with pain,
When her lifeblood, night and morn,
Shrinks in every throbbing vein,
Round her fallen, tarnished urn
Leaping watch fires brighter burn ;
Royal arch o'er autumn's gate,
Bending low with lustrous weight —
Goldenrod !

(Used by special permission of the author.)

In the pasture's rude embrace,
All o'errun with tangled vines,
Where the thistle claims its place,
And the straggling hedge confines,
5 Bearing still the sweet impress
Of unfettered loveliness,
In the field and by the wall,
Binding, clasping, crowning all —
Goldenrod !

10 Nature lies disheveled, pale,
With her feverish lips apart ;
Day by day the pulses fail,
Nearer to her bounding heart ;
Yet that slackened grasp doth hold
15 Store of pure and genuine gold ;
Quick thou comest, strong and free,
Type of all the wealth to be —
Goldenrod !

1. Three of the stanzas definitely locate the goldenrod. Read the lines that tell where it grows.
2. Which stanza makes the most vivid picture for you? What descriptive words in the stanza help make this picture?
3. Read the second stanza aloud, and tell in your own words what you think each line means.
4. Find synonyms (words of similar meaning) for the following: sumptuous, unfettered, disheveled, lustrous. Substitute your synonym for each of these words and read the line aloud.
5. Make a pencil sketch of a goldenrod as you recall it. Color your sketch with crayon.
6. The goldenrod is sometimes called our national flower. Why do you think it is so called? What is your state flower?

THE PALISADES

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

ON THE west side of the Hudson River there is a cliff, or crag of rock, all carved into queer shapes. It stretches along the riverside for twenty or thirty miles, as far as Tarrytown, or further, to the broad part where the stream looks like a sea. The cliff rises up, as a rule very boldly, to the height of several hundred feet. The top of it (the Jersey shore) appears regular. It is like a well-laid wall along the river, with trees and one or two white wooden houses, instead of broken glass, at the top. This wall appearance made the settlers call the crag the "Palisades."

Where the Palisades are the grandest is just as high up as Yonkers. Hereabouts they are very stately, for they are all marshaled along a river a mile or more broad, which runs in a straight line past them, with a great tide. If you take a boat and row across to the Palisades their beauty makes you shiver. In the afternoon, when you are underneath them, the sun is shut away from you; and there you are, in the chill and the gloom, with the great cliff towering up and the pinnacles and tall trees catching the sunlight at the top. Then it is very still there. You will see no one along that shore. A great eagle will go sailing out, or a hawk will drop and splash after a fish, but you will see no other living thing, except at the landing. There are schooners in the river, of course, but they keep to the New York shore to avoid being becalmed.

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You can lie there in your boat, in the slack water near the crag foot, and hear nothing but the wind, the suck of the water, or the tinkle of a scrap of stone falling from the cliff face. It is like being in the wilds, in one of the desolate places, to lie there in a boat watching the eagles.

— *A Tarpaulin Muster.*

1. Put yourself in the author's place and try to visualize this scene as he viewed it. Tell what you see. From what position are you looking?

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

By JOHN KEATS

THE poetry of earth is never dead :

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead ;
That is the grasshopper's — he takes the lead
In summer luxury — he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never :

On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among the grassy hills.

1. What keeps the poetry of earth alive in the heat of summer? In the cold of winter? What does Keats mean by his first line?

TO A WATERFOWL

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Bryant saw a solitary waterfowl winging its way high up in the air in the twilight of evening. The sight sets him thinking of the inborn sense of the bird. Where was it going? How did it know it was on the right way? Who gave it the power to direct its flight? Then he imagines that the bird is bound for its nesting place among its fellows. And he finally gets for himself—and for us all—a fine lesson from the flight of the waterfowl. Try to follow the poet's thinking, step by step, as you read the poem.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast —
The desert and illimitable air —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

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All day thy wings have fanned
At that far height the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

5 And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone ; the abyss of heaven
10 Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
15 In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

1. What time of day is it when Bryant observes the bird? Is it clear or cloudy weather? Prove both answers.

2. In the third stanza, how many places does he mention as the possible ends of the bird's flight? Name each.

3. Has the waterfowl traveled far? Read the line that answers this.

4. Explain line 5, page 190; the third stanza on page 191.

5. What lesson does Bryant get from the bird? Memorize the last stanza.

6. William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878) was born at Cummington, Massachusetts, where his father practiced medicine. He attended the district school and later studied law, but gave up his practice for journalism. He was very successful and was for many years editor of *The New York Evening Post*. This poem was written when he was unsettled and discouraged about his law practice.

A NIGHT IN THE TROPICS

BY RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.

Those who have spent their lives on the ocean say that we dwellers on land know nothing of life under the open sky. The following extract is a bit of night scenery aboard ship in the days of wooden vessels with canvas wings.

ONE night while we were in the tropics, I went out to the end of the flying jib boom upon some duty; and having finished it, turned around and lay on the boom for a long time, admiring the beauty of the sight below me. Being so far out from the deck I could look at the ship as at a separate vessel; and there rose up from the water, supported only by the small black hull, a pyramid of canvas spreading far out beyond the hull and towering up almost, as it seemed in the indistinct night, into the clouds. The sea was as still as an inland lake; the light trade wind was gently and steadily breathing from astern; the dark-blue sky was studded with the tropical stars; there was no sound but the rippling of the water under the stem; and the sails were spread out wide and high — the two lower studding sails stretching out on either side far beyond the deck; the topmost studding sails like wings to the topsails; the topgallant studding sails spreading fearlessly out above them; still higher the two royal studding sails, looking like two kites flying from the same string; and highest of all the little skysail, the apex of the pyramid, seeming actually to touch the stars and to be out of reach of human hand. So quiet, too, was the sea, and so steady the breeze, that if these sails had been sculptured in marble they could

not have been more motionless — not a ripple on the surface of the canvas, not even a quivering of the extreme edges of the sail, so perfectly were they distended by the breeze. I was so lost in the sight that I forgot the presence of the man who came out with me, until he said (for he too, rough old man-of-war's man that he was, had been gazing at the show) half to himself, still looking at the marble sails: "How quietly they do their work!"

— *Two Years Before the Mast.*

1. This is a painting in words. From what position did Mr. Dana view the scene? What impressed him most?

A WINTER RIDE

By AMY LOWELL

WH0 shall declare the joy of the running!
Who shall tell of the pleasures of flight!
Springing and spurning the tufts of wild heather,
Sweeping, wide winged, through the blue dome of light.
Everything mortal has moments immortal,
Swift and God-gifted, immeasurably bright.

So with the stretch of the white road before me,
Shining snow crystals rainbowed by the sun,
Fields that are white, stained with long, cool, blue shadows,
Strong with the strength of my horse as we run.
Joy in the touch of the wind and the sunlight!
Joy! With the vigorous earth I am one.

1. What was the author doing? How did the ride affect her? What does she mean in line 5? In line 12? If you have ever coasted or had a swift sleigh ride tell the thrills you experienced.

THE SNOWSTORM

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The following selection is an artistic description of a winter storm. Read it carefully to get the successive pictures that are presented. Try to determine, as you read, when the snow fell; whether the scenes are in the country or in town; if the author was an actual observer of the storm or if he wrote the poem out of imagination.

A NNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, inclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north wind's masonry !
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths ;
A swanlike form invests the hidden thorn ;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,

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Mauger the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
 A tapering turret overtops the work;
 And when his hours are numbered and the world
 Is all his own, retiring as he were not,
 s Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
 To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
 Built in an age, the mad wind's night work —
 The frolic architecture of the snow.

1. The first stanza describes the effect of the storm on people. Who are some of those inconvenienced?

2. In the remainder of the poem; the storm is thought of as an architect. What words describe him and his work? Why is he "myriad-handed?" Explain windward; mauger; "Parian wreaths." Why is the storm said to use the last mockingly? What other fanciful or mischievous things does the storm do?

3. Express in your own words the idea in lines 3-8, page 195. Compare the work of human builders with the work of the storm.

4. Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) was an American essayist, poet, and philosopher. He lived at Concord, Massachusetts.

SNOW-BOUND

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THE sun that brief December day
 Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
 And darkly circled, gave at noon
 A sadder light than waning moon.
 s Slow tracing down the thickening sky
 Its mute and ominous prophecy,
 A portent seeming less than threat,
 It sank from sight before it set.
 A chill no coat, however stout,
 10 Of homespun stuff could quite shut out—

A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
 That checked, midvein, the circling race
 Of lifeblood in the sharpened face—
 The coming of the snowstorm told.
 The wind blew east ; we heard the roar
 Of ocean on his wintry shore,
 And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
 Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

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Meanwhile we did our nightly chores :
 Brought in the wood from out of doors,
 Littered the stalls, and from the mows
 Raked down the herd's grass for the cows ;
 Heard the horse whinnying for his corn ;
 And sharply clashing horn on horn,
 Impatient down the stanchion rows,
 The cattle shake their walnut bows ;
 While peering from his early perch
 Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
 The cock his crested helmet bent
 And down his querulous challenge sent.

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Unwarmed by any sunset light
 The gray day darkened into night,
 A night made hoary with the swarm
 And whirl dance of the blinding storm,
 As zigzag, wavering to and fro,
 Crossed and recrossed the wingèd snow ;
 And ere the early bedtime came
 The white drift piled the window frame,
 And through the glass the clothesline posts
 Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

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So all night long the storm roared on :
The morning broke without a sun ;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of nature's geometric signs,
5 In starry flake and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell ;
And when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.

10 Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below —
A universe of sky and snow !

The old familiar sights of ours
15 Took marvelous shapes: strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corncrib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood ;
A smooth white mound the brush pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road ;
20 The bridle post an old man sat,
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat ;
The well curb had a Chinese roof ;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
25 Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

All day the gusty north wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before ;
Low circling round its southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow mist shone.
30 No church bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air; no social smoke

Curled over woods of snow-hung oak;
A solitude made more intense
By dreary-voicèd elements —
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger tips of sleet.

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— *Snow-Bound.*

1. Outline, stanza by stanza, the story told. Who tells it? Where is the scene laid? How many days and nights are covered?
2. Compare this with the previous poem for clearness, pleasant sound, pictures shown, new ideas. Which do you like better? The last line of "The Snowstorm" interprets lines 14-25, page 197. How?
3. John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892) was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts. *Snow-bound*, from which this extract is taken, gives a good description of his home and family. A great deal of his writing was done while editor of various magazines and newspapers. He was for a long time connected with the *Atlantic Monthly*. Many of his poems describe country life in New England; others retell old stories of pioneer days. He died at Amesbury, Massachusetts.

TOM PINCH'S RIDE

By CHARLES DICKENS

IT WAS a charming evening, mild and bright. The four grays skimmed along, as if they liked it quite as well as Tom did; the bugle was in as high spirits as the grays; the coachman chimed in sometimes with his voice; the wheels hummed cheerfully in unison; the brass work on the harness was an orchestra of little bells; and thus as they went clinking, jingling, rattling smoothly on, the whole concern, from the buckles of the leaders' coupling reins to the handle of the boot, was one great instrument of music.

Yo-ho! Past hedges, gates, and trees; past cottages, and barns, and people going home from work. Yo-ho! Past donkey chaises drawn aside into the ditch, and empty carts with rampant horses whipped up at a bound upon the little watercourse and held by struggling carters close to the five-barred gate until the coach had passed the narrow turning in the road. Yo-ho! By churches dropped down by themselves in quiet nooks, with rustic burial grounds about them, where the graves are green and daisies sleep — for it is evening — on the bosoms of the dead.

Yo-ho! Past streams in which the cattle cool their feet, and where the rushes grow; past paddock fences, farms, and rickyards; past last year's stacks, cut slice by slice away, and showing in the waning light like ruined gables, old and brown. Yo-ho! Down the pebbly dip, and through the merry water splash, and up at a canter to the level road again. Yo-ho! Yo-ho!

Yo-ho! Among the gathering shades, making of no account the reflection of the trees, but scampering on through light and darkness, all the same, as if the light of London fifty miles away were quite enough to travel by, and some to spare. Now, with a clattering of hoofs and striking out of fiery sparks, across the old stone bridge, and down again into the shadowy road, and through the open gate, and far away, into the world. Yo-ho!

See the bright moon! High up before we know it, making the earth reflect the objects on its breast like water — hedges, trees, low cottages, church steeples, blighted stumps, and flourishing young slips, have all grown vain upon a sudden, and mean to contemplate their own fair images till morning. The poplars yonder rustle, that their quivering leaves may see themselves upon the ground. Not so the

oak; trembling does not become him; and he watches himself in his stout old burly steadfastness without the motion of a twig.

The moss-grown gate, ill-poised upon its creaking hinges, crippled and decayed, swings to and fro before its glass, like some fantastic dowager: while our own ghostly likeness travels on, through ditch and brake, upon the plowed land and the smooth, along the steep hillside and steeper wall, as if it were a phantom hunter.

Yo-ho! Why, now we travel like the moon herself. Hiding this minute in a grove of trees; next minute in a patch of vapor; emerging now upon our broad, clear course; withdrawing now, but always dashing on, our journey is a counterpart of hers. Yo-ho! A match against the moon.

The beauty of the night is hardly felt when day comes, leaping up. Two stages, and the country roads are almost changed to a continuous street. Yo-ho! Past market gardens, rows of houses, villas, crescents, terraces, and squares, and in among the rattling pavements. Yo-ho! Down countless turnings, and through countless mazy ways, until an old inn-yard is gained, and Tom Pinch, getting down quite stunned and giddy, is in London.

“Five minutes before the time, too!” said the driver, as he received his fee from Tom.

— *Martin Chuzzlewit.*

1. Tom Pinch traveled by the fast night coach to London, in the days before railroads. Tell what he saw, and make sketches.

2. Explain: grays, boot, yo-ho, chaises, paddock, dowager, rick-yards, brake, crescents.

3. Charles Dickens (1812-1870), an English novelist, is famous for his humor and for the marvelous characters he has created. Many of his books attack or laugh at abuses and prejudices of his time.

ODE TO A BUTTERFLY

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

The poet watches the butterfly and speaks to it, guessing in a fanciful way at its origin, commenting on its way of life, and thinking of the symbolic meaning that people in all ages have associated with it.

THOU spark of life that wavest wings of gold,
Thou songless wanderer mid the songful birds,
With nature's secrets in thy tints unrolled
Through gorgeous cipher, past the reach of words,
Yet dear to every child
In glad pursuit beguiled,
Living his unspoiled days mid flowers and flocks and herds !

Thou wingèd blossom, liberated thing,
What secret tie binds thee to other flowers,
Still held within the garden's fostering?
Will they too soar with the completed hours,
Take flight, and be like thee
Irrevocably free,
Hovering at will o'er their parental bowers?

Or is thy luster drawn from heavenly hues —
A sumptuous drifting fragment of the sky,
Caught when the sunset its last glance imbues
With sudden splendor, and the treetops high
Grasp that swift blazonry,
Then lend those tints to thee,
On thee to float a few short hours, and die ?

Birds have their nests ; they rear their eager young,
 And flit on errands all the livelong day ;
 Each field mouse keeps the homestead whence it sprung ;
 But thou art nature's freeman — free to stray

5

Unfettered through the wood,
 Seeking thine airy food,
 The sweetness spiced on every blossomed spray.

The garden one wide banquet spreads for thee,
 O daintiest reveler of the joyous earth !
 One drop of honey gives satiety ;
 A second draft would drug thee past all mirth.

10

Thy feast no orgy shows ;
 Thy calm eyes never close,
 Thou soberest sprite to which the sun gives birth.

15

And yet the soul of man upon thy wings
 Forever soars in aspiration ; thou
 His emblem of the new career that springs
 When death's arrest bids all his spirit bow.

20

He seeks his hope in thee
 Of immortality.
 Symbol of life, me with such faith endow !

1. What color was the butterfly that the poet watched? What does he imagine it to be in the second stanza? In the third? What does he say about its habits in the fourth stanza? In the fifth?

2. What are the four stages in the life of a butterfly? The Greeks represented Psyche, the soul, with butterfly wings. Why? Express the meaning of the last stanza in your own words.

3. Use these words in sentences of your own: cipher, fostering, imbues, blazonry, satiety, orgy, sprite, arrest, symbol.

4. Thomas Wentworth Higginson (1823-1911) was an American writer of essays and biography.

IN THE DESERT

By A. W. KINGLAKE

The following sketch vividly describes an English traveler's impression of the desert country that lies between Jerusalem and Cairo. Mr. Kinglake had only an interpreter, two Arabian attendants and two camels in his little caravan.

Eothēn, the title of the volume from which this selection is extracted, is a Greek word meaning "From the East."

ONCE during this passage my Arabs lost their way among the hills of loose sand that surrounded us, but after a while we were lucky enough to recover our right line of march. The same day we fell in with a sheik, the head of a family that actually dwells at no great distance from this part of the desert during nine months of the year. The man carried a matchlock, and of this he was inordinately proud, on account of the supposed novelty and ingenuity of the contrivance. We stopped, and sat down and rested awhile, for the sake of a little talk.

There was much that I should have liked to ask this man, but he could not understand Dthemetri's language, and the process of getting at his knowledge by double interpretation through my Arabs was tedious. I discovered, however (and my Arabs knew of that fact), that this man and his family lived habitually for nine months of the year without touching or seeing either bread or water. The stunted shrub growing at intervals through the sand in this part of the desert enables the camel mares to yield a little milk, and this furnishes the sole food and drink of their owner and his people. During the other three months

(the hottest, I suppose) even this resource fails, and then the sheik and his people are forced to pass into another district. You would ask me why the man should not remain always in that district which supplies him with water during three months of the year, but I don't know enough of Arab politics to answer the question.

The sheik was not a good specimen of the effect produced by his way of living. He was very small, very spare, and sadly shriveled — a poor overroasted snipe — a mere cinder of a man. I made him sit down by my side, and gave him a piece of bread and a cup of water from out of my goatskins. This was not a very tempting drink to look at, for it had become turbid and was deeply reddened by some coloring matter contained in the skins; but it kept its sweetness and tasted like a strong decoction of Russia leather. The sheik sipped this drop by drop with ineffable relish, and rolled his eyes solemnly round after every draft as though the drink were the drink of the Prophet and had come from the seventh heaven.

An inquiry about distances led to the discovery that this sheik had never heard of the division of time into hours.

About this part of my journey I saw the likeness of a fresh-water lake. I saw, as it seemed, a broad sheet of calm water stretching far and fair towards the south — stretching deep into winding creeks and hemmed in by ²⁵ jutting promontories, and shelving smooth off toward the shallow side. On its bosom the reflected fire of the sun lay playing and seeming to float as though upon deep, still waters.

Though I knew of the cheat, it was not till the spongy ³⁰ foot of my camel had almost trodden in the seeming lake that I could undeceive my eyes, for the shore line was quite

true and natural. I soon saw the cause of the phantasm. A sheet of water, heavily impregnated with salts, had gathered together in a vast hollow between the sand hills, and when dried up by evaporation had left a white saline deposit; this exactly marked the space which the waters had covered, and so traced out a good shore line. The minute crystals of the salt, by their way of sparkling in the sun, were made to seem like the dazzled face of a lake that is calm and smooth.

20 The pace of the camel is irksome, and makes your shoulders and loins ache from the peculiar way in which you are obliged to suit yourself to the movements of the beast; but one soon, of course, becomes inured to the work, and after my first two days, this way of traveling became so familiar to me that (poor sleeper as I am) I now and then slumbered for some moments together on the back of my camel.

After the fifth day of my journey, I no longer traveled over the shifting hills but came upon a dead level — a dead level bed of sand, quite hard, and studded with small shining pebbles.

The heat grew fierce; there was no valley, no hollow, no hill, no mound, no shadow of hill nor of mound, by which I could mark the way I was making. Hour by hour I advanced, and saw no change. I was still the very center of a round horizon. Hour by hour I advanced, and still there was the same, and the same, and the same — the same circle of flaming sky — the same circle of sand still glaring with light and fire. Over all the heaven above, over all the earth beneath, there was no visible power that could balk the fierce will of the sun. "He rejoiced as a strong man to run a race; his going forth was from the end

of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there was nothing hid from the heat thereof." From pole to pole, and from the east to the west, he brandished his fiery scepter as though he had usurped all heaven and earth. As he bid the soft Persian in ancient times, so now, and fiercely too, he bid me bow down and worship him; so now in his pride he seemed to command me, and say, "Thou shalt have none other gods but me." I was all alone before him. There were these two pitted together, and face to face — the mighty sun for one, and for the other this poor, pale, solitary Self of mine.

But on the eighth day, and before I had yet turned away from Jehovah for the glittering god of the Persians, there appeared a dark line upon the edge of the forward horizon, and soon the line deepened into a delicate fringe that sparkled here and there as though it were sown with diamonds. There, then, before me were the gardens and the minarets of Egypt, and the mighty works of the Nile, and I, I had lived to see, and I saw them.

When evening came I was still within the confines of the desert, and my tent was pitched as usual; but one of my Arabs stalked away rapidly toward the west without telling me of the errand on which he was bent. After a while he returned. He had toiled on a graceful service; he had traveled all the way on to the border of the living world, and brought me back for a token an ear of rice, full, fresh, and green.

—*Eothen.*

1. Several aspects of the desert are herein described. The first is a native sheik. What are the others?

2. The camel and the blazing sun belong peculiarly to the desert. What comments has Mr. Kinglake made on each?

3. Show on your maps approximately where this journey was made.

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21
21

MAY IS BUILDING HER HOUSE

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

This poem is a series of clearly drawn pictures grouped about a central image of the month of May as the builder of a house. While you read it, preferably aloud, try to see the pictures and feel the rhythm of the words. The thought in the last stanza may remind you of the "Ode to a Butterfly." Richard Le Gallienne is a poet of our own day, now living in this country.

MAY is building her house. With apple blooms
She is roofing over the glimmering rooms ;
Of the oak and the beech hath she builded its beams,
And, spinning all day at her secret looms,
With arras of leaves each wind-swayed wall
She pictureth over, and peopleth it all
With echoes and dreams
And singing of streams.

May is building her house. Of petal and blade.
Of the roots of the oak, is the flooring made ;
With a carpet of mosses and lichen and clover,
Each small miracle over and over,
And tender, traveling green things strayed.

Her windows, the morning and evening star,
And her rustling doorways, ever ajar
With the coming and going
Of fair things blowing,
The thresholds of the four winds are.

(Used by permission of the author.)

May is building her house. From the dust of things
 She is making the songs and the flowers and the wings ;
 From October's tossed and trodden gold
 She is making the young year out of the old ;
 Yea : out of winter's flying sleet 5
 She is making all the summer sweet,
 And the brown leaves spurned of November's feet
 She is changing back again to spring's.

1. What form the roof, the beams, the floors, the doors and windows, of the house of May? What is arras? When was it used? Why was it so called? What form the hangings and the carpets of the house? Who inhabit it? Why are the rooms "glimmering"?
2. What is October's "tossed and trodden gold"? Is the poet telling the truth in the last stanza? Explain what is meant.
3. This verse is different in form from most that you have studied. Do you think it is especially suited to the subject?

THE DAFFODILS

By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host of golden daffodils;
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees, 5
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the Milky Way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay;
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance, 10
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company:
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

1. Have you ever seen a daffodil? If not, find out all you can about the color, time of blooming, etc. of this flower. Remember that the scene of the poem is the north of England.

2. Put briefly into your own words the experience, as told in the first three stanzas, and its result, as told in the last stanza. At what time of year did the incident occur? Was the day fair or cloudy? Why did the flowers show up so well against the lake as a background? What change took place in the poet's state of mind while he looked at the flowers? What was the wealth that the sight brought him?

3. Wordsworth's purpose in poetry was "awakening the mind's attention . . . by directing it to the loveliness and wonders of the world before us." His best poetry is about things out of doors and their influence on people's minds. You may like to read "Fidelity," "To the Cuckoo," "The Solitary Reaper," "The Reverie of Poor Susan," and others that you find for yourself.

4. Wordsworth was born in 1770, at Cockermouth, England, and was educated at Cambridge University. He gave all his time to writing poetry and lived an uneventful life, surrounded by his family and friends, in the beautiful Lake District, in the north of England, which he describes in his poems. From 1843 till his death in 1850 he was Poet Laureate of England.

THE FALLS OF LODORE

By ROBERT SOUTHEY

Robert Southey (1774-1843) was Poet Laureate of England from 1813 till his death. He wrote several long poems and a great deal of history and biography, but his best-remembered works are shorter poems like this and "The Inchcape Rock" and "The Battle of Blenheim." He is sometimes associated with Wordsworth and Coleridge in the group called the "Lake Poets".

HOW does the water come down at Lodore?

Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along, conflicting and strong;
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among.
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking;
Turning and twisting,
Around and around,
Collecting, disjecting,
With endless rebound.
Smiting and fighting,

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In turmoil delighting,
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and spitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And running and stunning,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And hopping and dropping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and crinkling and twinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
 Grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
 Clattering and battering and shattering,
 And gleaming and streaming and skimming and beaming,
 And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing, 5
 And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
 And curling and whirling and purling and twirling;
 Retreating and meeting and beating and sheeting,
 Delaying and straying and spraying and playing,
 Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing, 10
 Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling;
 And thumping and bumping and flumping and jumping,
 And thrashing and clashing and flashing and splashing;
 And so never ending,
 But always descending, 15
 Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
 All at once and all o'er
 With a mighty uproar; —
 And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

1. The Falls of Lodore, in the Lake District, England, consist of a series of cascades in which a small stream rushes over a great rock about 200 feet high.

2. Read this poem aloud and notice how the sound fits the sense. Does it give you an idea of the sound of the waterfall? Why do you think the poet uses first two, then three, and then four, participles to a line? Other poems in which this method of creating an impression of sound and motion is used are Poe's "The Bells" and parts of Browning's "How We Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix" and "The Pied Piper." Words like *bubble* and *gurgle* imitate sounds. Look for such words in this poem and elsewhere.

3. Compare this poem with Lowell's "The Fountain," Tennyson's "The Brook," and Lanier's "Song of the Chattahoochee." Decide which you like best, and why.

STORIES THAT TEACH

*If any man can convince me and bring home to
me that I do not think or act aright, gladly will I
change; for I search after truth, by which man
never yet was harmed. But he is harmed who
abideth on still in his own deception and ignorance.*

— MARCUS AURELIUS.



AN ADVENTURE IN BROTHERHOOD
(See opposite page)

AN ADVENTURE IN BROTHERHOOD

IN AN ancient city of the East there were seven brothers who were constantly quarreling among themselves. They fell out about the way their father divided his property among them; they argued about the number of camels each had a right to; they disagreed over the management of their business; and altogether they behaved so rudely to each other that their acquaintances came to speak of them as the "unbrotherly brothers."

Their father was much grieved over the actions of his sons, and he pondered long what means to take to teach them a lasting lesson. At length he called them together in his own house and spoke to them in this manner:

"As you know, I still have much wealth of my own. The whole of this I shall bequeath to that son of mine who can perform a task I have to set. Should two or more succeed, the property will be divided equally among the winners. But before any of you can take part in this contest, each must pledge himself to live up fully to any lesson he may have exemplified here this day. Are you willing to make me this promise?"

Each stepped forth in turn and gave a solemn assurance to his father that come what might he would be true in spirit and in deed to any lesson that the test might bring forth.

The father then took from a chest a bundle of seven sticks, ingeniously tied together. "In accordance with what I have said," he told them, "whichever of you breaks these sticks shall be the winner of the prize."

Each tried in turn, beginning with the youngest. Each tugged and strained in vain. At best the bundle could only be bent. Finally the turn of the seventh came, and he too was unsuccessful. They all said the task could not be done and agreed that they had failed.

5

Thereupon the father took the bundle, sought out the end of the cord that held the sticks together, and unwound it at a single pull. Seizing each stick separately he broke all seven, one after another, before his astonished sons could protest.

10

"Now," said he, "those broken sticks are you, my seven sons. As long as you hold together, nobody can break your friendship or your reputation. When you fall apart, anybody can make broken reeds of you. Need I say more about the lesson that you have pledged yourselves to learn in spirit and in deed?"

The rebuke touched the seven brothers. They agreed to forget their petty grievances, thanked their father for the lesson he had taught them, and gladly joined in a big feast he had prepared. And thereafter all who knew them spoke of them as "the seven blood brothers."

47

1. Did the seven brothers have any good reason for quarreling? About what matters did they disagree? What is the difference between disagreeing and quarreling? How did they probably get into their contentious habits?

2. What was their father's agreement with them? Was it a fair one? What part of the story is illustrated on page 214?

3. This is an old story retold. Groups of seven, three, or twelve are very common in folk tales and legends. See how many famous groups of seven you can find.

THE PRAYER PERFECT

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

DEAR Lord! kind Lord!
Gracious Lord! I pray
Thou wilt look on all I love,
Tenderly to-day!
Weed their hearts of weariness;
Scatter every care
Down a wake of angel wings
Winnowing the air.

Bring unto the sorrowing
All release from pain;
Let the lips of laughter
Overflow again;
And with all the needy
Oh, divide, I pray,
This vast treasure of content
That is mine to-day!

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1. James Whitcomb Riley (1853-1916) is an American poet, best known for his poems for and about children. You probably know "The Raggedy Man," "Little Orphant Annie," and "The Circus-Day Parade." "The Prayer Perfect" is an example of his serious verse.

2. From what three evils does the poet pray to have his friends delivered? What good things does he want them to have? What, beside the things he says here, shows that Riley thought laughter a blessing?

(From the Biographical Edition of the Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley, copyright 1913, used by special permission of the Publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

GET OUT OR GET IN LINE

By ELBERT HUBBARD

This selection is a sermon that begins with an illustration. The text is the title. The whole incident of Lincoln's letter to Hooker is used to enforce the text, whose title might be "Loyalty." Why?

Elbert Hubbard (1859-1915) is an American writer of essays and biography. He was interested in the revival of the old handicrafts, especially in the art of printing and binding books.

IF ALL the letters, messages, and speeches of Lincoln were destroyed except that one letter to Hooker, we should still have a good index to the heart of "The Rail-splitter."

In this letter we see that Lincoln ruled his own spirit; and we also behold the fact that he could rule others. The letter shows frankness, kindness, wit, tact, wise diplomacy, and infinite patience.

Hooker had harshly and unjustly criticized Lincoln, his commander in chief, and he had embarrassed Burnside, his ranking officer. But Lincoln waives all this in deference to the virtues that he believes Hooker possesses, and promotes him to succeed Burnside. In other words, the man who had been wronged promotes the man who had wronged him, over the head of a man whom the promotee had wronged and for whom the promoter had a warm personal friendship.

But all personal considerations were sunk in view of the end desired. Yet it was necessary that the man promoted should know the truth, and Lincoln told it to him in a way that did not humiliate nor fire to foolish anger, but which certainly prevented the attack of cerebral elephantiasis to which Hooker was liable.

Perhaps we had better give the letter entire, and so here it is:

"Executive Mansion, Washington, January 26, 1863.
Major-General Hooker:

5 General: —

I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appear to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which

10 I am not quite satisfied with you.

I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier, which, of course, I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right.

You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable, if 15 not indispensable, quality.

You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you 20 could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer.

I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in 25 spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than 30 it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticizing their commander and withholding confidence

from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now beware of rashness; beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories.

Yours very truly,
A. Lincoln"

One point in this letter is especially worth our consideration, for it suggests a condition that springs up like deadly nightshade from a poisonous soil. I refer to the habit of sneering, carping, grumbling at, and criticizing those who are above us.

The man who is anybody and who does anything is surely going to be criticized, vilified, and misunderstood.¹⁵ This is a part of the penalty for greatness and every great man understands it; and understands, too, that it is no proof of greatness. The final proof of greatness lies in being able to endure contumely without resentment. Lincoln did not resent criticism; he knew that every life must be its own excuse for being; but look how he calls Hooker's attention to the fact that the dissension Hooker has sown is going to return and plague him! "Neither you nor Napoleon, were he alive, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it."²⁵ Hooker's fault falls on Hooker — others suffer, but Hooker suffers most of all.

Not long ago I met a college student, home on a vacation. I am sure he did not represent the true college spirit, for he was full of criticism and bitterness toward the institution. The president of the college came in for his share, and I was supplied items, facts, data, with times and places, for a "peach of a roast."³⁰

Very soon I saw the trouble was not with the college, the trouble was with the young man. He had mentally dwelt on some trivial slights until he had got so out of harmony with the institution that he had lost the power to derive any benefit from it. No college is a perfect institution — a fact, I suppose, that most college presidents and college men are quite willing to admit; but a college does supply certain advantages, and it depends upon the students whether they will avail themselves of these advantages or not.

If you are a student in a college, seize upon the good that is there. You get good by giving it. You gain by giving — so give sympathy and cheerful loyalty to the institution. Be proud of it. Stand by your teachers — they are doing the best they can. If the place is faulty, make it a better place by an example of cheerfully doing your work every day the best you can. Mind your own business.

If the concern where you are employed is all wrong, and the Old Man is a curmudgeon, it may be well for you to go to the Old Man and confidentially, quietly, and kindly tell him that he is a curmudgeon. Explain to him that his policy is absurd and preposterous. Then show him how to reform his ways, and you might offer to take charge of the concern and cleanse it of its secret faults.

Do this, or if for any reason you should prefer not, then take your choice of these: Get Out or Get in Line. You have got to do one or the other — now make your choice. If you work for a man, in heaven's name work for him!

If he pays you wages that supply you your bread and butter, work for him — speak well of him, think well of him, stand by him, and stand by the institution he represents.

I think if I worked for a man I would work for him ; I would not work for him a part of the time, and the rest of the time work against him. I would give an undivided service or none. If put to the pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

5

If you must vilify, condemn, and eternally disparage, why, resign your position, and when you are outside, damn to your heart's content. But, I pray you, so long as you are a part of an institution, do not condemn it. Not that you will injure the institution — not that —but ¹⁰ when you disparage the concern of which you are a part, you disparage yourself.

More than that, you are loosening the tendrils that hold you to the institution, and the first high wind that comes along, you will be uprooted and blown away in the ¹⁵ blizzard's track — and probably you will never know why. The letter only says "Times are dull and we regret there is not enough work," et cetera.

Everywhere you find those out-of-a-job fellows. Talk with them and you will find that they are full of railing, ²⁰ bitterness, and condemnation. That was the trouble — through a spirit of faultfinding they got themselves swung around so they blocked the channel and had to be dynamited. They are out of harmony with the concern, and no longer being a help they had to be removed. Every ²⁵ employer is constantly looking for people who can help him ; naturally he is on the lookout among his employees for those who do not help, and everything and everybody that is a hindrance has to go. This is the law of trade — do not find fault with it ; it is founded on nature. The reward ³⁰ is only for the man that helps, and in order to help, you must have sympathy.

You cannot help the Old Man so long as you are explaining in undertone and whisper, by gesture and suggestion, by thought and mental attitude, that he is a curmudgeon and his system dead wrong. You are not necessarily menacing him by stirring up discontent and warming envy into strife, but you are doing this: You are getting yourself upon a well-greased chute that will give you a quick ride down and out.

When you say to other employees that the Old Man is a curmudgeon, you reveal the fact that you are one; and when you tell that the policy of the institution is "rotten," you surely show that yours is.

Hooker got his promotion even in spite of his failings; but the chances are that your employer does not have the love that Lincoln had — the love that suffereth long and is kind. But even Lincoln could not protect Hooker forever. Hooker failed to do the work, and Lincoln had to try some one else. So there came a time when Hooker was superseded by a Silent Man, who criticized no one, railed at nobody — not even the enemy. And this Silent Man, who ruled his own spirit, took the cities. He minded his own business and did the work that no man ever can do unless he gives absolute loyalty, perfect confidence, and untiring devotion.

Let us mind our own business and work for self by working for the good of all.

1. Find in the letter instances of the qualities named in paragraph two. What is the moral of the selection?
2. What is there humorous about the third paragraph on page 221?
3. Explain: ranking officer, waives, cerebral elephantiasis, dictator, deadly nightshade, data, disparage, curmudgeon, chute, superseded.
4. You are a clerk in a store on Saturday afternoon, and learn that your employer is overcharging some customers. What should you do?
5. What incentive to loyalty is suggested here? Name a better one.

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JOHN MARSHALL OF VIRGINIA

By JOHN ESTEN COOKE

This anecdote about a great American begins with a short account of his life and work. It goes on to tell about his appearance and habits and then relates the story that illustrates something fine in his character. Judge Marshall was born in 1755 and died in 1835. By recalling what events happened during his lifetime and what great men were his contemporaries, you will get a clearer idea of the setting of the story. In reading it try to picture costumes, houses, etc.

AMONG the great men of Virginia, John Marshall will always be remembered with honor and esteem. He was the son of a poor man, and his early life was spent in poverty; but he was not afraid of labor, and everybody saw that he was a person of more than common ability. ⁵

Little by little he rose to distinction, and there was scarcely any public office in the gift of the people that he might not have had for the asking. He served in the legislature of Virginia; he was sent as envoy to France; he was made Secretary of State; and finally he became Chief Justice of the United States. When he died at the age of eighty, he was one of the greatest and most famous men in America.

My father knew him well and loved him, and told me many things about him. He was very tall and thin, and ¹⁵ dressed very plainly. He wore a suit of plain black cloth, and common yarn stockings, which fitted tightly to his legs and showed how thin they were. He was a very great walker, and would often walk out to his farm, which was several miles from Richmond. But sometimes he went on ²⁰

horseback, and once he was met riding out with a bag of clover seed on the saddle before him.

His manners were plain and simple, and he liked to talk about everyday matters with plain country people and laugh and jest with them. In a word, he was so great a man that he never thought of appearing greater than other people, but was always the same unpretending John Marshall.

It was the fashion among the gentlemen of Richmond to walk to market early in the morning and buy fresh meats and vegetables for their family dinners. This was a good old fashion, and some famous gentlemen continued to do so to the end of their lives. It was the habit of Judge Marshall, and very often he took no servant with him. He would buy what he wanted and return home, carrying his purchases on his arm; and on one of these occasions a little incident occurred which is well worth telling.

Judge Marshall had made his purchases at the market and was just starting for home when he heard some one using very rough and unbecoming language. He turned round and saw what was the cause of the hubbub. A finely dressed young man, who seemed to be a stranger, had just bought a turkey in the market. Finding that it would not be carried home for him, he became very angry. Judge Marshall listened a moment to his ungentlemanly talk, and then stepping up to him asked very kindly, "Where do you live, sir?"

The young man looked at the plainly dressed old countryman, as he supposed him to be, and then named the street and number where he lived.

"I happen to be going that way," said Judge Marshall with a smile, "and I will take it for you."

The young man handed him the turkey and left the market, followed by Judge Marshall. When they reached the young man's home, Marshall politely handed him the turkey and turned to go.

"What shall I pay you?" asked the young man. 5

"Oh, nothing," answered Marshall. "You are welcome. It was on my way, and no trouble at all." He bowed and walked away, while the young man looked after him, beginning now to see that he had made a mistake.

"Who is that polite old gentleman who carried my turkey ^{to} for me?" he asked of a friend who was passing.

"That is John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States," was the answer.

The young man was astounded and ashamed. "But why did he offer to carry my turkey?" he exclaimed. 15

"To give you a reprimand and teach you to attend to your own business and behave like a gentleman."

This little anecdote will show you the character of John Marshall; and I cannot believe that it was his wish merely to reprimand the foolish young man. He was too sweet-tempered and kind to take pleasure in reprimanding anyone; and I have not a doubt that he carried the turkey simply from the wish to be obliging.

— *Stories of the Old Dominion.*

1. What were the offices that Judge Marshall held? What great men did he probably meet and talk with? What important events happened during his lifetime? Describe his appearance, character, and habits.

2. Relate the story about the turkey. Did the young man mean to be disagreeable? About whom was he thinking? What was the difference between his point of view and Judge Marshall's? Why did Judge Marshall carry the turkey for him?

OPPORTUNITY

BY EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

This poem is an allegory. In reading it try to get a clear picture of the scene described, and at the same time remember that everything in it has a hidden meaning; to understand it fully, you must find out what the pictures represent. The title gives you the necessary key.

THIS I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—

There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears, — but this
Blunt thing!" He snapped and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout
Lifted afresh, he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

1. What do the following represent: the battle; the swords; the craven; the king's son; the broken sword buried in the sand? Express the meaning of the allegory in a sentence of your own.

2. Define an allegory; a fable; a parable. Most allegories are long. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* is a very famous one.

BOY WANTED

By DR. FRANK CRANE

Dr. Frank Crane is an American writer whose little essays you often see in newspapers and magazines. This description of the right sort of boy is put in the form of a "Want ad" in a newspaper. While you read it, consider whether the boy you are best acquainted with could apply for the job.

A BOY who stands straight, sits straight, acts straight, and talks straight.

A boy who listens carefully when spoken to, who asks questions when he does not understand, and does not ask questions about things that are none of his business. 5

A boy whose finger nails are not in mourning, whose ears are clean, whose shoes are polished, whose clothes are brushed, whose hair is combed, and whose teeth are well cared for.

A boy who moves quickly and makes as little noise about 10 it as possible.

A boy who whistles in the street but not where he ought to keep still.

A boy who looks cheerful, has a ready smile for everybody, and never sulks. 15

A boy who is polite to every man and respectful to every woman and girl.

A boy who does not smoke cigarettes and has no desire to learn how.

A boy who never bullies other boys or allows other boys 20 to bully him.

(Used by special permission of the author.)

A boy who, when he does not know a thing, says, "I do not know"; and when he has made a mistake says, "I'm sorry"; and when requested to do a thing immediately says, "I'll try."

s A boy who looks you right in the eye and tells the truth every time.

A boy who would rather lose his job or be expelled from school than tell a lie or be a cad.

A boy who is more eager to know how to speak good English than to talk slang.

A boy who does not want to be "smart" nor in any wise attract attention.

A boy who is eager to read good, wholesome books.

A boy whom other boys like.

s A boy who is perfectly at ease in the company of respectable girls.

A boy who is not a goody-goody, a prig, or a little Pharisee, but just healthy, happy, and full of life.

A boy who is not sorry for himself and not forever thinking and talking about himself.

A boy who is friendly with his mother and more intimate with her than with anyone else.

A boy who makes you feel good when he is around.

This boy is wanted everywhere. The family wants him, s the school wants him, the office wants him, the boys and girls want him, and all creation wants him.

1. What is the difference in use between the first two and the last two "straight's" in the first paragraph?

2. Which of the requirements are matters of good manners? Of health? Of courage? Of ambition? Of unselfishness? Of honesty?

3. Which of these items would you cut out, if any? What others would you put in the list?

JOHN LITTLEJOHN

BY CHARLES MACKAY

JOHN LITTLEJOHN was stanch and strong,
Upright and downright, scorning wrong ;
He gave good weight and paid his way,
He thought for himself and said his say.
Whenever a rascal strove to pass, 5
Instead of silver, a coin of brass,
He took his hammer and said with a frown,
“The coin is spurious — nail it down !”

John Littlejohn was firm and true,
You could not cheat him in “two and two” ;
When foolish arguers, might and main,
Darkened and twisted the clear and plain,
He saw through the mazes of their speech
The simple truth beyond their reach ;
And crushing their logic said with a frown,
“Your coin is spurious — nail it down !” 15

John Littlejohn maintained the right,
Through storm and shine, in the world’s despite ;
When fools or quacks desired his vote,
Dosed him with arguments learned by rote,
Or by coaxing, threats, or promise tried
To gain his support to the wrong side,
“Nay, nay,” said John with an angry frown,
“Your coin is spurious — nail it down !” 20

When told that kings had a right divine,
And that the people were herds of swine,
That nobles alone were fit to rule,
That the poor were unimproved by school,
That ceaseless toil was the proper fate
Of all but the wealthy and the great,
John shook his head and said with a frown,
“The coin is spurious — nail it down!”

When told that events might justify
A false and crooked policy,
That a decent hope of future good
Might excuse departure from rectitude,
That a lie, if white, was a small offense,
To be forgiven by men of sense,
“Nay, nay,” said John with a sigh and frown,
“The coin is spurious — nail it down!”

Whenever the world our eyes would blind
With false pretenses of such a kind,
With humbug, cant, or bigotry,
Or a specious, sham philosophy,
With wrong dressed up in the guise of right,
And darkness passing itself for light,
Let us imitate John and exclaim with a frown,
“The coin is spurious — nail it down!”

1. What kinds of cheating are mentioned? Which is most dangerous?
2. Littlejohn could detect and put down lies because he kept his head clear and told the truth to himself. What lines tell you this? Who is the person most likely to deceive you about right and wrong?
3. Explain: spurious, mazes, logic, despite, quacks, rote, policy, rectitude, cant, bigotry, specious.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM

A N OLD clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this, the dial plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm ;^s the hands made a vain effort to continue their course ; the wheels remained motionless with surprise ; the weights hung speechless ; and each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry into the cause of the stoppage ; when hands, wheels, ¹⁰ weights, with one voice, protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke :

"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the stoppage ; and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my ¹⁵ reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this the old clock became so enraged that it was on the very point of striking.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial plate, holding up its hands. ²⁰

"Very good!" replied the pendulum. "It is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me — it is vastly easy for *you*, I say, to accuse other people of laziness ! You, who have had nothing to do all your life but to stare people in ²⁵ the face and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen ! Think how you would like to be shut

up for life in this dark closet and wag backward and forward, year after year, as I do."

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"

5 "For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides I am really tired of my way of life; and if you wish, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. This morning I happened to 10 be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of only the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some of you, above there, can give me the exact sum."

The minute hand, being quick at figures, instantly replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

15 "Exactly so," replied the pendulum. "Well, I appeal to you all, if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one? And when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so after a great deal of 20 reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, *I'll stop!*"

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue, but resuming its gravity it at last replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been 25 overcome by this suggestion. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; and though this may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, will it fatigue us to *do*? Would you, now, give half a dozen strokes to illustrate my argument?"

30 The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to ask, was that exertion at all fatiguing to you?"

31
32
69

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of *millions*."

"Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect that although you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one, and that however often, you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum.

"Then I hope," resumed the dial plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will be in bed till noon if we stand idling thus."

Upon this the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a beam of the rising sun that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the dial plate, made it brighten up as if nothing had been the matter. 20

But when the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, he looked at the clock and declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night!

- (69)
1/2
1/2
1. Write a single short sentence expressing the moral of this story.
 2. Why did the minute hand make the calculation (page 233)? Is its calculation correct?
 3. What play on words is made in line 21, page 233. In line 13-14, page 234?
 4. There is an old saying to the effect that we should let each day's work take care of itself. How far is this true?

TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION

IN THE days of knight-errantry and paganism, one of the old British princes set up a statue to the goddess of Victory in a point where four roads met together. In her right hand she held a spear, and her left hand rested upon a shield. The outside of this shield was of gold and the inside of silver. On the former was inscribed, in the old British language, "To the goddess ever favorable"; and on the other, "For four victories obtained successively over the Picts and other inhabitants of the northern islands."

10 It happened one day that two knights completely armed, one in black armor, the other in white, arrived from opposite parts of the country at this statue, just about the same time; and as neither of them had seen it before, they stopped to read the inscription and to observe its workmanship.

15 After contemplating it for some time, "This golden shield —" said the black knight.

"Golden shield!" cried the white knight (who was as strictly observing the opposite side); "why, if I have my eyes, it is silver."

20 "I know nothing of your eyes," replied the black knight; "but if ever I saw a golden shield in my life, this is one."

"Yes," returned the white knight smiling, "it is very probable indeed that they should expose a shield of gold in so public a place as this! For my own part, I wonder that 25 even a silver one is not too strong a temptation for the devotion of some people who pass this way; and it appears by the date that this has been here above three years."

The black knight could not bear the smile with which

this was delivered and grew so warm in the dispute that it soon ended in a challenge; they both, therefore, turned their horses and rode back so far as to have sufficient space for their career; then, fixing their spears in their rests, they flew at each other with the greatest fury and impetuosity. Their shock was so rude, and the blow on each side so effectual, that they both fell to the ground much wounded and lay there for some time as in a trance.

A good druid who was traveling that way found them in this condition. The druids were the physicians of those times as well as the priests. So he stanch'd their blood, and brought them, as it were, from death to life again. As soon as they were sufficiently recovered he began to inquire into the cause of their quarrel.

"Why this man," cried the black knight, "will have it ^{is} that yonder shield is silver."

"And he will have it," replied the white knight, "that it is gold."

And then they told him all the particulars of the affair.

"Ah!" said the druid, "my brothers, you are both of you ²⁰ in the right and both of you in the wrong. Had either given himself time to look at the opposite side of the shield, as well as that which first presented itself to view, all this ill feeling and bloodshed might have been avoided. Allow me, therefore, to entreat you by all our gods, and by this ²⁵ goddess of Victory in particular, *never again to enter into any dispute till you have fairly considered both sides of the question.*"

1. This story is a fable. State the moral in your own words. Tell a story of your own, with a modern setting, to enforce the same moral; or one with animals for characters, as in *Æsop's Fables*.

IF I WERE A BOY

By WASHINGTON GLADDEN

IF I were a boy again, and knew what I know now, I would not be quite so positive in my opinions as I used to be. Boys generally think that they are very certain about many things. A boy of fifteen is a great deal more sure of what he thinks he knows than most men of fifty. You ask the boy a question and he will answer you right off, up and down; he knows all about it. Ask a man of large experience and ripe wisdom the same question, and he will say, "Well, there is much to be said about it." I am inclined on the whole to think so and so, but other intelligent men think otherwise."

When I was eight years old, I traveled from central Massachusetts to western New York, crossing the river at Albany and going by canal from Schenectady to Syracuse. On the canal boat, a kindly gentleman was talking to me one day, and I remarked that I had crossed the Connecticut River at Albany. How I got it into my head that it was the Connecticut River I do not know, for I knew my geography very well then, but in some unaccountable way I had it fixed in my mind that the river at Albany was the Connecticut, and I called it so.

"Why," said the gentleman, "that is the Hudson River."

"Oh, no, sir!" I replied politely, but firmly. "You're mistaken. That is the Connecticut River."

The gentleman smiled and said no more. I was not much in the habit, I think, of contradicting my elders;

but in this matter I was perfectly sure that I was right and so I thought it my duty to correct the gentleman's geography. I felt rather sorry for him that he should be so ignorant. One day, after I reached home, I was looking over my route on the map, and lo ! there was Albany standing ^s on the Hudson River, a hundred miles from the Connecticut.

Then I did not feel so sorry for the gentleman's ignorance as I did for my own. I never told anybody that story until I wrote it down on these pages the other day; but I have thought of it a thousand times and always with a ¹⁰ blush for my boldness. Nor was it the only time that I was perfectly sure of things that really were not so. It is hard for a boy to learn that he may be mistaken; but unless he is a fool, he learns it after a while. The sooner he finds it out, the better for him. ¹⁵

If I were a boy, I would not think that I and the boys of my times were an exception to the general rule — a new kind of boys, unlike all who have lived before, having different feelings and different ways. To be honest, I must own that I used to think so myself. I was quite in- ²⁰ clined to reject the counsel of my elders by saying to myself, "That may have been well enough for boys thirty or fifty years ago, but it isn't the thing for me and my set of boys." Of course that was nonsense. The boys of one generation are not very different from the boys of any ²⁵ other generation.

If we say that boyhood lasts fifteen or sixteen years, I have known three generations of boys, some of them city boys and some of them country boys, and they are all substantially alike — so nearly alike that the old rules of ³⁰ industry and patience and perseverance and self-control are as applicable to one generation as to another. The

fact is, that what your fathers and teachers have found by experience to be good for boys will be good for you; and what their experience has taught them is bad for boys will be bad for you. You are just boys, nothing more nor less.

1. Why would a boy of fifteen be more likely to "think he knew all about it" than an equally honest and intelligent man of fifty? Apply to your answer the preceding story about the two knights. What is the value of experience?
2. Retell the story of the boy's mistake about the river. Why was he so ashamed?
3. What is meant by saying that all boys are substantially alike? What four rules does the author say are always applicable? Compare the training of a boy in ancient Sparta and of a page in medieval times with that of a modern schoolboy.

THE LESSON OF THE WATER MILL

BY SARAH DOUDNEY

LISTEN to the water mill;
Through the livelong day,
How the clicking of its wheel
Wears the hours away!
Languidly the autumn wind
Stirs the forest leaves,
From the field the reapers sing,
Binding up their sheaves;
And a proverb haunts my mind
As a spell is cast,
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

Autumn winds revive no more
 Leaves that once are shed,
 And the sickle cannot reap
 Corn once gatherèd ;
 Flows the ruffled streamlet on,
 Tranquil, deep, and still,
 Never gliding back again
 To the water mill ;
 Truly speaks the proverb old,
 With a meaning vast —
 “The mill cannot grind
 With the water that is past.”

Take the lesson to thyself,
 True and loving heart!
 Golden youth is fleeting by,
 Summer hours depart ;
 Learn to make the most of life,
 Lose no happy day,
 Time will never bring thee back
 Chances swept away !
 Leave no tender word unsaid,
 Love while love shall last ;
 “The mill cannot grind
 With the water that is past.”

Work while yet the daylight shines,
 Man of strength and will !
 Never does the streamlet glide
 Useless by the mill ;
 Wait not till to-morrow’s sun
 Beams upon thy way,

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All that thou canst call thine own
 Lies in thy to-day ;
 Power and intellect and health
 May not always last ;
 "The mill cannot grind
 With the water that is past."

Oh, the wasted hours of life
 That have drifted by !
 Oh, the good that might have been —
 Lost, without a sigh !
 Love that we might once have saved
 By a single word ;
 Thoughts conceived but never penned,
 Perishing unheard ;
 Take the proverb to thine heart,
 Take, and hold it fast —
 "The mill cannot grind
 With the water that is past."

1. How does a water mill work? Find a picture of one. What was this mill probably used to grind? Why is it appropriate to have the reapers in the picture in the first stanza?

2. What other proverbs with the same meaning as this one can you find?

A MOTTO OF OXFORD

This stanza is engraved over one of the old colleges of Oxford University, a great seat of learning in England.

HE WHO reads and reads
 And does not what he knows,
 Is he who plows and plows
 And never sows.

SAILING AND FAILING

By HAMILTON W. MABIE

THREE are two kinds of men in the world: those who sail and those who drift; those who choose the ports to which they will go and skillfully and boldly shape their course across the seas, with the wind or against it, and those who let winds and tides carry them where they will. The men who sail, in due time arrive; those who drift, often cover greater distances but they never make port.

The men who sail know where they want to go and what they want to do; they do not wait on luck or fortune or favorable currents; they depend on themselves and expect no help from circumstances. Success of the real kind is always in the man who wins it, not in conditions. No man becomes great by accident; great things are never done by chance; a man gets what he pays for it, in character, in work, and in energy. A boy would better put ¹⁵ luck out of his mind if he means to accomplish anything. There are few really fine things which he cannot get if he is willing to pay the price.

Keep ahead of your work, and your work will push your fortunes for you. Our employers do not decide whether we ²⁰ shall stay where we are or go on and up; we decide that matter ourselves. We can drift along, doing our work fairly well; or we can set our faces to the front and do our work so well that we cannot be kept back. In this way we make or mar our own fortunes. Success or failure is not ²⁵ chosen for us; we choose for ourselves.

USE AND ABUSE OF TIME

By ARCHER BROWN

TIME is the stuff life is made of, says Benjamin Franklin. Every man has exactly the same amount of it in a year. One improves it and reaps great results. Another wastes it and reaps failure. The first class, they call lucky; the second, unfortunate.

To use time aright, have a system. Shape everything to it. Divide the twenty-four hours between work, recreation, sleep, and mental culture according to a scheme that suits your judgment and circumstances. Then make things go that way. The scheme will quickly go to pieces unless backed by persistent purpose.

When you work, work. Put the whole mind and heart in it. Know nothing else. Do everything the very best. Distance everybody about you. This will not be hard, for the other fellows are not trying much. Master details and difficulties. Be always ready for the next step up. If a bookkeeper, be an expert. If a machinist, know more than the boss. If an office boy, surprise the employer by model work. If in school, go to the head and stay there. All this is easy when the habit of conquering takes possession.

It is wholesome in this connection to read what men have accomplished who have once learned the art of redeeming time. Study the causes of the success of Benjamin Franklin, of Lincoln, of McKinley, of Sir Michael Faraday, of Agassiz, of Edison. Learn the might of minutes. "Every day is a little life, and our whole life is a

day repeated. Those that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare misspend it, desperate." Emerson says, "The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn."

Sound and wholesome recreation is important in our scheme; but in this age of athletic frenzy the danger of neglect on that line is not excessive. The real fact is that athletic sports are educating the muscles too often at the expense of the brain.

It is the mind work that differentiates you from the herd. Mental culture calls for study — carefully planned, regular, ¹⁰ persistent. One or two hours a day, aiming at some distinct object, mastering what you learn, adding little by little, like a miser to his store, will in a few years make of you a broad, educated man, no matter what your schooling.

To abuse time, have no system. Chance everything. ¹⁵ Do your work indifferently. Growl if too much is asked. Hunt for an easy job. Change often. Dodge obstacles. Always come a little short of the standard. Fritter away in silly things the few golden moments left for self-culture. Then you will not crowd anybody very hard in the contest ²⁰ for leadership.

Time abused is bad luck.

1. What great men do you know of who divided up their day in the way suggested here? Make out a timetable for yourself and see how you can improve it and how long you can stick to its use.

2. In what did the "success" of each of the men mentioned in the fourth paragraph consist? Make one of the studies suggested and report your findings to the class.

3. What out-of-door exercises educate both brain and muscles? What is the special value of games played by a team? What great people of ancient times trained the body as well as the mind?

4. Which paragraphs define bad luck? What is it?

HIDDEN TREASURE

BY CHARLES READE

Charles Reade (1814-1884) was born at Ipsden, England, and educated at Oxford. He wrote plays and novels, the latter usually with some purpose of reform. Compare this story with "Ali Hafed's Quest" (page 13) as to setting, characters, ending, and moral.

ONCE upon a time there was an old farmer that had heard or read about treasures being found in odd places — a potful of gold pieces or something of the sort — and it took root in his heart till nothing would satisfy him but he must find a potful of gold pieces too. He spent all his time hunting in this place and in that for buried treasures. He poked about all the old ruins in the neighborhood and even wished to take up the floor of the church.

One morning he arose with a bright face and said to his wife, "It's all right, Mary. I've found the treasure."

"No! Have you, though?" said she.

"Yes!" he answered; "at least it's as good as found. It's only waiting till I've had my breakfast, and then I'll go out and fetch it in."

"Oh, John! How did you find it?"

"It was revealed to me in a dream," said he, as grave as a judge.

"Oh! and where is it?"

"Under a tree in our orchard — no farther than that."

"Oh, how long you are at your breakfast, John! Let's hurry out and get it."

They went out together into the orchard.

"Now which tree is it under?" asked the wife.

John scratched his head and looked very sheepish. "I'm blessed if I know!"

"Oh, you foolish fellow!" said the wife. "Why didn't you take the trouble to notice?"

"I did notice," said he. "I saw the exact tree in my dream, but now there's so many of them, they muddle it all."

"Well, I think you're stupid," said the wife angrily. "You ought to have cut a nick in the right one while you were there."

"That may be," answered John; "but now I see that I'll have to begin with the first tree and keep on digging till I come to the one with the treasure under it."

This made the wife lose all hope; for there were eighty apple trees and a score of cherry trees. She heaved a sigh and said: "Well, I guess if you must, you must. But mind you don't cut any of the roots."

John was in no good humor. He abused the trees with all the bad words he could think of.

"What difference does it make if I cut all the roots? The old fagots aren't worth a penny apiece. The whole lot of them don't bear a bushel of good apples. In father's time they used to bear wagonloads of choice fruit. I wish they were every one dead!"

"Well, John," said the woman, trying to soothe his anger, "you know that father always gave them a good deal of attention."

"Attention? Nonsense!" he answered spitefully. "They don't need attention. They've got old, like ourselves. They're good for nothing but firewood."

Then, muttering to himself, he brought out pickax and

spade and began his work. He dug three feet deep all around the first tree, and finding nothing but earth and stones went on to the next. He heaped up a mound half as high as his head — but no pot of gold did he strike.

- 5 He had dug round three or four trees before his neighbors began to notice him. Then their curiosity was awakened, and each one told another about his queer actions. After that there was scarcely an hour in the day that seven or eight were not sitting on the fence and passing sly jokes.
10 Then it became the fashion for the boys to fling a stone or two or a clod of dry earth at John.

To defend himself, John brought out his gun, loaded with fine shot, and the next time a stone was thrown he fired sharp in the direction it came from. The boys took the
15 hint, and John dug on in peace till the fourth Sunday, when the parson alluded to him in church. "People ought not to heap up to themselves treasures on earth."

But it seemed that John was only heaping up dirt; for when he had dug the fivescore holes, no pot of gold came
20 to light. Then the neighbors called the orchard "Jacobs's folly"; his name was Jacobs — John Jacobs.

"Now then, Mary," said he, "you and I will have to find some other village to live in, for the jokes and gibes of these people are more than I can bear.".

- 25 Mary began to cry.

"Oh, John, we have been here so long!" she said. "You brought me here when we were first married. I was just a lass then, and you were the smartest young man I ever saw — at least I thought so."

- 30 "Well, Mary," answered John, "I guess we'll try to stay. Perhaps it will all blow over some time."

"Yes, John, it will be like everything else by and by.

But if I were you, I'd fill those holes. The people come from far and wide on Sundays to see them."

"Mary, I haven't the heart to do that," said the disappointed man. "You see, when I was digging for treasure I felt sure I was going to find it, and that kept my heart up.⁵ But take a shovel and fill all those holes? I'd rather do without eggs every Sunday!"

So for six months the heaps of earth stood in the heat and the frost. Then in the spring the old man took heart and filled the holes, smoothing the ground until it was as level¹⁰ as before. And soon everybody forgot "Jacobs's folly" because it was out of sight.

The month of April was warm, and out burst the trees. "Mary," said John, "the bloom is richer than I've seen it for many a year; it's a good deal richer than in any of¹⁵ our neighbors' orchards."

The bloom died, and then out came a million little green things, quite hard. Summer passed. Autumn followed, and the old trees staggered under their weight of fruit.

The trees were old and needed attention. John's²⁰ letting in the air to them and turning the soil up to the frost and sun had renewed their youth. And so, in that way, he learned that tillage is the way to get treasure from the earth..

1. What other stories about buried treasure have you read? What is fascinating about the theme besides the get-rich-quick idea?
2. In what country is the scene of this story laid? At about what time? Give evidence in support of your answer.
3. Do apple trees bear better when the ground is cultivated around them? Where do you get your first hint of the end of the story? Is the conclusion satisfying to you? Was it to John?

64 24
22 110

THE SOLITARY REAPER

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

A friend of Wordsworth's, while traveling in the Highlands of Scotland, was impressed by the beautiful singing voice of a girl whom he saw working alone in a field; he wrote in his diary — "the sweetest human voice I ever heard. The strains felt delicious long after they were heard no more." Wordsworth had traveled through the same country, and from the note and his own impressions he built up this poem. The first stanza gives the real picture, the second offers two comparisons — the nightingale and the cuckoo — one sad, the other happy, both associated with solitude and open spaces. The third stanza relates the girl and her song to the background of history and human experience that belongs to the scene; and the last refers to Wordsworth's delight in recalling beautiful things.

B EHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!

Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!

Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travelers in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands;
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime from the cuckoo bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

5

10

15

Will no one tell me what she sings?
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago;
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day —
5
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending;
10
 I saw her singing at her work
 And o'er the sickle bending;
 I listened, motionless and still,
 And as I mounted up the hill,
 The music in my heart I bore
15
 Long after it was heard no more.

1. Describe what is seen and heard. To what bird songs is the girl's voice compared? Have you ever heard the song of the nightingale? What widely different places are thought of in the second stanza? What have the desert and the sea in common? Where are the Hebrides?

2. Explain: numbers, lay, sickle, lass, vale, profound.
 3. What in this poem reminds you of "The Daffodils?" How is the theme identical with Longfellow's "The Arrow and the Song?"
-

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful,
 we must carry it with us or we find it not.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

IN GOOD HUMOR

He is twice blessed who has a sense of humor; he is saved from taking too seriously the shortcomings of his fellows; and he makes glad the hearts of his friends. For it has been wisely said that humor is the measure of a gentleman, even as its possession distinguishes civilized from savage man.



THE STAGECOACH
(See opposite page)

THE STAGECOACH

BY MARK TWAIN

Before the days of the railroad, the lumbering, horse-drawn stagecoach was the general vehicle used for cross-country passenger travel. Following the Civil War, the brother of Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens) was appointed Territorial Secretary of Nevada. Samuel accompanied his brother as private secretary. The journey was made largely in a stagecoach, the inconveniences of which are whimsically set forth in the following extract from Twain's *Roughing It*.

AS THE sun went down and the evening chill came on, we made preparation for bed. We stirred up the hard leather letter sacks, and the knotty canvas bags of printed matter (knotty and uneven because of projecting ends and corners of magazines, boxes, and books). We stirred them up and redispersed them in such a way as to make our bed as level as possible. And we did improve it, too, though after all our work it had an upheaved and billowy look about it, like a little piece of a stormy sea. Next we hunted up our boots from odd nooks among the mail bags where they had settled, and put them on.

Then we got down our coats, vests, pantaloons, and heavy woolen shirts, from the arm loops where they had been swinging all day, and clothed ourselves in them — for, there being no ladies either at the stations or in the coach, and the weather being hot, we had looked to our comfort by stripping to our underclothing at nine o'clock in the morning. All things being now ready, we stowed the uneasy Dictionary where it would lie as quiet as possible and placed the water canteen and pistols where we could find

them in the dark. Then we smoked a final pipe and swapped a final yarn ; after which we put the pipes, tobacco, and bag of coin in snug holes and caves among the mail bags, and then fastened down the coach curtains all around, and made the place as "dark as the inside of a cow," as⁵ the conductor phrased it in his picturesque way. It was certainly as dark as any place could be — nothing was even dimly visible in it. And finally we rolled ourselves up like silkworms, each person in his own blanket, and sank peacefully to sleep.

Whenever the stage stopped to change horses we would wake up, and try to recollect where we were — and succeed — and in a minute or two the stage would be off again, and we likewise. We began to get into country now, threaded here and there with little streams. These had¹⁵ high, steep banks on each side, and every time we flew down one bank and scrambled up the other, our party inside got mixed somewhat. First we would all be down in a pile at the forward end of the stage, nearly in a sitting posture, and in a second we would shoot to the other end²⁰ and stand on our heads. And we would sprawl and kick, too, and ward off ends and corners of mail bags that came lumbering over us and about us ; and as the dust rose from the tumult, we would all sneeze in chorus, and the majority of us would grumble, and probably say some hasty²⁵ thing, like, "Take your elbow out of my ribs! — can't you quit crowding?"

Every time we avalanched from one end of the stage to the other, the Unabridged Dictionary would come too ; and every time it came it damaged somebody. One trip³⁰ it "barked" the Secretary's elbow ; the next trip it hurt me in the stomach ; and the third it tilted Bemis's nose

up till he could look down his nostrils — he said. The pistols and coin soon settled to the bottom, but the pipes, pipestems, tobacco, and canteens clattered and floundered after the Dictionary every time it made an assault on us, and aided and abetted the book by spilling tobacco in our eyes and water down our backs.

Still, all things considered, it was a very comfortable night. It wore gradually away, and when at last a cold, gray light was visible through the puckers and chinks in the curtains, we yawned and stretched with satisfaction, shed our cocoons, and felt that we had slept as much as was necessary. By and by, as the sun rose up and warmed the world, we pulled off our clothes and got ready for breakfast. We were just pleasantly in time, for five minutes afterward the driver sent the weird music of his bugle winding over the grassy solitudes, and presently we detected a low hut or two in the distance. Then the rattling of the coach, the clatter of our six horses' hoofs, and the driver's crisp commands, awoke to a louder and stronger emphasis, and we went sweeping down on the station at our smartest speed. It was fascinating — that old Overland stagecoaching.

We jumped out in undress uniform. The driver tossed his gathered reins out on the ground, gaped and stretched complacently, drew off his heavy buckskin gloves with great deliberation and insufferable dignity — taking not the slightest notice of a dozen solicitous inquiries after his health, and humbly facetious and flattering accostings, and obsequious tenders of service, from five or six hairy and half-civilized station keepers and hostlers who were nimbly unhitching our steeds and bringing the fresh team out of the stables — for in the eyes of the stage driver of that day, station keepers and hostlers were a sort of good-enough low

creatures, useful in their place and helping to make up a world, but not the kind of beings which a person of distinction could afford to concern himself with; while on the contrary, in the eyes of the station keeper and the hostler, the stage driver was a hero — a great and shining dignitary, the world's favorite son, the envy of the people, the observed of the nations.

When they spoke to him they received his insolent silence meekly and as being the natural and proper conduct of so great a man; when he opened his lips¹⁰ they all hung on his words with admiration (he never honored a particular individual with a remark, but addressed it with a broad generality to the horses, the stables, the surrounding country, and the human underlings); when he discharged a facetious insulting personality at a hostler,¹⁵ that hostler was happy for the day; when he uttered his one jest — old as the hills, coarse, profane, witless, and inflicted on the same audience, in that same language, every time his coach drove up there — the varlets roared, and slapped their thighs, and swore it was the best thing they'd²⁰ ever heard in all their lives. And how they would fly around when he wanted a basin of water, a gourd of the same, or a light for his pipe! — but they would instantly insult a passenger if he so far forgot himself as to crave a favor at their hands. They could do that sort of insolence as²⁵ well as the driver they copied it from — for, let it be borne in mind, the Overland driver had but little less contempt for his passengers than he had for his hostlers.

The hostlers and station keepers treated the really powerful conductor of the coach merely with the best³⁰ of what was their idea of civility, but the driver was the only being they bowed down to and worshiped. How

admiringly they would gaze up at him in his high seat as he gloved himself with lingering deliberation, while some happy hostler held the bunch of reins aloft and waited patiently for him to take it! And how they would bombard him with glorifying ejaculations as he cracked his long whip and went careering away.

The station buildings were long, low huts, made of sun-dried, mud-colored bricks, laid up without mortar (*adobes*, the Spaniards call these bricks, and Americans shorten it to 'dobies'). The roofs, which had no slant to them worth speaking of, were thatched and then sodded, or covered with a thick layer of earth, and from this sprang a pretty rank growth of weeds and grass. It was the first time we had ever seen a man's front yard on top of his house. The buildings consisted of barns, stable room for twelve or fifteen horses, and a hut for an eating room for passengers. This latter had bunks in it for the station keeper and a hostler or two. You could rest your elbow on its eaves, and you had to bend in order to get in at the door. In place of a window there was a square hole about large enough for a man to crawl through, but this had no glass in it. There was no flooring, but the ground was packed hard. There were no shelves, no cupboards, no closets. In a corner stood an open sack of flour, and nestling against its base were a couple of black and venerable tin coffeepots, a tin teapot, a little bag of salt, and a side of bacon.

By the door of the station keeper's den, outside, was a tin washbasin, on the ground. Near it was a pail of water and a piece of yellow bar soap, and from the eaves hung a hoary blue-woolen shirt, significantly — but this latter was the station keeper's private towel, and only two persons in all the party might venture to use it — the stage driver

and the conductor. The latter would not, from a sense of decency; the former would not, because he did not choose to encourage the advances of a station keeper. We had towels — in the valise; they might as well have been in Sodom and Gomorrah.

We (and the conductor) used our handkerchiefs, and the driver his pantaloons and sleeves. By the door, inside, was fastened a small old-fashioned looking-glass frame, with two little fragments of the original mirror lodged down in one corner of it. This arrangement afforded a pleasant double-barreled portrait of you when you looked into it, with one half of your head set up a couple of inches above the other half. From the glass frame hung the half a comb by a string — but if I had to describe that patriarch or die, I believe I would order some sample coffins. It had come down from Esau and Samson, and had been accumulating hair ever since — along with certain impurities. In one corner of the room stood three or four rifles and muskets, together with horns and pouches of ammunition.

The station men wore pantaloons of coarse country-woven stuff, and into the seat and the inside of the legs were sewed ample additions of buckskin to do duty in place of leggings when the man rode horseback — so the pants were half dull blue and half yellow, and unspeakably picturesque. The pants were stuffed into the tops of high boots, the heels whereof were armed with great Spanish spurs whose little iron clogs and chains jingled with every step. The man wore a huge beard and mustachios, an old slouch hat, a blue-woolen shirt, no suspenders, no vest, no coat; in a leathern sheath in his belt, a great long "navy" revolver (slung on right side,

hammer to the front), and projecting from his boot a horn-handled bowie knife. The furniture of the hut was neither gorgeous nor much in the way. The rocking-chairs and sofas were not present and never had been, but they were represented by two three-legged stools, a pine-board bench four feet long, and two empty candle boxes. The table was a greasy board on stilts, and the tablecloth and napkins had not come — and they were not looking for them, either. A battered tin platter, a knife and fork, and a tin pint cup, were at each man's place, and the driver had a queen's-ware saucer that had seen better days. Of course this duke sat at the head of the table.

There was one isolated piece of table furniture that bore about it a touching air of grandeur in misfortune. This was the caster. It was German silver and crippled and rusty, but it was so preposterously out of place there that it was suggestive of a tattered exiled king among barbarians, and the majesty of its native position compelled respect even in its degradation. There was only one cruet left, and that was a stopperless, fly-specked, broken-necked thing, with two inches of vinegar in it and a dozen preserved flies with their heels up and looking sorry they had invested there.

The station keeper upended a disk of last week's bread, of the shape and size of an old-time cheese, and carved some slabs from it which were as good as Nicholson pavement, and tenderer.

He sliced off a piece of bacon for each man, but only the experienced old hands made out to eat it, for it was condemned army bacon which the United States would not feed to its soldiers in the forts, and the stage company had bought it cheap for the sustenance of their passengers and

employees. We may have found this condemned army bacon further out on the plains than the section I am locating it in, but we *found* it — there is no gainsaying that.

Then he poured for us a beverage which he called *slumgullion* and it is hard to think he was not inspired when he named it. It really pretended to be tea, but there was too much dishrag, and sand, and old bacon rind in it to deceive the intelligent traveler. He had no sugar and no milk — not even a spoon to stir the ingredients with.

We could not eat the bread or the meat, or drink the "slumgullion." And when I looked at that melancholy vinegar cruet, I thought of the anecdote (a very, very old one, even at that day) of the traveler who sat down at a table which had nothing on it but a mackerel and a pot of mustard. He asked the landlord if this was all. The landlord said:

"All! Why, thunder and lightning, I should think there was mackerel enough there for six."

"But I don't like mackerel."

"Oh — then help yourself to the mustard."

— *Roughing It.*

1. How much of this selection is given over to a description of actual travel inside a stagecoach? To what is the remainder devoted?
2. Re-read only the description of the night's traveling and decide which parts of it are most humorous. Why are they funny?
3. Describe the driver. Make a sketch of him.
4. How much of the central paragraph, page 257, is serious description? What parts of it are humorous? Test your answer by reading the paragraph with the humor omitted.
5. Much of Twain's humor depends on an occasional single sentence or a startling word. Prove or disprove this statement.
6. Report fully on Samuel L. Clemens's life. If possible, read his *Huckleberry Finn* and *Tom Sawyer*.

THE CHAMELEON

By JAMES MERRICK

TWO travelers of conceited cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talked of this and then of that,
Discoursed awhile 'mongst other matter
5 Of the chameleon's form and nature.

"A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never lived beneath the sun;
A lizard's body, lean and long;
A fish's head; a serpent's tongue;
Its foot with triple claw disjoined;
10 And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace! And then its hue! —
Who ever saw so fine a blue?"

"Hold, there!" the other quick replies;
"Tis *green* — I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray;
Stretched at its ease, the beast I viewed,
20 And saw it eat the air for food."

32
17/11/12

"I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue.
At leisure I the beast surveyed,
Extended in the cooling shade."

“ ‘Tis green, ‘tis green, sir, I assure ye.”
 “ Green ! ” cries the other in a fury ;
 “ Why, sir, d’ye think I’ve lost my eyes ? ”
 “ Twere no great loss,” the friend replies,
 “ For if they always serve you thus,
 You’ll find them of but little use.”

5

So high at last the contest rose,
 From words they almost came to blows ;
 When luckily came by a third —
 To him the question they referred,
 And begged he’d tell them, if he knew,
 Whether the thing was green, or blue.

10

“ Sirs,” cries the umpire, “ cease your pother !
 The creature’s neither one nor t’other.
 I caught the animal last night,
 And viewed it o’er by candle light ;
 I marked it well — ’twas black as jet ;
 You stare — but, sirs, I’ve got it yet,
 And can produce it.” “ Pray, sir, do ;
 I’ll lay my life the thing is blue.”
 “ And I’ll engage that when you’ve seen
 The reptile, you’ll pronounce him green.”

15

20

“ Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,”
 Replies the man, “ I’ll turn him out ;
 And when before your eyes I’ve set him,
 If you don’t find him black, I’ll eat him.”
 He said: then full before their sight
 Produced the beast, and lo — ’twas white !

25

Both stared; the man looked wondrous wise! —
“My children,” the chameleon cries
(Then first the creature found a tongue),
“You all are right, and all are wrong.
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you;
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own.”

- 5 1. You should read with this poem Saxe's “The Blind Men and the Elephant.” Is it like any other selection you have read?
2. Does the chameleon actually change color? Wherein does the humor of the poem lie?

THE PICKWICK CLUB ON ICE

BY CHARLES DICKENS

“NOW,” said Wardle, after a substantial lunch had been done ample justice to, “what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time.”

“Capital,” said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

5 “Prime,” ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

“You skate, of course, Winkle?” said Wardle.

“Ye — yes; oh, yes!” replied Mr. Winkle. “I — I am rather out of practice.”

“Oh, do skate, Mr. Winkle,” said Arabella. “I like to see it so much.”

“Oh, it is so graceful,” said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was “elegant,” and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was “swanlike.”

“I should be very happy, I'm sure,” said Mr. Winkle, reddening; “but I have no skates.”

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pair, and the fat boy announced that there were half a dozen more in the house; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, forced a gimlet into the soles of his feet, put his skates on with the points behind, and got the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a ⁵ Hindu. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam in an encouraging tone; "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop," said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently and clutching hold of Sam's arm with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam."

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir."

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These — these — are very awkward skates, ain't they, ²⁵ Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afraid there's an awkward gentleman in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come, the ladies ³⁰ are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes!" replied Mr. Winkle with a ghastly smile.

"Just a goin' to begin," said Sam, endeavoring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off."

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that.
10 I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas box, Sam; I'll give it to you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're very good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam, will you?" said Mr. Winkle.
15 "There — that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller in a very singular and unswanlike manner when Mr. Pickwick most
20 innocently shouted from the opposite bank,

"Sam!"

"Sir?" said Mr. Weller.

"Here. I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor
25 a callin'? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Pickwickian; and in so doing administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or
30 practice could have insured, that gentleman bore swiftly down into the center of a group at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled

beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a wild crash they fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders, and beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him and uttered in a low but distinct and emphatic tone these remarkable words:

"You're a humbug, sir."

"A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer if you wish it. An impostor, sir."

With these words, Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel and rejoined his friends.

While Mr. Pickwick was delivering himself of the sentiment just recorded, Mr. Weller and the fat boy, having by their joint endeavors cut out a slide, were exercising themselves thereupon in a very masterly and brilliant manner. Sam Weller, in particular, was displaying that beautiful

feat of fancy sliding which is currently denominated “knocking at the cobbler’s door,” and which is achieved by skimming over the ice on one foot and occasionally giving a two-penny postman’s knock upon it with the other. It was a good long slide, and there was something in the motion which Mr. Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

“It looks a nice warm exercise, that, doesn’t it?” he inquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly ¹⁰ out of breath by reason of the indefatigable manner in which he had converted his legs into a pair of compasses and drawn complicated problems on the ice.

“Ah, it does, indeed,” replied Wardle. “Do you slide?”

“I used to do so, on the gutters, when I was a boy,” ¹⁵ replied Mr. Pickwick.

“Try it now,” said Wardle.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat, took two or three short runs, balked himself as often, and at last took another run and ²⁰ went slowly and gravely down the slide with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

It was the most intensely interesting thing to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share ²⁵ in the ceremony; to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind, gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up; to see him gradually expend the painful force which he had put on at first and turn slowly round on the slide, with his face ³⁰ towards the point from which he had started; to contemplate the playful smile which mantled on his face when he had accomplished the distance and the eagerness with which he

turned round when he had done so and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles. And when he was knocked down (which happened upon the average every third round),⁵ it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined to behold him gather up his hat, gloves, and handkerchief with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank with an ardor and enthusiasm which nothing could abate.¹⁰

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp, smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush towards the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared, the water bubbled¹⁵ up over it, and Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface; and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance; the males turned pale, and the females fainted; Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness; while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance and at the same time conveying to any persons who might be within hearing the clearest²⁰ possible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming "Fire!" with all his might and main.

It was at this very moment — when old Wardle and Sam Weller were approaching the hole with cautious steps and²⁵ Mr. Benjamin Allen was holding a hurried consultation with Mr. Bob Sawyer on the advisability of bleeding the

company generally, as an improving little bit of professional practice — it was at this very moment that a head, face, and shoulders emerged from beneath the water, and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

5. "Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow?" said Wardle.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face and gasping for breath. "I fell upon my back. I couldn't get on my feet at first."

The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick's coat as was yet 10 visible bore testimony to the accuracy of this statement; and as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy's suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodiges of valor were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing, and cracking, and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at 15 length fairly extricated from his unpleasant position and once more stood on dry land.

— *Pickwick Papers.*

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1. The members of the Pickwick Club herein presented are Mr. Pickwick, a heavy, pompous, dignified gentleman, and three friends, Messrs. Snodgrass, Winkle, and Tupman. Characterize each. Weller is a guide-valet. *Pickwick Papers* records the experiences of the Club during a series of tours.
2. How many episodes are related?
3. Why didn't Winkle admit his inability to skate? What do you consider the funniest part of the Winkle story?
4. What is ludicrous about Pickwick's sliding? When he fell into the water, why was there so little assistance offered at first, and so much later?
5. If you have had a funny experience of your own on ice, tell it to the class.

DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING MACHINE

BY JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

IF EVER there lived a Yankee lad,
Wise or otherwise, good or bad,
Who, seeing the birds fly, didn't jump
With flapping arms from stake or stump,
Or spreading the tail
Of his coat for a sail,
Take a soaring leap from post or rail,
And wonder why
He couldn't fly,
And flap and flutter and wish and try —
If ever you knew a country dunce
Who didn't try that as often as once —
All I can say is, that's a sign
He never would do for a hero of mine.

An aspiring genius was D. Green:
The son of a farmer — age fourteen;
His body was long and lank and lean —
Just right for flying, as will be seen;
He had two eyes as bright as a bean,
And a freckled nose that grew between,
A little awry; — for I must mention
That he had riveted his attention
Upon his wonderful invention,
Twisting his tongue as he twisted the strings,
And working his face as he worked the wings,
And with every turn of gimlet and screw

Turning and screwing his mouth round too,
 Till his nose seemed bent
 To catch the scent,
 Around some corner, of new-baked pies,
 And his wrinkled cheeks and squinting eyes
 Grew puckered into a queer grimace,
 That made him look very droll in the face,
 And also very wise.

And wise he must have been, to do more
 10 Than ever a genius did before,
 Excepting **Dædalus** of yore,
 And his son Icarus, who wore
 Upon their backs
 Those wings of wax
 15 He had read of in the old almanacs.
 Darius was clearly of the opinion,
 That the air was also man's dominion,
 And that, with paddle or fin or pinion,
 We soon or late
 20 Shall navigate
 The azure as now we sail the sea.
 The thing looks simple enough to me;
 And if you doubt it,
 Hear how Darius reasoned about it :

25 "The birds can fly,
 An' why can't I?
 Must we give in,"
 Says he with a grin,
 "That the bluebird an' phoebe
 30 Are smarter 'n we be?"

Jest fold our hands an' see the swaller
 An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler?
 Does the leetle chatterin', sassy wren,
 No bigger'n my thumb, know more than men?

Jest show me that

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Er prove 't the bat

Hez got more brains than's in my hat,
 An' I'll back down, an' not till then!"

He argued further: "Ner I can't see
 What's th' use o' wings to a bumblebee
 Fer to git a livin' with, more'n to me;

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Ain't my business

Importanter'n his'n is?

That Icarus

Made a perty muss —

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Him an' his daddy Dædalus.

They might 'a' knowed wings made o' wax
 Wouldn't stan' sun heat an' hard whacks:

I'll make mine o' luther,

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Er suthin' er other."

And he said to himself, as he tinkered and planned:
 "But I ain't goin' to show my hand
 To nummies that never can understand
 The fust idee that's big an' grand."
 So he kept his secret from all the rest,
 Safely buttoned within his vest;
 And in the loft above the shed
 Himself he locks, with thimble and thread
 And wax and hammer and buckles and screws,
 And all such things as geniuses use:

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Two bats for patterns, curious fellows !
 A charcoal pot and a pair of bellows ;
 An old hoop skirt or two, as well as
 Some wire and several old umbrellas ;
 5 A carriage cover for tail and wings ;
 A piece of harness ; and straps and strings ;
 And a big, strong box,
 In which he locks
 These and a hundred other things.

- 10 His grinning brothers, Reuben and Burke
 And Nathan and Jotham and Solomon, lurk
 Around the corner to see him work —
 Sitting cross-legged, like a Turk,
 Drawing the waxed end through with a jerk,
- 15 And boring the holes with a comical quirk
 Of his wise old head, and a knowing smirk.
 But vainly they mounted each other's backs,
 And poked through knot holes and pried through cracks ;
 With wood from the pile and straw from the stacks
- 20 He plugged the knot holes and calked the cracks ;
 And a bucket of water, which one would think
 He had brought up into the loft to drink
 When he chanced to be dry,
 Stood always nigh,
- 25 For Darius was sly !
 And whenever at work he happened to spy
 At chink or crevice a blinking eye,
 He let a dipper of water fly.

So day after day
 30 He stitched and tinkered and hammered away,

Till at last 'twas done,—
 The greatest invention under the sun !
 "An' now," says Darius, "hooray fer some fun!"

'Twas the Fourth of July,
 And the weather was dry,
 And not a cloud was on all the sky,
 Save a few light fleeces, which here and there,
 Half mist, half air,
 Like foam on the ocean went floating by,—
 Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen
 For a nice little trip in a flying machine.

Thought cunning Darius : "Now I shan't go
 Along 'ith the fellers to see the show :
 I'll say I've got sich a terrible cough !
 An' then, when the folks 'ave all gone off,
 I'll have full swing
 Fer to try the thing,
 An' practice a little on the wing."

"Ain't goin' to see the celebration?"
 Says brother Nate. "No ; botheration !
 I've got sich a cold — a toothache — I —
 My gracious ! — feel's though I should fly!"
 Said Jotham, "'Sho !
 Guess ye better go."
 But Darius said, "No !

Shouldn't wonder 'f you might see me, though,
 'Long 'bout noon, if I get red
 O' this jumpin', thumpin' pain 'n my head."
 For all the while to himself he said :

"I tell ye what!
 I'll fly a few times around the lot,
 To see how't seems, then soon's I've got
 The hang o' the thing, ez likely's not,
_s I'll astonish the nation,
 An' all creation,
 By flyin' over the celebration !
 Over their heads I'll sail like an eagle ;
 I'll balance myself on my wings like a sea gull ;
₁₀ I'll dance on the chimbleys ; I'll stand on the steeple ;
 I'll flop up to winders an' scare the people !
 I'll light on the liberty pole an' crow ;
 An' I'll say to the gawpin' fools below,
 'What world's this 'ere
₁₅ That I've come near ?'
 Fer I'll make 'em b'lieve I'm a chap f'm the moon ;
 An' I'll try a race 'ith their ol' balloon !"

He crept from his bed,
 And seeing the others were gone, he said :
₂₀ "I'm a gittin' over the cold 'n my head."
 And away he sped,
 To open the wonderful box in the shed.

His brothers had walked but a little way,
 When Jotham to Nathan chanced to say,
₂₅ "What is the feller up to, hey ?"
 "Don'o', — the' suthin' er other to pay,
 Er he wouldn't 'a' stayed to hum to-day."
 Says Burke, "His toothache's all 'n his eye !
 He never'd miss a Fo'th o' July,
₃₀ Ef he hedn't got some machine to try."

Then Sol, the little one, spoke: "By darn!
Le's hurry back an' hide 'n the barn,
An' pay him fer tellin' us that yarn!"

"Agreed!" Through the orchard they creep back,
Along by the fences, behind the stack,
And one by one, through a hole in the wall,
In under the dusty barn they crawl,
Dressed in their Sunday garments all.
And a very astonishing sight was that,
When each in his cobwebbed coat and hat
Came up through the floor like an ancient rat.

And there they hid;
And Reuben slid
The fastenings back, and the door undid.
"Keep dark!" said he,
"While I squint an' see what the' is to see."

As knights of old put on their mail,—
From head to foot
An iron suit,
Iron jacket and iron boot,
Iron breeches, and on the head
No hat, but an iron pot instead,
And under the chin the bail
(I believe they called the thing a helm);
And, thus accoutered, they took the field,
Sallying forth to overwhelm
The dragons and pagans that plagued the realm,—
So this modern knight
Prepared for flight,

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Put on his wings and strapped them tight, —
 Jointed and jaunty, strong and light, —
 Buckled them fast to shoulder and hip, —
 Ten feet they measured from tip to tip !
 And a helm had he, but that he wore,
 Not on his head, like those of yore,
 But more like the helm of a ship.

“Hush !” Reuben said,
 “He’s up in the shed !
 He’s opened the winder, — I see his head !
 He stretches it out,
 An’ pokes it about,
 Lookin’ to see ’f the coast is clear,
 An’ nobody near ; —
 Guess he don’o’ who’s hid in here !
 He’s riggin’ a springboard over the sill !
 Stop laffin’, Solomon ! Burke, keep still !
 He’s climbin’ out now. Of all the things !
 What’s he got on ? I van, it’s wings !
 An’ that t’other thing ? I vum, it’s a tail !
 An’ there he sets like a hawk on a rail !
 Steppin’ careful, he travels the length
 Of his springboard, and teeters to try its strength.

“Now he stretches his wings like a monstrous bat ;
 Peeks over his shoulder, this way an’ that,
 Fer to see ’f the’ s anyone passin’ by ;
 But the’ s on’y a ca’f an’ a goslin’ nigh.
 They turn up at him a wonderin’ eye,
 To see — the dragon ! he’s goin’ to fly !

Away he goes! Jiminy! what a jump!
 Flop — flop — an' plump
 To the ground with a thump,
 Flutt'rin' an' flound'rin', all 'n a lump!"

As a demon is hurled by an angel's spear, 5
 Heels over head, to his proper sphere,
 Heels over head, and head over heels,
 Dizzily down the abyss he wheels, —
 So fell Darius. Upon his crown,
 In the midst of the barnyard, he came down, 10
 In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,
 Broken braces and broken springs,
 Broken tail and broken wings,
 Shooting stars and various things,
 Barnyard litter of straw and chaff. 15
 Away with a bellow fled the calf,
 And what was that? Did the gosling laugh?

'Tis a merry roar
 From the old barn door,
 And he hears the voice of Jotham crying, 20
 "Say, D'rius! how do you like flyin'?"

Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,
 Darius just turned and looked that way,
 As he stanch'd his sorrowful nose with his cuff.
 "Wall, I like flyin' well enough," 25
 He said, "but the' ain't sich a awful sight
 O' fun in't when ye come to light."

Moral

I just have room for the moral here:
And this is the moral, — Stick to your sphere.
Or, if you insist, as you have the right,
On spreading your wings for a loftier flight,
The moral is, — Take care how you light.

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1. Tell the story of Icarus and Dædalus. Compare Darius's flying machine with a modern airplane. When and by whom was the airplane perfected as a practical flyer?
2. How much of the story is told from Darius's standpoint? Through whose eyes do we see the rest?
3. Describe Darius. Is he really a clever lad? Why do we laugh at his experiment?
4. The poem is written partially in dialect. Explain what "dialect" is. What other poems do you know that are in dialect?
5. J. T. Trowbridge (1827-1916) was a clever American writer of verse and fiction, chiefly boys' books. Can you find anything of interest about him?

AUNT DOLEFUL'S VISIT

HOW do you do, Cornelius? I heard you were sick, and I stepped in to cheer you up a little. My friends often say, "It's such a comfort to see you, Aunt Doleful. You have such a flow of conversation, and are *so* lively." Besides, I said to myself as I came up the stairs, "Perhaps it's the last time I'll ever see Cornelius Jane alive."

You don't mean to die yet, eh? Well, now, how do you know? You can't tell. You think you are getting better; but there was poor Mrs. Jones sitting up, and everyone saying how smart she was, and all of a sudden she was taken with spasms in the heart and went off like a flash.

But you must be careful and not get anxious or excited. Keep quite calm and don't fret about anything. Of course things can't go just as if you were downstairs; and I wondered whether you knew your little Billy was sailing about in a tub on the mill pond, and that your little Sammy^s was letting your little Jimmy down from the veranda roof in a clothes basket.

Goodness! what's the matter? I guess Providence'll take care of them. Don't look so. You thought Bridget was watching them? Well, no, she isn't. I saw her talking to a man at the gate. He looked to me like a burglar. No doubt she let him take the impression of the door key in wax, and then he'll get in and murder you all. There was a family at Murray Hill all killed last week.

How is Mr. Kobble? Well, but finds it warm in town, eh? Well, I should think he would. They are dropping down by hundreds there with sunstroke. You must prepare your mind to have him brought home any day. Anyhow, a trip on these railroad trains is just risking your life every time you take one. Back and forth every day as he is, is just trifling with danger.

Scarlet fever has broken out in the village, Cornelia. Little Isaac Potter has it, and I saw your Jimmy playing with him last Saturday.

Well, I must be going now. I've got another sick friend, and I sha'n't consider my duty done unless I cheer her up a little before I sleep. You don't look so well as you did when I came in. But if anything happens, send for me at once. If I can't do anything else, I can cheer you up a little.

1. This is an old, favorite recitation. What do you think of this type of humor as compared with Mark Twain's?

GRADGRIND'S IDEA OF EDUCATION

BY CHARLES DICKENS

Thomas Gradgrind was proud of himself. He was a "self-made" man who attributed his own successes in life to his mastery of Facts. He is here represented as officially testing a school upon its knowledge of his favorite Facts.

"**N**OW what I want is Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts; nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children. Stick to Facts, sir; nothing but Facts."

The speaker, and the schoolmaster, and the third grown person present, all backed a little and swept with their eyes the inclined plane of little vessels then and there arranged in order, ready to have gallons of facts poured into them until they were full to the brim.

Thomas Gradgrind, sir. A man of realities. A man of facts and calculations. A man who proceeds upon the principle that two and two are four and nothing over, and who is not to be talked into allowing for anything over. Thomas Gradgrind, sir, with a rule and a pair of scales and the multiplication table always in his pocket, sir, ready to weigh and measure any parcel of human nature and tell you exactly what it comes to.

It is a mere question of figures, a case of simple arithmetic. You might hope to get some other nonsensical belief into the head of George Gradgrind, or Augustus

Gradgrind, or John Gradgrind, or Joseph Gradgrind; but into the head of Thomas Gradgrind — no, sir!

Indeed, he seemed to be a kind of cannon loaded to the muzzle with facts.

"Girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind, squarely pointing with his square forefinger. "I don't know that girl. Who is that girl?"

"Sissy Jupe, sir," explained number twenty, blushing, standing up, and curtsying.

"Sissy is not a name," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Don't call yourself Sissy. Call yourself Cecilia."

"Father calls me Sissy, sir," returned the young girl in a trembling voice and with another curtsy.

"Then he has no business to do it," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Tell him he mustn't. Cecilia Jupe. Let me see. What is your father?"

"He belongs to the horse riding, if you please, sir."

Mr. Gradgrind frowned, and waved off the objectionable calling with his hand.

"We don't want to know anything about that, here. You mustn't tell us about that, here. Your father breaks horses, don't he?"

"If you please, sir, when they can get any to break, they do break horses in the ring, sir."

"You mustn't tell us about the ring, here. Very well, then. Describe your father as a horse breaker. He doctors sick horses, I dare say."

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"Very well, then. He is a veterinary surgeon, a farrier, and a horse breaker. Give me your definition of a horse."

Sissy Jupe was thrown into the greatest alarm by this demand.

"Girl number twenty unable to define a horse!" said Mr. Gradgrind. "Girl number twenty possessed of no facts in reference to one of the commonest of animals! Some boy's definition of a horse. Bitzer, yours."

5 The square finger, moving here and there, lighted suddenly on Bitzer, perhaps because he chanced to sit in the same ray of sunlight which irradiated Sissy.

"Bitzer," said Thomas Gradgrind, "your definition of a horse."

10 "Quadruped. Graminivorous. Forty teeth: namely, twenty-four grinders, four eyeteeth, and twelve incisors. Sheds coat in the spring; in marshy countries, sheds hoofs too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in the mouth."

15 "Now, girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind, "you know what a horse is."

She curtsied again and would have blushed deeper, if she could have blushed deeper than she had blushed all this time.

20 The third gentleman now stepped forth. A mighty man at cutting and drying, was he; a government officer; always in training, always with a system to force down the general throat, always to be heard of at the bar of his little public office.

25 "Very well," said this gentleman briskly, smiling and folding his arms. "That's a horse. Now, let me ask you, girls and boys, would you paper a room with representations of horses?"

After a pause, one half the children cried in a chorus,
30 "Yes, sir!" Upon which the other half, seeing in the gentleman's face that "yes" was wrong, cried out in a chorus, "No, sir!" — as the custom is in these examinations.

"Of course not. Why wouldn't you?"

A pause. One corpulent slow boy, with a wheezy manner of breathing, ventured to answer, "Because I wouldn't paper a room at all; I'd paint it."

"You *must* paper it," said the gentleman rather warmly.⁵

"Yes, you must paper it," said Thomas Gradgrind, "whether you like it or not. Don't tell *us* you wouldn't paper it. What do you mean, boy?"

"I'll explain to you, then," said the gentleman, after a dismal pause, "why you wouldn't paper a room with representations of horses. Do you ever see horses walking up and down the sides of a room in reality — in fact? Do you?"

"Yes, sir!" from one half. "No, sir!" from the other.

"Of course not," said the gentleman, with an indignant¹⁵ look at the wrong half. "Why, then, you are not to see anywhere what you don't see in fact; you are not to have anywhere what you don't have in fact. What is called taste is only another name for fact. This is a new principle, a discovery, a great discovery," said the gentleman. "Now²⁰ I'll try you again. Suppose you were going to carpet a room, would you use a carpet having a representation of flowers upon it?"

There being a general conviction by this time that "No, sir!" was always the right answer to this gentleman, the²⁵ chorus of "No," was very strong. Only a few feeble stragglers said, "Yes"; among them Sissy Jupe.

"Girl number twenty," said the gentleman, smiling in the calm strength of knowledge.

Sissy blushed and stood up.

"So you would carpet your room with representations of flowers, would you?" said the gentleman. "Why?"

"If you please, sir, I am very fond of flowers," returned the girl.

"And is that why you would put tables and chairs upon them and have people walking over them with heavy boots?"

"It wouldn't hurt them, sir. They wouldn't crush and wither, if you please, sir. They would be the pictures of what was very pretty and pleasant, and I fancy —"

"Aye, aye, aye! But you mustn't fancy," cried the gentleman, quite elated by coming so happily to his point.
"That's it! You are never to fancy."

"You are not, Cecilia Jupe," Thomas Gradgrind solemnly repeated, "to do anything of that kind."

"You are to be in all things regulated and governed," said the gentleman, "by Fact. You must discard the word 'fancy' altogether. You have nothing to do with it. You don't walk upon flowers in fact; you cannot be allowed to walk upon flowers in carpets. You never meet with quadrupeds going up and down the walls; you must not have quadrupeds represented upon the walls. You must use," said the gentleman, "for all these purposes, combinations and modifications (in primary colors) of mathematical figures which are susceptible of proof and demonstration. This is the new discovery. This is Fact. This is taste."

— *Hard Times.*

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1. Make a list of adjectives that fit the character of Gradgrind.
 2. Does Dickens agree with Gradgrind's ideas of teaching? Prove your answer. Define irony; sarcasm. Does either of these words apply to Dickens's presentation of Gradgrind?
 3. What do you think of Gradgrind's theories? How far do you agree with him? In what do you disagree?

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE, OR THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY"

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894) was born at Cambridge, Mass. Although he practiced his profession of medicine, was Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at the Harvard Medical School, and wrote some scientific works, he is best known as the author of poems and essays, mostly humorous, light, and fanciful. He was very popular in his time as a witty conversationalist and a brilliant speech maker.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way?
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay—
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits —
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive —
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
Arid Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

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Now in building of chaises I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot —
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel or crossbar or floor or sill,
5 In screw, bolt, thorough-brace, — lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will —
Above or below or within or without —
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

10 But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum" or an "I tell *yeou*")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn't* break daown.

15 "Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

20 So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke —
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
25 The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of whitewood, that cuts like cheese
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs, of logs from the "Settler's ellum" —
Last of its timber — they couldn't sell 'em —

Never an ax had seen their chips,
 And the wedges flew from between their lips,
 Their blunt ends frizzled like celery tips ;
 Step and prop iron, bolt and screw,
 Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
 Steel of the finest, bright and blue ;
 Thorough-brace, bison skin, thick and wide ;
 Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
 Found in the pit when the tanner died.
 That was the way he "put her through."
 "There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
 She was a wonder, and nothing less!
 Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
 Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
 Children and grandchildren — where were they?
 But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay,
 As fresh as on Lisbon-Earthquake day!

Eighteen hundred — it came and found
 The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
 Eighteen hundred increased by ten —
 "Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
 Eighteen hundred and twenty came —
 Running as usual; much the same.
 Thirty and Forty at last arrive,
 And then come Fifty — and *Fifty-five.*

Little of all we value here
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
 Without both feeling and looking queer.

In fact there's nothing that keeps its youth,
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
 (This is a moral that runs at large;
 Take it. — You're welcome. — No extra charge.)

5 *First of November* — the Earthquake day —
 There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
 A general flavor of mild decay,
 But nothing local, as one may say.
 There couldn't be — for the Deacon's art
 10 Had made it so like in every part
 That there wasn't a chance for one to start.

For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
 And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
 And the panels just as strong as the floor,
 15 And the whippletree neither less nor more,
 And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
 And spring, and axle, and hub *encore*.
 And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
 In another hour it will be *worn out*!

20 First of November, Fifty-five !
 This morning the parson takes a drive.
 Now, small boys, get out of the way !
 Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
 Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
 25 “Huddup !” said the parson. — Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's-text —
 Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
 At what the — Moses — was coming next.

All at once the horse stood still,
 Close by the meet'n'house on the hill.
 First a shiver, and then a thrill,
 Then something decidedly like a spill —
 And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
 At half past nine by the meet'n'house clock —
 Just the hour of the Earthquake shock !

5

What do you think the parson found
 When he got up and stared around?
 The poor old chaise in a heap, or mound,
 As if it had been to the mill and ground !
 You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
 How it went to pieces all at once —
 All at once, and nothing first —
 Just as bubbles do when they burst.

10

15

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
 Logic is logic. That's all I say.

1. What kind of vehicle did the Deacon build? What was his theory as to building a "shay"?
2. How did he carry out his theory? Read the passages that answer this question. Make a list of the special parts of the chaise named.
3. On what day did the Deacon complete his task? Is Holmes correct as to the dates of Braddock's defeat and the Lisbon earthquake?
4. Explain lines 10-11, page 286; 8, 17, 27, page 289; 17, page 290.
5. What happened finally to the "masterpiece"? Was the Deacon still living? How did the chaise happen to go to pieces? Was the Deacon's theory of building correct?
6. Suggested readings: Holmes's "How the Old Horse Won the Bet"; Lowell's "The Courtin'."

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S RIDE

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

The time of this story is post-Revolutionary. Ichabod Crane, a lean, awkward schoolmaster, has been courting the village belle, Katrina Van Tassel, his rival being Brom Bones, a powerful fellow, noted for his pugnacity. He has frequently threatened Ichabod for aspiring to the charming Katrina. Here, Ichabod, at a late hour, is leaving the Van Tassel home after a "quilting frolic" where he took occasion to propose to Katrina. Judge of the young lady's answer!

ICHABOD, heavy-hearted and crestfallen, pursued his travel homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarrytown. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight he could even hear the barking of the watchdog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his great distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farmhouse away among the hills. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bull-frog from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably and turning suddenly in his bed.

The night grew darker and darker, the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and

dismal. In the center of the road stood an enormous tulip tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood and formed a kind of landmark. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by, and was universally known by the name of Major André's Tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle. He thought his whistle was answered. It was but a blast sweeping through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree. He paused and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan. His teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle. It was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road and ran into a marshy and thickly wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and this has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream his heart began to thump. He summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to

dash briskly across the bridge. But instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side and kicked lustily with the contrary foot. It was all in vain. His steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder bushes.

The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge with a suddenness which had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a splashy tramp on the bank of the stream, by the side of the bridge, caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the murmuring brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathering up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late. Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded, in stammering tones, "*Who are you?*" He received no reply.

He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgeled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road.

Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of

the unknown might now, in some degree, be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road. Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, now quickened his steed in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind. The other did the same. His heart began to sink within him. He endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave.

There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow traveler in relief against the sky, gigantic in height and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless! But his horror was still more increased on observing that the head which should have rested on his shoulders was carried before him on the pommel of his saddle! His terror rose to desperation. He rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping by a sudden movement to give his companion the slip. But the specter started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin, stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the

black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to 10 dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash. He was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his 15 saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate, while near the bridge, on the bank of a broad part of the brook where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it — *a shattered pumpkin!*

— *A Legend of Sleepy Hollow.*

1. You should read the entire "Legend" (see Irving's *Sketch Book*) and enjoy the detailed incidents leading up to this climax. Of course Ichabod leaves Sleepy Hollow, never to return. What evidence is there that Brom Bones was the ghost?
2. A ghost was supposed not to be able to cross running water. What evidence of this do you find in the story?
3. Why was Ichabod "heavy-hearted and crestfallen"? Give two reasons.
4. Pick out the elements of the first two paragraphs that make the situation appear lonely.
5. Who was Major André? Why should Ichabod have especially feared the André tree?
6. What is there in this selection that is humorous?

SIGNING PETITIONS

"**A**NOTHER petition!" exclaimed the banker. "No, I never sign them offhand — not any more. I used to do so — once to my sorrow and to the amusement of my friends. Leave yours with me till day after to-morrow and I'll consider it. I have at least four more now on the waiting list, ranging in subject from the Removal of a Soap Factory to a Bridge Across the Pacific. Every business man is hounded week in and week out with petitions."

I reluctantly surrendered my long scroll with its formidable list of signatures. "But *the* one that you once signed — what of that?"

"Oh, that one? Well, there was a bright newsboy down on the square whose booth had been removed from a street corner because of a petition to the Police Commissioner. Of course everybody had signed the petition; for signing petitions was considered the proper thing if certain names headed the list. It came to be a roster of the best families in town. This newsboy retaliated — in kind. He drafted and circulated a petition that was in due form. Everybody, including myself, signed it. Next day it was published in full with the names of its signers, by all our city papers, and by night everybody in the state was laughing at us.

"The petition recited that a sundial in Central Park, the gift of a wealthy citizen, was weathering badly. It should be protected. That sounded reasonable, so everybody signed just below the name of everybody else. And what had we petitioned for? *A roof to cover that sundial!*

"You'll get no hasty signatures to a petition in this city — we remember the sundial!"

IN TIME OF WAR

*Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking. . . .*

*Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.*

— SIR WALTER SCOTT.



A MODERN BATTLE SCENE

GREAT LITTLE RIVERS

BY FRAZIER HUNT

The armies of the world were contending on the battlefields of France in a death struggle, known in history as the World War. It was a mighty clash of ideas and ideals. Frazier Hunt, a war correspondent and journalist, selected the Little Rivers of France as a subject to carry his theme: that little things sometimes set apart great differences; and that littleness and greatness are not matters of physical size.

FOR miles along the hard white road that had helped save France a tiny river ran. But it was such a quiet race with life and time. It had no steep banks; only gentle, green, silent slopes that fell gracefully back from its edges. Here and there fragrant woods wandered almost to its drowsy waters.

A cuckoo sounded its call, and far off its mate sent back the echo. On sun-splashed mornings the thrush came, and in the moonlight the nightingale sang to this little stream.

It was a tiny river, and if in great America, only the countryside that knew its winding ways could have told its name. It was a brook for poets to dream by. Little islands of willows, weeping for France, slept in its heart. One could almost whisper across it, and as a French school-girl of fourteen wrote, "Birds could fly over it with one sweep of their wings. And on the two banks there were millions of men, the one turned towards the other, eye to eye. But the distance which separated them was greater

than the stars in the sky ; it was the distance which separates right from injustice."

It was a tiny river ; it was the Yser.

Oxen drawing the cultivating plows that will help feed France and win the war almost splash into its shallow edges , as they turn the furrow. And on hot July days, the old man who prods them with his pointed stick and the sturdy woman who handles the plow let them drink their fill of its cooling waters — not plunging their noses deep like thirsty horses but gently drawing in the water with the lips, , after the manner of oxen.

It is a quiet stream that a child could ford without danger. It flows slowly and sweetly from the mother hills to the embracing sea. A few arched bridges leap from one low bank to another. It has not cut deep into the land of , France but it has cut deep into the heart of France. It is one of the ribbons of victory and glory that France will always wear across her breast. And it is a ribbon made red by the blood of the men of France who have died for France.

And yet we of America would call it a little stream, and old men would fish all day in it from a shaded velvet point, and boys swimming would hunt some favorite Devil's Hole where they might dive.

It is the Marne.

For four years now it has flowed peacefully on while , men have fought to scar its banks with trenches — burrowing themselves into the earth as only the muskrat had done in the forgotten days of peace. Strong, unafraid men came from the ends of the world to die by its side. And it would have gladly sung them a sweet, low lullaby, crooning a song ,

with which mothers on the shores of all the seven seas had once rocked them to sleep — only now the sound of heavy firing, dull booms of the cannon, and the spit and nervous drum of the machine gun, made its song as futile and indistinguishable as the whisper of a child in the roar of a mob.

What a story its sweet waters had to tell to all the rivers of the world when they met in the broad sea: a tale of strange men who fought and died that it might still be a part of France; a tale of deeds of glory and of valor and of sacrifice. And some of these men had come from far-away America to this little river, this stream so tiny and so modest that it might have forever remained unknown and unsung.

It was the Somme.

After all, what does size matter — except the size of the heart and of the soul?

The great Mississippi, the mystic Amazon, the majestic Hudson, the wide Danube — all mighty in power and commerce!

The Yser, the Aisne, the Oise, the Somme, the Marne — little streams of France; old brooks as precious as Thermopylæ or Bunker Hill!

Tiny are they — and so was Bethlehem!

— *Red Cross Magazine.*

1. What three rivers are discussed? For what does each stand?
2. Explain the French schoolgirl's letter. Which party, to her, represented justice?
3. What great general is called the "Hero of the Marne"? Why?
4. Why are Thermopylæ and Bunker Hill "precious"? Name some other "precious" places in the world.
5. What lesson do you get from this selection?

(Used by permission of the *Red Cross Magazine.*)

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

By CHARLES WOLFE

Sir John Moore (1761-1809) was a British general. His last engagement was at the head of the British forces in Spain, fighting against Napoleon. Upon word that Napoleon with an army of 70,000 was marching against him, he decided to make for the coast with his 25,000 men. They were obliged to march for 250 miles over slippery mountain roads, and were forced into battle before they could embark. The French were repulsed with heavy losses, but Moore was fatally wounded. This fine poem describes his burial on that foreign shore.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

5 Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

10 But half of our heavy task was done
When the bell tolled the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

15 Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory !

1. Give synonyms for: corse, ramparts, martial, upbraid, tolled, reck, gory, random.
2. Describe this simple burial in your own words. What are the customary rites at a soldier's burial? Why did Sir John Moore not receive a military funeral?
3. Compare this burial with the one described on page 329.
4. Report briefly on Napoleon: who he was, what he did, and what finally became of him.
5. Memorize the poem. Time yourself to see how quickly you can do this.

LEXINGTON AND CONCORD

BY WILLIAM EMERSON

The Reverend William Emerson, grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson, was pastor of the Congregational Church at Concord. The battle of April 19, 1775, was fought near his residence. He was called the "patriot preacher" and died while serving in the Revolutionary army.

THIS morning between one and two o'clock we were alarmed by the ringing of the church bell, and upon examination found that the troops, to the number of eight hundred, had stolen their march from Boston in boats and barges from the bottom of the Common over to a point, in Cambridge near to Inman's farm, and were at Lexington meetinghouse half an hour before sunrise, where they had fired upon a body of our men, and as we afterward heard, had killed several. This intelligence was brought to us at first by Dr. Samuel Prescott, who narrowly escaped the guard that were sent before on horses purposely to prevent all posts and messengers from giving us timely information. He, by the help of a very fleet horse, crossing several walls and fences, arrived at Concord at the time above mentioned, when several posts were immediately dispatched, ¹⁵ that, returning, confirmed the presence of the regular army at Lexington, and that they were on their way to Concord. Upon this a number of our minutemen belonging to this town and Acton and Lincoln, with several others that were in readiness, marched out to meet them. ²⁰

While the alarm company were preparing to meet them

in the town, Captain Minot, who commanded them, thought it proper to take possession of the hill above the meetinghouse as the most advantageous situation. No sooner had we gained it than we were met by the company that were sent out to meet the troops, who informed us they were just upon us and that we must retreat, as their number was more than thribble to ours. We then retreated from the hill near Liberty Pole and took a new post back of the town upon a rising eminence, where we formed into two battalions and waited the arrival of the enemy. Scarcely had we formed before we saw the British troops at the distance of a quarter of a mile, glittering in arms, advancing toward us with the greatest celerity.

Some were for making a stand notwithstanding the superiority of their numbers, but others more prudent thought best to retreat till our strength should be equal to the enemy by recruits from neighboring towns who were continually coming in to our assistance. Accordingly we retreated over the bridge; when the troops came into the town, set fire to several carriages for the artillery, destroyed sixty barrels of flour, rifled several houses, took possession of the Town House, destroyed five hundred pounds of ball, set a guard of a hundred men at the North Bridge, and sent up a party to the house of Colonel Barrett, where they were in expectation of finding a quantity of warlike stores; but these were happily secured just before their arrival by transfer into the woods and other by-places. In the meantime, the guard set by the enemy to secure the pass at the North Bridge were alarmed by the approach of our people, who had retreated, as mentioned before, and were now advancing with special orders not to fire upon the troops unless fired upon.

These orders were so punctually observed that we received the fire of the enemy in three several and separate discharges of their pieces before it was returned by our commanding officer. The firing then soon became general for several minutes, in which skirmish two were killed on each side and several of the enemy wounded. It may here be observed, by the way, that we were the more careful to prevent beginning a rupture with the King's troops as we were then uncertain what had happened at Lexington and knew not that they had begun the quarrel there by first firing upon our party and killing eight men upon the spot. The British troops soon quitted their post at the bridge and retreated in great disorder and confusion to the main body, who were soon upon the march to meet them. For half an hour the enemy, by their marches and counter-marches, discovered great fickleness and inconstancy of mind, sometimes advancing, sometimes returning to their former posts, till at length they quitted the town and retreated by the way they came. In the meantime a party of our men (one hundred and fifty) took the back way through the great fields into the East Quarter and had placed themselves to advantage, lying in ambush behind walls, fences, and buildings, ready to fire upon the enemy on their retreat.

— *Journal.*

1. This entry in Mr. Emerson's journal was made on the day of the Lexington-Concord battle. Give the date of it.
2. What poem did the Reverend Mr. Emerson's grandson write about the battle of Concord? Bring it to class and read it.
3. What famous ride is connected with this battle?
4. Describe the fight. Was Mr. Emerson actually engaged in the battle? Give proof of your answer.

HERVÉ RIEL

BY ROBERT BROWNING

Robert Browning (1812-1889) is one of the great poets of England. The following incident of a simple French sailor performing a deed of heroism appealed to Browning's dramatic sense; hence this stirring ballad. The poem was written in 1871, when France was suffering defeat in the Franco-Prussian War. The proceeds from its sale (one hundred pounds) were contributed to French war sufferers.

ON THE sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,

Did the English fight the French, — woe to France !

And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,

Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks
5 pursue,

Came crowding ship on ship to Saint Malo on the Rance,

With the English fleet in view.

"Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full
10 chase ;

First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfre-
ville ;

Close on him fled, great and small,

Twenty-two good ships in all ;

15 And they signaled to the place —

"Help the winners of a race !

Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick — or, quicker
still,

Here's the English can and will !"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board.

"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?"
laughed they.

"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred,
and scored,

Shall the *Formidable* here, with her twelve and eighty guns,
Think to make the river mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?

Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.

Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight.

Brief and bitter the debate:

"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them
take in tow

All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?

Better run the ships aground!" —

(Ended Damfreville his speech) —

"Not a minute more to wait!

Let the captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the
beach!

France must undergo her fate.

"Give the word!" But no such word

Was ever spoke or heard;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck, amid all these —

A captain? A lieutenant? A mate — first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete,
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the
5 fleet —
A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.
And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé
Riel.
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or
10 rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings,
tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell,
'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disem-
15 boggues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's
for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
20 Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than
fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's
a way!
25 Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer;
Get this *Formidable* clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
30 Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave —

Keel so much as grate the ground —
 Why, I've nothing but my life — here's my head!" cries
 Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.

"Steer us in, then, small and great !

Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its
 chief.

"Captains, give the sailor place !

He is admiral, in brief."

Still the north wind, by God's grace !

See the noble fellow's face

As the big ship, with a bound,

Clears the entry like a hound,

Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide seas
 profound !

See, safe through shoal and rock,

How they follow in a flock,

Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
 ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief !

The peril, see, is past,

All are harbored to the last,

And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" — sure as fate,

Up the English come — too late !

So the storm subsides to calm ;

They see the green trees wave

On the heights o'erlooking Grève ;

Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.

"Just our rapture to enhance,

Let the English rake the bay,

5

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Gnash their teeth and glare askance
 As they cannonade away !
 'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance !"
 How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance !

5 Out burst all with one accord,
 "This is paradise for hell !
 Let France, let France's king,
 Thank the man that did the thing !"
 What a shout, and all one word,
 10 “Hervé Riel !”
 As he stepped in front once more,
 Not a symptom of surprise
 In the frank blue Breton eyes,
 Just the same man as before.

15 Then said Damfreville, “My friend,
 I must speak out at the end,
 Though I find the speaking hard.
 Praise is deeper than the lips ;
 You have saved the King his ships,
 20 You must name your own reward.
 Faith, our sun was near eclipse !
 Demand whate'er you will,
 France remains your debtor still.
 Ask to heart's content and have ! — or my name's not
 25 Damfreville.”

Then a beam of fun outbreake
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,
 As the honest heart laughed through
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue :

“Since I needs must say my say,
 Since on board the duty’s done —
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a
 run? —
 Since ’tis ask and have, I may — 5
 Since the others go ashore —
 Come! A good whole holiday!
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!”
 That he asked and that he got, — nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost : 10
 Not a pillar nor a post
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell ;
 Not a head in white and black
 On a single fishing smack,
 In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack 15
 All that France saved from the fight whence England bore
 the bell.
 Go to Paris : rank on rank
 Search the heroes flung pell-mell
 On the Louvre, face and flank ! 20
 You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
 So, for better and for worse,
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse !
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
 Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle 25
 Aurore !

1. What about the man Hervé Riel do you admire most? Try to describe his character. Tell how he saved the fleet.

2. Notes: Line 13, page 312, refers to the custom of painting or carving the head of a hero on the bow of a ship.—Lines 16-17, page 312. Formerly a bell was the prize given the victor in a race.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

This is a song of the Crimean War, a war between Russia on one side and Turkey, Great Britain, France, and Sardinia on the other. Guarding Sebastopol (the chief city of the Crimea) were several forts among which were the Redan and the Malakoff, mentioned herein. These, as well as the works of Balaklava, were held by the Russians. It was at Balaklava, you will recall, that the "Charge of the Light Brigade" was made, a charge made famous by Tennyson's poem.

"**G**IVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary 'of bombarding.

5 The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
 Lay grim and threatening under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
 No longer belched its thunder.

10 There was a pause. A guardsman said,
 "We storm the forts to-morrow:
Sing while we may; another day
 Will bring enough of sorrow."

15 They lay along the battery's side,
 Below the smoking cannon —
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde
 And from the banks of Shannon.

IN TIME OF WAR

They sang of love and not of fame ;
 Forgot was Britain's glory ;
 Each heart recalled a different name,
 But all sang *Annie Laurie*.

Voice after voice caught up the song,
5
 Until its tender passion
 Rose like an anthem, rich and strong —
 Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
10
 But as the song grew louder,
 Something upon the soldier's cheek
 Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
 The bloody sunset's embers,
 While the Crimean valleys learned
15
 How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
 Rained on the Russian quarters,
 With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
 And bellowing of the mortars !
20

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
 For a singer dumb and gory ;
 And English Mary mourns for him
 Who sang of *Annie Laurie*.

Sleep, soldiers! Still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest —
The loving are the daring.

1. At what time of day did the singing take place? Why, do you suppose, did the British soldiers sing *Annie Laurie*? Repeat some of the lines of that song.
2. What and where are the Severn, the Clyde, and the Shannon?
3. Who was Florence Nightingale? How was she connected with the Crimean War?

CABIN BOY AND ADMIRAL

Sir Cloutesley Shovel (1650?-1707) was the cabin boy of this story. He went to sea when quite young, and by his ability and courage won constant promotion, finally becoming admiral. In the sea fight between the English and French at La Hogue in 1692 (see Browning's "Hervé Riel," page 307) Shovel's was the first English ship to break through the enemy's line.

IT WAS a gray autumn evening more than two hundred years ago, in the reign of King Charles II. There was the moan of a rising storm over the North Sea, and the lowering sky, the flying streamers of cloud, and the great leaden waves, heaving sullenly far as the eye could reach, warned even the bravest sailor that it was a day to keep safe in port. For what ship could live in such a sea as that?

Yet the English fleet, far from keeping in port, was beating seaward against wind and wave. On the quarter-deck of the flagship stood Admiral Sir John Narborough — the first seaman in England — who thirty-five years before

had been a cabin boy. His daring and dauntless courage had earned for him the name of "Gunpowder Jack," and that dark autumn day was to test how well the bold name fitted him. But he had been tried many a time, and tempest and sea and the fire of the enemy could not make his stout heart quail.

Suddenly his grave face lighted up and his stern gray eyes sparkled with joy. Far away along the eastern sky he saw a bristling line of tall masts with a flag which he knew well floating over them. The shadow of a smile of scorn changed for a moment the expression of the admiral's face. For a moment only. There was no time for smiles. There was mighty work to be done. The floating flag told that the Dutch were coming; and that day must see the enemy of England swept from the sea or England herself, forget her ancient glory.

Next to an old friend the British sailor loves an old enemy; and as soon as the men saw the flag of Holland they were eager for battle. On came the enemy in grim silence until their nearest vessels were within musket range of the English. Then, all at once, bang! went the whole broadside from the admiral's vessel, and with a crash that seemed to echo to the sky the deadly struggle began.

The English blood was soon up and the only thought was to fight to the last. Amid the blinding smoke, the reek of gunpowder, the thunder of cannon, and the grinding tear of the shot through the strong timbers, the sailors did noble duty that day in the dogged faith that they would "give as good as they got, anyhow!"

Aided by a sudden change of the wind, the Dutch vessels closed around the flagship with a perfect circle of fire.

Two guns were disabled, the main and mizzen masts had been shot away, and a long line of wounded and dying men were lying among the shattered rigging. The thunder from the guns on the right showed that there the English were getting the best of it; but even if help should come to the admiral from that quarter, it might come too late.

But how should help be summoned? No signal could be seen in that smoke, and as for lowering a boat, the great waves that rushed roaring up the battered sides of the flag-
ship were a sufficient warning against that.

"Lads," cried Sir John, going forward with a scrap of paper in his hand, "this order must go at once to Captain Hardy, and the only way is for one of you to swim with it. Fifty guineas to anyone that will volunteer!"

Such a request, in the face of that boiling sea and that hailstorm of shot, was little better than a sentence of death; yet before the words were well out of his mouth, half the crew stepped forward. Before any of them could speak, however, a shrill, childish voice made itself heard:
"Let me go, your honor!"

And there stood a ragged little cabin boy, bareheaded and barefooted, touching his forelock to Sir John, just as Sir John had touched his to the admiral, five and thirty years ago. The boy had evidently been in the thick of the
fight. His hands were grimed with powder and there were splashes of blood upon his tattered clothing. But through his bright, fearless blue eyes there shone a spirit worth that of ten ordinary men.

"You, my boy? Why, you can never swim so far in
this sea, and with all that shot flying about."

"Can't I?" echoed the boy indignantly. "I've done more than that before now; and, as for the shot, I don't

care *that* for it. I'm not going to sit still while everybody else is fighting the Dutch. Flog me at the gangway to-morrow, if you like, your honor, but let me do this job to-day."

The old warrior's stern eyes glistened as if tears were forcing their way. He grasped the thin little hand in his own.

"You're a chip of the old block," he growled, "and no mistake! Off with you, then; and may God keep you safe!"

The words were hardly spoken when the boy, thrusting the dispatch into his mouth, plunged headlong into the roaring sea. And then for fifteen fierce minutes all was one scene of fire and tumult and slaughter.

Many a time in that terrible quarter of an hour did the weary men strain their bloodshot eyes, and strain them in vain, to catch a glimpse of English colors breaking through the smoke. "If help is to come at all, it must come soon," said more than one worn-out sailor.

Suddenly the admiral's grim face brightened with a light never seen there before, and he drew a long, deep breath like one shaking off a heavy burden. At the same moment there broke out a fresh thunder of guns on the right, and through the smoke burst the flag of England, sweeping all before it like mists scattered by the rising sun.

The battle was won, and the few Dutch vessels that had escaped were disappearing in the dimness of night when the admiral and his remaining officers gathered on the quarter-deck to do honor to the little hero. He stood in their presence with a boyish smile upon his face; but when Sir John held out a well-filled purse, the boy turned his head proudly away.

"Your honor, I did not do this job for money," said he firmly. "I did it for the sake of the flag and because you have been good to me. If you say you are satisfied, that is all I want."

5 The listening crew, forgetting all restraint, broke into a deafening cheer; and the admiral's iron face softened strangely as he laid his blackened hand on the bare white shoulder: "God bless you, my brave lad! I shall live to see you on a quarter-deck of your own yet."

10 Thirty years later, when Queen Anne's greatest admiral, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, sailed up the Thames in triumph, the first to greet him as he stepped ashore was an old white-haired man who still retained traces of the fire and energy that had once distinguished "Gunpowder Jack."

15 "Welcome home, my lad!" said he, heartily. "I said I'd live to see you on a quarter-deck of your own; and, thank God, I *have* lived to see you there!"

1. What other sea fights have you read about? Make a list of sea books and sea battles with which you are acquainted.

2. What is the high point of interest in this story? What happened? How is the story related to Browning's "Hervé Riel"?

3. In modern warfare, how do the ships communicate with each other? Contrast briefly naval warfare in Queen Anne's time (the early seventeen hundreds) with naval warfare of to-day as to: (a) propulsion of ships; (b) armor; (c) guns; (d) range of fighting.

4. What modern machines operate now in water fighting? Describe one of these.

LITTLE GIFFEN

By FRANCIS O. TICKNOR

This poem is based on an actual occurrence. A lad, nursed back to life, rejoins the hard-pressed Southern troops and is killed in the first battle. Ticknor (1822-1874) was a Georgian. By profession a physician, his love of poetry led to the production of some of the finest lyrics of the South. Among these the best known are "Little Giffen" and "The Virginians of the Valley."

OUT of the focal and foremost fire—
Out of the hospital walls as dire—
Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene—
Eighteenth battle and he sixteen—
Specter such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen of Tennessee.

5

"Take him and welcome," the surgeon said ;
"Little the doctor can help the dead!"
So we took him and brought him where
The balm was sweet in our summer air ;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed —
Utter Lazarus, heel to head !

10

And we watched the war with bated breath —
Skeleton boy against skeleton death!
Months of torture, how many such !
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch ;
And still a glint in the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die,

15

And didn't! Nay, more! in death's despite
 The crippled skeleton learned to write.
 "Dear Mother," at first, of course; and then,
 "Dear Captain," inquiring about the men.
 5 Captain's answer: "Of eighty and five,
 Giffen and I are left alive."

Word of gloom from the war, one day:
 "Johnston's pressed at the front, they say!"
 Little Giffen was up and away;
 10 A tear — his first — as he bade good-by,
 Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
 "I'll write, if spared." There was news of fight,
 But none of Giffen. — He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that were I king
 15 Of the courtly knights of Arthur's Ring,
 With the voice of the minstrel in mine ear
 And the tender legend that trembles here,
 I'd give the best on his bended knee—
 The whitest soul of my chivalry—
 20 For Little Giffen of Tennessee.

1. In what war did the incidents described occur? When and between whom did this war take place? Name some of its great battles; its great commanders.
2. On which side was Little Giffen? Prove your answer from the poem. Who was Johnston, line 8, page 321? How old was Giffen? How much service had he seen?
3. Explain the meaning of: Utter Lazarus (see Luke xvi: 20); specter; gangrene; line 14, page 320; line 15, page 321.
4. Name some other writers of the South.

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MARCO BOZZARIS

By FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

Marco Bozzaris (1790-1823) was born among the mountains of Suli, in Epirus, a province of Greece. He had early military training in the French service; but at the age of thirty he undertook to battle against the Turks, who were holding the Greeks in heavy subjection. At the head of his countrymen, the Suliotes, he won many battles; but finally, through treachery, he and his forces were besieged. To relieve the siege, Bozzaris led his troops against the enemy in a night attack and won a complete victory; but the hero fell, dying in the hour of triumph.

AT MIDNIGHT, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne — a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,

There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Platæa's day;
And now, there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on — the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! — they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke — to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber stroke,
And death shots falling thick and fast
As lightning from the mountain cloud —
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike — till the last armed foe expires;
Strike — for your altars and your fires;
Strike — for the green graves of your sires,
God — and your native land!"

They fought — like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain:
They conquered — but Bozzaris fell
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud huzza
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!

Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;

Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean's storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm

With banquet song, and dance, and wine, —
And thou art terrible! — The tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee; there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.

We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's, —
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die!

1. This is a stirring selection to read aloud. What makes it so? Read the lines that you like best.

2. What has the first stanza on page 324 to do with the poem?
3. Explain: Suliote; Moslem; Platæa; lines 25-27, page 324.

SAN JUAN HILL

BY GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING

Santiago, Cuba, was the center of some of the heaviest fighting of the Spanish-American War. The Spanish fleet had taken refuge from the American fleet in Santiago Harbor. The Spanish army had been concentrated there to protect their fleet. The American army, under the general command of Major General Shafter, invested the city. The following extract describes picturesquely the fighting three days before the Spanish fleet put to sea.

ON JUNE 30th the general order came to move forward and every man felt that the final test of skill at arms would soon come. The cavalry division of six regiments, camped in its tracks at midnight on El Pozo Hill, awoke next morning to find itself in support of Grimes' Battery, which was to open fire here on the left.

The morning of July 1st was ideally beautiful, the sky was cloudless and the air soft and balmy, peace seemed to reign supreme, great palms towered here and there above the low jungle. It was a picture of a peaceful valley. There was a feeling that we had secretly invaded the Holy Land. The hush seemed to pervade all nature as though she held her bated breath in anticipation of the carnage.

Captain Capron's field guns opened fire upon the southern field at El Caney and the hill resounded with echoes. Then followed the rattle of the musketry of the attacking invaders. The firing in our front burst forth and the battle was on.

The artillery duel began and in company with foreign

military attachés and correspondents we all sat watching the effect of the shots as men witness any friendly athletic contest, eagerly trying to locate the enemy's smokeless batteries. A force of insurgents near the old Sugar Mill applauded at the explosion of each firing charge, apparently caring for little except the noise.

Now and then a slug of iron fell among the surrounding bushes or buried itself deep in the ground near us. Finally a projectile from an unseen Spanish gun disabled a Hotchkiss piece, wounded two cavalrymen, and smashed into the old Sugar Mill in our rear, whereupon the terrorized insurgents fled and were not seen again near the firing line until the battle was over.

When the Tenth Cavalry arrived at the crossing of San Juan River our observation balloon had become lodged in the treetops above and the enemy had just begun to make a target of it. A converging fire upon all the works within range opened upon us that was terrible in its effect. Our mounted officers dismounted and the men stripped off at the roadside everything possible and prepared for business.

We were posted for a time in the bed of the stream directly under the balloon, and stood in the water to our waists awaiting orders to deploy. Standing there under that galling fire of exploding shrapnel and deadly Mauser bullets the minutes seemed like hours. General Wheeler and a part of his staff stood mounted a few minutes in the middle of the stream. Just as I raised my hand to salute in moving up the stream to post the leading squadron of my regiment, a piece of bursting shell struck between his horse's feet and covered us both with water.

Pursuant to orders, with myself as guide, the second squadron of the Tenth forced its way through wire fence

and almost impenetrable thicket to its position. The regiment was soon deployed as skirmishers in an opening across the river to the right of the road and, our line being partly visible from the enemy's position, their fire was turned upon us and we had to lie down in the grass a few minutes for safety. Two officers of the regiment were wounded; here and there were frequent calls for the surgeon, but no order came to move forward. Whatever may have been the intention of the commanding general as to the part to be played by the cavalry division on that day, the officers present were not long in deciding the part their command should play, and the advance began.

White regiments, black regiments, regulars and rough riders, representing the young manhood of the North and South, fought shoulder to shoulder unmindful of race or color, unmindful of whether commanded by an ex-Confederate or not, and mindful only of their common duty as Americans.

Through streams, tall grass, tropical undergrowth, under barbed-wire fences and over wire entanglements, regardless of casualties, up the hill to the right this gallant advance was made. As we appeared on the crest we found the Spaniards retreating only to take up a new position farther on, spitefully firing as they retired and only yielding their ground inch by inch.

Our troopers halted and lay down for a moment to get a breath and in the face of continued volleys soon formed for attack on the blockhouses and intrenchments on the second hill. This attack was supported by troops including some of the Tenth who had originally moved to the left toward this second hill and had worked their way in groups, slipping through the tall grass and bushes, crawling when

casualties came too often, courageously facing a sleet of bullets, and now hugging the steep southern declivity ready to spring forward the few remaining yards into the teeth of the enemy. The fire from the Spanish position had doubled in intensity until the popping of their rifles made a continuous roar. There was a moment's lull and our line moved forward to the charge across the valley separating the two hills. Once begun it continued dauntless in its steady, dogged, persistent advance until like a mighty resistless torrent it dashed triumphant over the crest of the hill, and firing a final volley at the vanishing foe, planted the regimental colors on the enemy's breastworks and the Stars and Stripes over the blockhouse on San Juan Hill to stay.

This was a time for rejoicing. It was glorious.

15

— *From an address given in Chicago, November 27, 1898.*

1. When was the Spanish-American War fought? Why? What were its greatest battles? Tell how each of the following figured in this war: Dewey, Sampson, Schley, Shafter, Wheeler, Roosevelt.
2. Imagine yourself in Lieutenant Pershing's place on the field of battle. Describe the engagement.
3. Report briefly from notes taken on outside reading on the battle of Manila Bay, or the cruise of the *Oregon*, or the destruction of the Spanish fleet off Santiago.
4. General John Joseph Pershing was born in Missouri, September 13, 1860. He was graduated from the West Point Military Academy; served in a number of Indian campaigns; was a military instructor; served with the Tenth Cavalry in the Cuban campaign, 1898, and in the Philippines, 1899-1903; commanded the U. S. troops in pursuit of the bandit Villa in Mexico in 1916; was in command of the American Expeditionary Forces in the World War. If possible, read an account of Pershing's early life and report on it in class.

BURIAL OF A SOLDIER IN FRANCE

BY GERALD M. DWYER

This is part of a letter home from Private Dwyer, Co. A, 121st Engineers, A. E. F. It is used here by permission of *The Springfield (Mass.) Republican*.

EVEN far behind the lines of battle, in this beautiful France, little scenes take place which bring home to one the seriousness and sadness of life. Picture to yourself a dark-green hillside divided into sections by the hedge fences which the French peasant makes so much use of. In one of these fields soldiers are at work making roads and little pathways. At one end are a number of flower-covered mounds, each one marked with a wooden cross, for this particular little field is one of the American Expeditionary Force's cemeteries.

On the day which I have in mind, a drizzling rain comes softly, though steadily, down. A number of soldiers, hardly distinguishable from the mud in which they are working, are busy leveling off the ground around a flagpole which stands in the center of the cemetery. Presently they stop work and stand listening to the drumbeats which can be heard faintly in the distance. The little group gathers about the flagpole, waiting.

Slowly up the roadway comes a procession headed by the band playing the sweetly solemn funeral march. Behind it is carried a plain wooden box, draped with the Stars and Stripes, while a firing squad marches in the rear. They stop at a newly dug grave and gently lower the coffin. In clear, concise tones the chaplain reads the funeral service. A mist

seems to creep up from the valley and wisps of it wind themselves through the air. In the neighboring field the sheep who have been grazing huddle together and gaze, as only sheep can, at the performance going on near them. Like the sheep, the soldiers in the cemetery gather closer to each other, each one's eyes filled with tears, and each one conscious of a queer sensation going on within him. . . .

Now the chaplain has finished, the members of the firing squad take their places. A dead silence ensues, broken by the shots of their rifles. Two more salvos are fired and the ceremony is finished. Finally, when the mist has become very dense, the clear notes of the bugle ring out, blowing taps for a soldier's last farewell sleep.

You will never really appreciate the beauty and pathos of the notes of taps unless you have heard them while lying ¹⁵ on your hard bunk some night at the end of a hard day. The music seems to say that some day things will be peaceful again, all these hardships will be merely incidents to laugh over in the happy days to come. And so, singing its farewell to you, the notes die away, leaving you to slip into ²⁰ the balm of sleep.

The grave has now been covered and the procession and workers gone. The fields and valley seem forsaken and alone in the late afternoon. But no, there by the graves, flitting through the rain in their capes and hoods, and looking like so many little sparrows, are some little French girls, daughters of the near-by peasants. Tenderly their little hands decorate the newest grave with flowers, their tribute to one who risked all for the safety of little maidens. Thus the grave is left, heaped with green branches and flowers, a ²⁵ ³⁰ pretty resting place.

— *The Springfield Republican.*

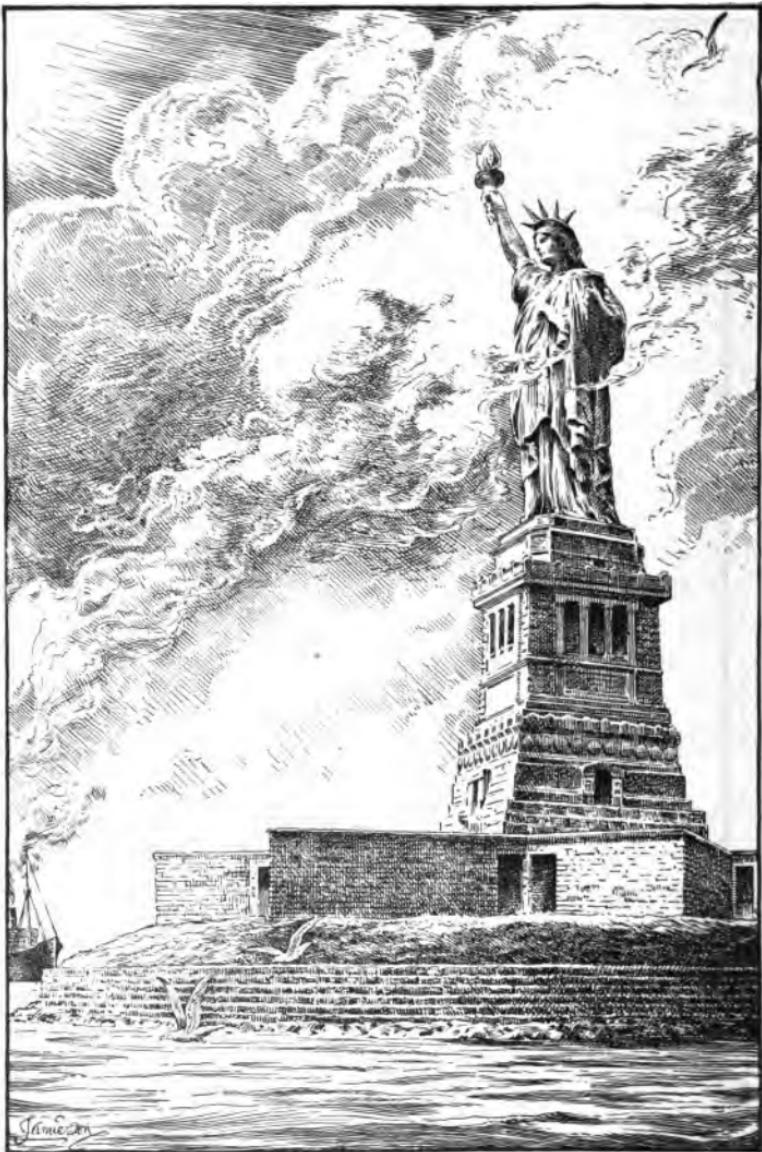
OUR COUNTRY

*Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights,
She heard the torrents meet.*

*There in her place she did rejoice,
Self-gathered in her prophet mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.*

*Then stepped she down through town and field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men revealed
The fullness of her face.*

— ALFRED TENNYSON.



THE STATUE OF LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD

AMERICA FOR ME

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

Doctor van Dyke (1852-) is a noted clergyman, writer, and educator. He has long been connected with Princeton University. From 1913-1917, during the trying period of the World War, he was United States minister to Holland. His many visits to Europe have served only to increase his devotion to his native land. The following poem is a fine expression of the genuine homesickness of the traveled scholar for his own country. You should read it and re-read it until it has sung itself into your memory.

'T IS fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the
kings —
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

*So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.*

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to study
Rome;
But when it comes to living, there is no place like home.

(From *The Poems of Henry van Dyke*. Copyright, 1920, by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

I like the German fir woods, in green battalions drilled ;
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains
filled ;
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day
In the friendly western woodland where Nature has her
way !

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to
lack ;
The Past is too much with her, and the people looking back ;
But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free, — ¹⁰
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

*Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me !
I want a ship that's westward bound to plow the rolling
sea,
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars, ¹⁵
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.*

1. How many places are mentioned by name? Tell what and where each is.
2. What does the author admire in the Old World? What does he mean by his distinction between London and Paris? List the things the author misses in the Old World. How is America contrasted with Europe? Explain line 15, page 334.
3. Report on other writings of Dr. van Dyke. Which of his outdoor books do you know?

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Through future time by power of thought.

— Alfred Tennyson.

WARREN'S ADDRESS AT THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

By JOHN PIERPONT

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it — ye who will!

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! they're afire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come! — and will ye quail? —
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may — and die we must;
But, oh, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell?

WHAT IS AN AMERICAN?

By HECTOR SAINT JEAN DE CRÈVEŒUR

De Crèveœur (1731-1813) was a French writer who emigrated to America at the age of twenty-three. He settled on a farm near the City of New York, and came to know many of the great men of his day. For instance, he had the friendship of Washington and Franklin. France appointed him as her consul at New York. In 1782 Crèveœur published his *Letters of an American Farmer*. As this extract shows, it is almost prophetic in its insight into the future.

WHAT then is the American, this new man? He is either a European, or the descendant of a European, hence that strange mixture of blood which you will find in no other country. I could point out to you a family whose grandfather was an Englishman, whose wife was Dutch, whose son married a French woman, and whose present four sons have now four wives of different nations.

An American is he who, leaving behind him all his ancient prejudices and manners, receives new ones from the new mode of life he has embraced, the new government he obeys, and the new rank he holds. He becomes an American by being received in the broad lap of our great Alma Mater. Here individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men, whose labors and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world. Americans are the western pilgrims, who are carrying along with them that great mass of arts, sciences, vigor, and industry which began long since in the East; they will finish the great circle.

The Americans were once scattered all over Europe;

in America they are incorporated into one of the finest systems of population which has ever appeared, and which will hereafter become distinct by the power of the different climates they inhabit. The American ought therefore to love his country much better than that wherein either he or his forefathers were born. Here the rewards of his industry follow with equal steps the progress of his labor; his labor is founded on the basis of nature, self-interest. Can it want a stronger allurement?

- 10 Women and children, who before in vain demanded a morsel of bread, now gladly help their men folk to clear those fields whence exuberant crops are to arise to feed and to clothe them all, without any part being claimed either by a despotic prince, a rich abbot, or a mighty lord.
- 15 Religion demands but little of the American: a small voluntary salary to the minister, and gratitude to God. Can he refuse these?

The American is a new man, who acts upon new principles; he must therefore entertain new ideas and form 20 new opinions. From involuntary idleness, servile dependence, penury, and useless labor, he has passed to toils of a very different nature, rewarded by ample subsistence. — This is an American.

— *Letters of an American Farmer.*

1. What is Crèvecoeur's definition of an American? How would you define an American to-day?
2. Explain lines 15-18, on page 336. What does the last clause of the sentence mean?
3. What reasons does the author give for a great love of country on the part of Americans? Do these reasons still hold good?
4. Explain: Alma Mater, posterity, allurement, voluntary, servile, penury, subsistence.

THE RISING OF '76

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

Read this selection entirely through before stopping to inquire the meaning of puzzling passages. Then re-read it for the references not previously clear to you. A final reading should enable you to get the fullness of the author's meaning. On your first reading you should be able to determine generally when the events took place, where, and what happened.

OUT of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light that flies
At midnight through the startled skies.
And there was tumult in the air,

The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat
And through the wide land everywhere

The answering tread of hurrying feet ;
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast of Lexington ;
And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkeley Manor stood ;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread

5

10

15

Passed mid the graves where rank is naught;
 All could not read the lesson taught
 In that republic of the dead.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
 5 The vale with peace and sunshine full,
 Where all the happy people walk,
 Decked in their homespun flax and wool !
 Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom,
 10 And every maid, with simple art,
 Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
 A bud whose depths are all perfume ;
 While every garment's gentle stir
 Is breathing rose and lavender.

The pastor came : his snowy locks
 15 Hallowed his brow of thought and care ;
 And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
 He led into the house of prayer.
 The pastor rose ; the prayer was strong ;
 The psalm was warrior David's song ;
 20 The text, a few short words of might, —
 "The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
 Of sacred rights to be secured ;
 Then from his patriot tongue of flame
 25 The startling words for Freedom came.
 The stirring sentences he spake
 Compelled the heart to glow or quake,

And rising on his theme's broad wing,
 And grasping in his nervous hand
 The imaginary battle brand,
 In face of death he dared to fling
 Defiance to a tyrant king.

5

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
 In eloquence of attitude,
 Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher ;
 Then swept his kindling glance of fire
 From startled pew to breathless choir ;
 When suddenly his mantle wide
 His hands impatient flung aside,
 And lo ! he met their wondering eyes
 Complete in all a warrior's guise.

10

A moment there was awful pause, —
 When Berkeley cried, "Cease, traitor ! Cease !
 God's temple is the house of peace !"

15

The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
 When God is with our righteous cause ;
 His holiest places then are ours,
 His temples are our forts and towers

20

That frown upon the tyrant foe ;
 In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
 There is a time to fight and pray !"

And now before the open door —
 The warrior priest had ordered so —
 The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
 Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
 Its long reverberating blow,

25

So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
 Of dusty death must wake and hear;
 And there the startling drum and fife
 Fired the living with fiercer life.

- 5 While overhead, with wild increase,
 Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
 The great bell swung as ne'er before.
 It seemed as it would never cease;
 And every word its ardor flung
- 10 From off its jubilant iron tongue
 Was, "War! War! War!"

- "Who dares?" — this was the patriot's cry,
 As striding from the desk he came, —
 "Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
 15 For her to live, for her to die?"
 A hundred hands flung up reply,
 A hundred voices answered, "I."

1. Explain the following references in the first stanza: "the North"; "wild news"; "boreal light"; "first oath of Freedom's gun"; "Concord . . . forgot her old baptismal name."
2. Where does this story begin? What is the purpose of the first stanza? Where is the scene laid? What is the date of the action? Who was Berkeley? What occurs?
3. What other dramatic Revolutionary War episodes do you know? Name three other Revolutionary War poems.
4. Thomas Buchanan Read (1822-1872) was a Pennsylvanian by birth. His interests in art and literature took him abroad, and he spent several years in Italy. A number of his poems and paintings are highly esteemed.

OUR OWN COUNTRY

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY

THERE is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved of Heaven o'er all the world beside,
There brighter suns dispense serener light
And milder moons imparadise the night.
O land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth !
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and scepter, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be found ?
Art thou a man, a patriot ? Look around !
O thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country and that spot thy home.

1. Make a list of songs whose theme is love of country. Name the national hymns of the chief countries of the world. What songs have love of home as their theme?
2. Write the meaning of the above poem in a few short sentences.
3. Select five unusual words from the poem, give a brief definition of each, and use each in a sentence.
4. Find out the following facts about the life of Montgomery: dates of birth and death; nationality; business or profession; chief writings.

PATRICK HENRY'S SPEECH

In March, 1775, a month before Lexington, Patrick Henry electrified the Virginia convention with the speech that here follows. A resolution was before the convention "that the colony be immediately put in a state of defense." Speaking to that resolution, Henry thrilled the delegates with his review of British mistreatment and his climax of "give me liberty or give me death."

M R. PRESIDENT, it is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and to listen to the song of the siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in the great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes see not, and having ears hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those

warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love?

Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, the last argument to which kings resort. I ask, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us. They can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging.

And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and supplication? What terms shall we find that have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could have been done to avert the storm that is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament.

Our petitions have been slighted, our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult, our suppli-

cations have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne: In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate these inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left us.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom, hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of Nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now

too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat, sir, let it come!

5

It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry Peace, peace! But there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

15

i. The following outline sets forth the major topics of the speech. Find the paragraphs each includes. What did Henry say on each point?

I. Introduction

- 1. The speaker is willing to face facts

II. Body

- 1. The past acts of the British ministry are not favorable to present hope

- 2. The present assembly of British armies and navies means subjugation for the colonists

- 3. The colonists cannot meet this force with petitions, for
 - a. Petitions have been tried and are useless

- 4. The colonists can meet the British only with force of arms, for
 - a. It is the only means left, and
 - b. The colonists have the strength to fight

III. Conclusion

- 1. Therefore, let us make ready for battle.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN TO MRS. BIXBY

Executive Mansion, Washington.

November 21, 1864.

Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Massachusetts.

Dear Madam : I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,
Abraham Lincoln.

1. Undoubtedly the most difficult kind of letter to write is the letter of sympathy, expressing sorrow for loss by death. Why? Lincoln's little letter to Mrs. Bixby has long been considered a classic of its kind. It is sincere, sympathetic, and helpful. What makes it so?

2. How did Lincoln come to write this letter? What does the fact that he wrote it show about the man? What was his object in writing it? Do you think he succeeded? What consolation did he offer the mother?

THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

WHAT flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from heaven so freshly born?
With burning star and flaming band
If kindles all the sunset land :
Oh, tell us what its name may be, —
Is this the Flower of Liberty?
It is the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty !

In savage nature's far abode
Its tender seed our fathers sowed ;
The storm winds rocked its swelling bud,
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,
Till lo ! earth's tyrants shook to see
The full-blown Flower of Liberty !

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty !

Behold its streaming rays unite
One mingling flood of braided light, —
The red that fires the Southern rose,
With spotless white from Northern snows,
And, spangled o'er its azure, see
The sister stars of Liberty !

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty !

The blades of heroes fence it round,
Where'er it springs in holy ground ;
From tower and dome its glories spread ;
It waves where lonely sentries tread ;
It makes the land as ocean free,
And plants an empire on the sea !

5 Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty.

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
Shall ever float on dome and tower,
To all their heavenly colors true,
In blackening frost or crimson dew, —
And God love us as we love thee,
10 Thrice-holy Flower of Liberty !

15 Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty.

1. What is "The Flower of Liberty?" Does Holmes gain anything by calling it a flower? Substitute its real name and read the poem through thus, to test your answer.
2. Interpret the following passages: "hues from heaven"; "burning star"; "flaming band"; lines 9-14, page 348; lines 19-20, page 348; "blades of heroes"; "empire on the sea"; "thrice-holy."
3. What other poems on the flag have you read? Which do you like best? How does this one compare in quality with the others?
4. Bring to class another poem by Holmes and read an interesting extract from it.

TRUE PATRIOTISM

BY BENJAMIN HARRISON

Benjamin Harrison (1833-1901) was the twenty-third President of the United States; the grandson of President William Henry Harrison; and the great-grandson of Benjamin Harrison, Sr., a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He was well qualified to speak on the subject of real patriotism as against mere loyalty to political party.

LET us exalt patriotism and moderate our party contentions. Let those who would die for the flag on the field of battle give a better proof of their patriotism and a higher glory to their country by promoting fraternity and justice. A party success that is achieved by unfair methods or by practices that partake of revolution is hurtful and evanescent, even from a party standpoint. We should hold our different opinions in mutual respect; and, having submitted them to the arbitrament of the ballot, should accept an adverse judgment with the same respect that we would have demanded of our opponents if the decision had been more in our favor.

No other people have a government more worthy of their respect and love, or a land so magnificent in extent, so pleasant to look upon, and so full of generous suggestion to enterprise and labor. God has placed upon our head a diadem, and has laid at our feet power and wealth beyond definition or calculation. But we must not forget that we take these gifts upon the condition that justice and mercy shall hold the reins of power, and that the upward avenues of hope shall be free for all the people.

I do not mistrust the future. Dangers have been in frequent ambush along our path, but we have uncovered and vanquished them all. Passion has swept some of our communities, but only to give us a new demonstration that the great body of our people are stable, patriotic, and law-abiding. No political party can long pursue advantage at the expense of public honor, or by rude and indecent methods, without protest and fatal disaffection in its own body. The peaceful agencies of commerce are more fully revealing the necessary unity of all our communities, and the increasing intercourse of our people is promoting mutual respect. We shall find unalloyed pleasure in the revelation which our census will make of the swift development of the great resources of some of the states. Each state will bring its generous contributions to the great aggregate of the nation's increase. And when the harvests from the fields, the cattle from the hills, and the ores from the earth, shall have been weighed, counted, and valued, we will turn from all to crown with the highest honor the state that has most promoted education, virtue, justice, and patriotism among its people.

1. When was Benjamin Harrison President? What did he know about the party defeats he mentions? Was he ever a defeated candidate?
2. What are the leading political parties of our country at present? Are they essential to our form of government? Support your answer by reasons.
3. Explain what Harrison meant by: "A party success . . . achieved by unfair methods"; "the arbitrament of the ballot"; "justice and mercy shall hold the reins of power": the last sentence.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

O BEAUTIFUL for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain !
America ! America !
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea !

5

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness !
America ! America !
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law !

10

15

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life !
America ! America !
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine !

20

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees, beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears !
5 America ! America !
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea !

1. The author mentions many ways in which America is beautiful. Which of these are real, matter-of-fact? Which are not?
2. To whom is the reference in lines 9-10 applicable? Explain lines 14-16. Paraphrase line 19. What is meant by line 7, page 353?
3. Memorize at least one stanza of the poem.

O BEAUTIFUL! MY COUNTRY!.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

This is a part of Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" written in honor of the heroes of Harvard College, killed in the Civil War. Lowell here imagines America as a beautiful woman—a Goddess of Liberty—now fully restored to her worshipers.

O BEAUTIFUL! My Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-disheveled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore, . . .
What were our lives without thee?
5 What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

THE PROBLEMS OF THE REPUBLIC

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The following is extracted from the inaugural address of President Roosevelt, delivered March 4, 1905. It is of special interest to read it in connection with Mr. Hughes's speech (page 356) and to compare the ideas of citizenship and of our country as expressed in the two. In reading this speech you should bear in mind that the era was one of peace, long undisturbed by war. Our problems then were the ordinary problems of everyday living.

MODERN life is both complex and intense, and the tremendous changes wrought by the extraordinary industrial development of the half century are felt in every fiber of our social and political being. Never before have men tried so vast and formidable an experiment as that of administering the affairs of a continent under the form of a democratic republic. The conditions which have told for our marvelous material well-being, which have developed to a very high degree our energy, self-reliance, and individual initiative, also have brought the care and anxiety inseparable from the accumulation of great wealth in industrial centers.

Upon the success of our experiment much depends, not only as regards our own welfare, but as regards the welfare of mankind. If we fail, the cause of free self-government throughout the world will rock to its foundations, and therefore our responsibility is heavy, to ourselves, to the world as it is to-day, and to the generations yet unborn.

There is no good reason why we should fear the future, but there is every reason why we should face it seriously, ^{as}

neither hiding from ourselves the gravity of the problems before us, nor fearing to approach these problems with the unbending, unflinching purpose to solve them aright.

Yet after all, though the problems are new, though the tasks set before us differ from the tasks set before our fathers who founded and preserved this republic, the spirit in which these tasks must be undertaken and these problems faced, if our duty is to be well done, remains essentially unchanged. We know that self-government is difficult. We know that no people needs such high traits of character as that people which seeks to govern its affairs aright through the freely expressed will of the free men who compose it.

But we have faith that we shall not prove false to memories of the men of the mighty past. They did their work; they left us the splendid heritage we now enjoy. We in our turn have an assured confidence that we shall be able to leave this heritage unwasted and enlarged to our children's children.

To do so, we must show, not merely in great crises, but in the everyday affairs of life, the qualities of practical intelligence, of courage, of hardihood, of endurance, and above all, the power of devotion to a lofty ideal, which made great the men who founded this republic in the days of Washington; which made great the men who preserved this republic in the days of Abraham Lincoln.

1. Give a full report of Roosevelt's life and activities — political, literary, personal. Try to describe the kind of man you think he was.
2. Find in this section of your Reader expressions similar to lines 10-13, page 355.
3. What qualities does Roosevelt say we must display if our country is to survive? Why does he speak of our form of government as an experiment?

THE MEANING OF AMERICANISM

BY CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

Charles Evans Hughes (1862-) has had a conspicuous political career. He has been successively governor of New York for two terms; a justice of the Supreme Court; Republican nominee for the Presidency; and Secretary of State.

At the time of the delivery of this speech Europe was in the throes of the World War. America was soon to join forces with the Allies against Germany. This extract from Mr. Hughes's speech should be read with the spirit of portending war in mind. But the four-square interpretation of Americanism that is herein set forth holds to-day with as much force as in 1916. Read the selection especially to get the notion of an ideal America and the ideal citizen.

WE WANT something more than thrills in our patriotism — we want thought; we want intelligence — a new birth of the sentiment of unity in the nation.

My dream of America is America represented in public office by its best men working entirely for the good of the Republic and according to the laws and ordinances established by the people for the government of their conduct, and not for personal or political desires and ambitions; America working her institutions as they were intended to be worked, with men whose sole object shall be to secure to the end for which the offices were designed.

And if one will throw his personal fortunes to the winds, if he will perform in each place, high or low, the manifest obligations of that place, we will soon have those victories of democracy which will make the Fourth of July in its coming years a far finer and nobler day than it has ever been in the fortunate years of the past.

When we are thinking of the ideals of democracy, we are thinking of the schools, and we deplore every condition in which we find man lower than he should be under a free government, and we want greater victories of democracy, so that the level of success shall be raised.

We are not a rash people; we are not filled with the spirit of militarism. We are not anxious to get into trouble, but if anybody thinks that the spirit of service and sacrifice is lost and that we have not the old sentiment of self-respect, he doesn't understand the United States.

We want patriotism, and I don't think that we are going to lose it very soon, although I do devoutly hope that out of the perils and difficulties of this time may come a new birth of the sentiment of unity. I do hope that in the midst of all these troublesome conditions we will have a better realization of our national strength and the import of our democratic institutions.

The boy is going to thrill at the sight of the flag to-day just as he did fifty years or one hundred years ago. We are all going to thrill when we hear the words of our national hymn and we think of the long years of struggle and determination that have brought us to this hour. But we want something more than thrills in our patriotism: we want thought; we want intelligence.

Not vast extent of territory, not great population, not simply extraordinary statistics of national wealth, although they speak in eloquent words of energy and managing ability; but what we need more than anything else is an intelligent comprehension of the ideals of democracy. Those ideals are that every man shall have a fair and equal chance according to his talents. It is not an ideal of democracy that one alone shall emerge because of conspicuous

ability, but that there shall be a great advance of the plain people of the country, upon whom the prosperity of the country depends.

It is all very well to talk about the Declaration of Independence and the strong sentiments it contains, but that was backed by men who couldn't have committed it to memory, men who couldn't have repeated it, but men in whose lives was the incarnation of independence and whose spirit was breathed into that immortal document.

It is because we had men who were willing to suffer, to die, to venture, to sacrifice, that we have a country, and it is only by that spirit that we will ever be able to keep a country. I love to think of those hardy men coming here with the same spirit that led the pioneers to the West and Farther West, the same spirit which in every part of our land has accounted for our development.

Quiet men, not noisy men; sensible men, not foolish men; straight men, honest men, dependable men, real men—that is what we mean by Americanism.

—*From a Speech Delivered at
Easthampton, L. I., July 4, 1916.*

1. What evidences do you find in the speech that it was delivered in war times? When did we enter the World War? On what occasion was the speech made?
2. Explain what Mr. Hughes describes as his "dream of America."
3. Discuss: "But we want something more than thrills in our patriotism," lines 22-24, page 357.
4. What ideals of democracy are described?
5. Define Americanism in your own words.
6. Explain what you think an ideal citizen of your community should be and do; of your school.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

BY WILLIAM JONES

WHAT constitutes a State?

Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,

Thick wall or moated gate;

Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;

Not bays and broad-armed ports,

Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;

Not starred and spangled courts,

Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.

No : — men, high-minded men,

With powers as far above dull brutes endued

In forest, brake, or den,

As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;

Men who their duties know,

But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain,

Prevent the long-aimed blow,

And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain : —

These constitute a State.

1. What is meant by the word "State" as it is here used? In what "State" do you live?

2. How many things are named, which do not constitute a State? Why do these things not make a State?

3. What is it that makes a State? Why?

4. Give in your own words the meaning of lines 13-16.

A PATRIOTIC CREED

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

TO SERVE my country day by day
At any humble post I may ;
To honor and respect her flag,
To live the traits of which I brag ;
To be American in deed
As well as in my printed creed.

To stand for truth and honest toil,
To till my little patch of soil,
And keep in mind the debt I owe
To them who died that I might know
My country prosperous and free,
And passed this heritage to me.

I must always in trouble's hour
Be guided by the men in power ;
For God and country I must live,
My best for God and country give ;
No act of mine that men may scan
Must shame the name American.

To do my best, and play my part,
American in mind and heart ;
To serve the flag and bravely stand
To guard the glory of my land ;
To be American in deed, —
God grant me strength to keep this creed.

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FROM GREAT BOOKS

Only a few great books can be represented in this small section of your Reader. The extracts are offered in the firm belief that you will wish to read further in the volumes from which they were taken. Good books are like good friends; the better you know them the better you like them; and they stand ready always to give you genuine pleasure.



THE LISTS AT ASHBY
(See following page)

THE LISTS AT ASHBY

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

The following is the larger part of chapter eight of Scott's *Ivanhoe*. The hero of the novel is a Saxon knight, Wilfred of Ivanhoe, son of Cedric. Ivanhoe is in love with his father's ward, Rowena, but Cedric wishes her to marry a thick-headed Saxon thane, or lord, called Athelstane. According to Scott, the period was one of unrest. England had come into the possession of the Normans, and the native Saxons hated their new masters. Richard was king. But since he had gone to the Holy Land as a leader in one of the crusades, his brother, Prince John, ruled in his stead. Both were foreigners, but the common people liked Richard and hated John, who was not only a tyrant, but was also planning to seize his brother's throne. He had had Richard imprisoned in Austria, and had surrounded himself with ambitious and dissatisfied Norman knights. The tournament at Ashby was really a trial at arms between the Prince's followers and those of Richard, of whom Ivanhoe was one.

THE lists now presented a most splendid spectacle. The sloping galleries were crowded with all that was noble, great, wealthy, and beautiful in the northern and midland parts of England; and the contrast of the various dresses of these dignified spectators rendered the view as gay as it was rich, while the interior and lower space, filled with the substantial burgesses and yeomen of merry England, formed, in their more plain attire, a dark fringe, or border, around this circle of brilliant embroidery, relieving, and at the same time setting off, its splendor.

The heralds finished their proclamation with their usual cry of "Largess, largess, gallant knights!" and gold and

silver pieces were showered on them from the galleries, it being a high point of chivalry to exhibit liberality toward those whom the age accounted at once the secretaries and the historians of honor. The bounty of the spectators was acknowledged by the customary shouts of "Love of Ladies — Death of Champions — Honor to the Generous — Glory to the Brave!" To which the more humble spectators added their acclamations, and a numerous band of trumpeters the flourish of their martial instruments. When these sounds had ceased, the heralds withdrew from the lists in gay and glittering procession, and none remained within them save the marshals of the field, who, armed cap-a-pie, sat on horseback, motionless as statues, at the opposite ends of the lists.

Meantime, the inclosed space at the northern extremity of the lists, large as it was, was now completely crowded with knights desirous to prove their skill against the challengers, and when viewed from the galleries presented the appearance of a sea of waving plumage intermixed with glistening helmets and tall lances, to the extremities of which were, in many cases, attached small pennons of about a span's breadth, which, fluttering in the air as the breeze caught them, joined with the restless motion of the feathers to add liveliness to the scene.

At length the barriers were opened, and five knights chosen by lot advanced slowly into the area; a single champion riding in front and the other four following in pairs. All were splendidly armed, and my Saxon authority records at great length their devices, their colors, and the embroidery of their horse trappings. It is unnecessary to be particular on these subjects. To borrow lines from a contemporary poet, who has written but too little —

"The knights are dust,
And their good swords are rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

Their escutcheons have long moldered from the walls of
their castles. Their castles themselves are but green
mounds and shattered ruins — the place that once knew
them knows them no more — nay, many a race since theirs
has died out and been forgotten in the very land which they
occupied with all the authority of feudal lords. What,
then, would it avail the reader to know their names or the
evanescent symbols of their martial rank !

Now, however, no whit anticipating the oblivion which
awaited their names and feats, the champions advanced
through the lists, restraining their fiery steeds and com-
pelling them to move slowly, while, at the same time, they
exhibited their paces, together with the grace and dexterity
of the riders. As the procession entered the lists, the sound
of a wild barbaric music was heard from behind the tents of
the challengers, where the performers were concealed. It
was of Eastern origin, having been brought from the Holy
Land ; and the mixture of the cymbals and bells seemed to
bid welcome at once, and defiance, to the knights as they
advanced.

With the eyes of an immense concourse of spectators
fixed upon them, the five knights advanced up the plat-
form upon which the tents of the challengers stood, and
there separating themselves, each touched slightly, and
with the reverse of his lance, the shield of the antagonist to
whom he wished to oppose himself. The lower orders of
spectators in general — nay, many of the higher class, and
it is even said several of the ladies — were rather dis-
appointed at the champions choosing the arms of courtesy.

For the same sort of persons who, in the present day, applaud most highly the deepest tragedies were then interested in a tournament exactly in proportion to the danger incurred by the champions engaged.

Having intimated their more pacific purpose, the champions retreated to the extremity of the lists, where they remained drawn up in a line; while the challengers, sallying each from his pavilion, mounted their horses, and headed by Brian de Bois-Guilbert, descended from the platform and opposed themselves individually to the knights who had touched their respective shields.

At the flourish of clarions and trumpets they started out against each other at full gallop; and such was the superior dexterity or good fortune of the challengers that those opposed to Bois-Guilbert, Malvoisin, and Front-de-Bœuf, rolled on the ground. The antagonist of Grantmesnil, instead of bearing his lance point fair against the crest or the shield of his enemy, swerved so much from the direct line as to break the weapon athwart the person of his opponent — a circumstance which was accounted more disgraceful than that of being actually unhorsed; because the latter might happen from accident, whereas the former evinced awkwardness and want of management of the weapon and of the horse. The fifth knight alone maintained the honor of his party and parted fairly with the Knight of St. John, both splintering their lances without advantage on either side.

The shouts of the multitude, together with the acclamations of the heralds and the clangor of the trumpets, announced the triumph of the victors and the defeat of the vanquished. The former retreated to their pavilions, and the latter, gathering themselves up as they could,

withdrew from the lists in disgrace and dejection, to agree with their victors concerning the redemption of their arms and their horses, which, according to the laws of the tournament, they had forfeited. The fifth of their number alone tarried in the lists long enough to be greeted by the applauses of the spectators, amongst whom he retreated, to the aggravation, doubtless, of his companions' mortification.

A second and a third party of knights took the field; and although they had various success, yet, upon the whole, the advantage decidedly remained with the challengers, not one of whom lost his seat or swerved from his charge — misfortunes which befell one or two of their antagonists in each encounter. The spirits, therefore, of those opposed to them seemed to be considerably dampened by their continued success. Three knights only appeared on the fourth entry, who, avoiding the shields of Bois-Guilbert and Front-de-Bœuf, contented themselves with touching those of the three other knights, who had not altogether manifested the same strength and dexterity. This politic selection did not alter the fortune of the field: the challengers were still successful. One of their antagonists was overthrown and both the others failed in the attaint, that is, in striking the helmet and shield of their antagonist firmly and strongly with the lance held in a direct line, so that the weapon might break unless the champion was overthrown.

After this fourth encounter, there was a considerable pause; nor did it appear that anyone was very desirous of renewing the contest. The spectators murmured among themselves; for, among the challengers, Malvoisin and Front-de-Bœuf were unpopular from their characters, and the others, except Grantmesnil, were disliked as strangers and foreigners.

But none shared the general feeling of dissatisfaction so keenly as Cedric the Saxon, who saw, in each advantage gained by the Norman challengers, a repeated triumph over the honor of England. His own education had taught him no skill in the games of chivalry, although, with the arms of his Saxon ancestors, he had manifested himself on many occasions a brave and determined soldier.

He looked anxiously to Athelstane, who had learned the accomplishments of the age, as if desiring that he should make some personal effort to recover the victory which was passing into the hands of the Templar and his associates. But, though both stout of heart and strong of person, Athelstane had a disposition too inert and unambitious to make the exertions which Cedric seemed to expect from him.

"The day is against England, my lord," said Cedric, in a marked tone; "are you not tempted to take the lance?"

"I shall tilt to-morrow," answered Athelstane, "in the *mêlée*; it is not worth while for me to arm myself to-day."

Two things displeased Cedric in this speech. It contained the Norman word *mêlée* (to express the general conflict), and it evinced some indifference to the honor of the country; but it was spoken by Athelstane, whom he held in such profound respect that he would not trust himself to canvass his motives or his foibles. Moreover, he had no time to make any remark, for Wamba thrust in his word, observing, "It was better, though scarce easier, to be the best man among a hundred than the best man of two."

Athelstane took the observation as a serious compliment; but Cedric, who better understood the jester's meaning, darted at him a severe and menacing look; and lucky it

was for Wamba, perhaps, that the time and place prevented his receiving, notwithstanding his place and service, more sensible marks of his master's resentment.

The pause in the tournament was still uninterrupted,
5 excepting by the voices of the heralds exclaiming — “Love
of ladies, splintering of lances ! Stand forth, gallant knights,
fair eyes look upon your deeds !”

The music also of the challengers breathed from time to
time wild bursts expressive of triumph or defiance, while
10 the clowns grudged a holiday which seemed to pass away
in inactivity ; and old knights and nobles lamented in
whispers the decay of martial spirit, spoke of the triumphs
of their younger days, but agreed that the land did not now
supply dames of such transcendent beauty as had animated
15 the justs of former times.

Prince John began to talk to his attendants about making
ready the banquet, and the necessity of adjudging the
prize to Brian de Bois-Guilbert who had, with a single
spear, overthrown two knights and foiled a third.
20 At length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers con-
cluded one of those high and long flourishes with which
they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered
by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance
from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see
25 the new champion which these sounds announced, and no
sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the
lists.

As far as could be judged from a man sheathed in armor,
the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size
30 and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made.
His suit of armor was formed of steel, richly inlaid with
gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak tree

pulled up by the roots with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, signifying "disinherited". He was mounted on a gallant black horse; and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favor of the multitude, which some of the lower class expressed by calling out, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield — touch the Hospitaler's shield; he has the least sure seat; he is your cheapest bargain."

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert until it rang again.

All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more than the redoubted knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar, "and have you heard Mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?"

"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight; for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney.

"Then take your place in the lists," said Bois-Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt sleep in Paradise."

"Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight, "and to requite it, I advise thee to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honor you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

However incensed at his adversary for the precautions which he recommended, Brian de Bois-Guilbert did not neglect his advice; for his honor was too nearly concerned to permit his neglecting any means which might insure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained. Lastly, he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires. His first had only borne the general device of his order, representing two knights riding upon one horse, an emblem expressive of the original humility and poverty of the Templars, qualities which they had since exchanged for the arrogance and wealth that finally occasioned their suppression. Bois-Guilbert's new shield bore a raven in full flight, holding in its claws a skull, and bearing the motto *Gare le Corbeau*.

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight, yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal than the

champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning and closed in the center of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil ⁵ backwards upon its haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur; and having glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each made a demivolt, and retiring to the extremity of the ¹⁰ lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter; the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. ¹⁵ But no sooner had the knights resumed their station than the clamor of applause was hushed into a silence so deep and so dead that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the ²⁰ combatants and their horses might recover breath, Prince John with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations and closed in the center of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the ²⁵ same equal fortune as before.

In this second encounter, the Templar aimed at the center of his antagonist's shield and struck it so fair and forcibly that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion ³⁰ had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance toward Bois-Guilbert's shield, but changing his aim

almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which, if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true, he hit the Norman on the visor, where his lance's point kept s hold of the bars.

Yet, even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man rolled on the ground under ¹⁰a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and, stung with madness, both at his disgrace and at the acclamations with which it was hailed by the spectators, he ¹⁵drew his sword and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprang from his steed and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them and reminded them that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present ²⁰occasion, permit this species of encounter.

"We shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist; "and where there are none to separate us."

"If we do not," said the Disinherited Knight, "the fault ²⁵shall not be mine. On foot or horseback, with spear, with ax, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee."

More and angrier words would have been exchanged, but the marshals, crossing their lances betwixt them, compelled them to separate. The Disinherited Knight ³⁰returned to his first station, and Bois-Guilbert to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of despair.

Without alighting from his horse, the conqueror called for a bowl of wine, and opening the beaver, or lower part of his helmet, announced that he quaffed it "To all true English hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants." He then commanded his trumpet to sound a defiance to the challengers, and desired a herald to announce to them that he should make no election, but was willing to encounter them in the order in which they pleased to advance against him.

The gigantic Front-de-Bœuf, armed in sable armor, was ¹⁰ the first who took the field. He bore on a white shield a black bull's head, half defaced by the numerous encounters which he had undergone, and bearing the arrogant motto, *Cave, adsum.* Over this champion the Disinherited Knight obtained a slight but decisive advantage. Both ¹⁵ knights broke their lances fairly, but Front-de-Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have the disadvantage.

In the stranger's third encounter, with Sir Philip Malvoisin, he was equally successful; striking that baron so ²⁰ forcibly on the casque that the laces of the helmet broke, and Malvoisin, only saved from falling by being unhelmeted, was declared vanquished like his companions.

In his fourth combat, with De Grantmesnil, the Disinherited Knight showed as much courtesy as he had ²⁵ hitherto evinced courage and dexterity. De Grantmesnil's horse, which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of the career so as to disturb the rider's aim, and the stranger, declining to take the advantage which this accident afforded him, raised his lance, and passing ³⁰ his antagonist without touching him, wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering

his antagonist, by a herald, the chance of a second encounter. This De Grantmesnil declined, avowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as by the address of his opponent.

Ralph de Vipont summed up the list of the stranger's triumphs, being hurled to the ground with such force that the blood gushed from his nose and his mouth and he was borne senseless from the lists.

The acclamations of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the prince and marshals, announcing that day's honors to the Disinherited Knight.

— *Ivanhoe.*

1. Describe the lists as Scott makes you see them. What was the order of proceeding at the outset?
2. Who were the Norman knights upon whom Prince John relied to win the tournament? Which of these was considered the best lance?
3. Where does the interest in the story begin suddenly to increase? How does Scott make the situation exciting?
4. Describe the combat between Bois-Guilbert and the Disinherited Knight. Why did they not fight to a finish? What makes you think they do before the novel is finished? Tell of the succeeding combats in turn.
5. As you have probably guessed, the Disinherited Knight is Ivanhoe. Did anybody present recognize him? How do you think Prince John felt at the outcome?
6. *Gare le Corbeau* means "Look out for the raven," a boast that the ravens would pick the bones of Brian's enemies. *Cave, adsum* means "Beware, I am here." Select a list of ten other words or phrases for your classmates to explain.
7. Report either on Scott's life and writings or on another chapter from *Ivanhoe*.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

The Bible serves, first, as a great religious teacher. Second, it stands as a model of literature whose greatness is everywhere acknowledged. Men like John Bunyan and Abraham Lincoln learned to write their beautiful prose through their close, continued reading of the Scriptures. No finer poetry exists than the Psalms of David, among which the following is a favorite.

THE Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

— *The Bible.*

1. This psalm should be among your collection of memory gems. Repeat it aloud in unison with the other members of your class. Why does it especially lend itself to being spoken?

2. Palestine is a semiarid country. Why should David make the reference to "green pastures" and "still waters"? Why is there no mention of running brooks and woods?

3. What is your understanding of lines 9-11?

4. What does David mean to convey to his hearers in this psalm?

DOUBTING CASTLE

By JOHN BUNYAN

Books are like men: great ones are rare. Occasionally a book is written that affects the thinking of people for centuries. To this class belongs John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, published 1678-1684.

It is the story of the journey of a man named Christian the Pilgrim, who travels from the City of Destruction to the Holy City. On this journey Christian is beset by all manner of terrors, temptations, and evils. The story is an allegory, portraying life and its struggles if one attempts to live righteously. Its language is that of the Bible. Its dialogue and characters seem real, and its narrative is full of action.

NOW I beheld in my dream that Christian and Hopeful had not journeyed far until they came where the river and the way parted, at which they were not a little sorry; yet they durst not go out of the way. Now the way from the river was rough, and their feet tender by reason of their travel; so the souls of the pilgrims were much discouraged because of the way. Wherefore, still as they went on, they wished for a better way.

Now, a little before them, there was on the left hand of the road a meadow, and a stile to go over into it; and that meadow is called Bypath Meadow. Then said Christian to his fellow, "If this meadow lieth along by our wayside, let us go over into it." Then he went to the stile to see, and behold a path lay along by the way on the other side of the fence.

"'Tis according to my wish," said Christian; "here is the easiest going; come, good Hopeful, and let us go over."

“But how if this path should lead us out of the way?”

“That is not likely,” said the other. “Look, doth it not go along by the wayside?”

So Hopeful, being persuaded by his fellow, went after him over the stile. When they were gone over, and were got into the path, they found it very easy for their feet; and withal they, looking before them, espied a man walking as they did, and his name was Vain-Confidence: so they called after him, and asked him whither that way led.

He said, “To the Celestial Gate.”

“Look,” said Christian, “did not I tell you so? By this you may see we are right.”

So they followed, and he went before them. But, behold, the night came on, and it grew very dark; so that they who were behind lost sight of him that went before. He, therefore, that went before — Vain-Confidence by name — not seeing the way before him, fell into a deep pit and was dashed in pieces with his fall.

Now Christian and his fellow heard him fall; so they called to know the matter. But there was no answer, only they heard a groan.

Then said Hopeful, “Where are we now?”

Then was his fellow silent, as mistrusting that he had led him out of the way; and now it began to rain and thunder and lightning in a most dreadful manner, and the water rose amain, by reason of which the way of going back was very dangerous.

Yet they adventured to go back; but it was so dark and the flood so high, that in their going back they had like to have been drowned nine or ten times. Neither could they, with all the skill they had, get back again to

the stile that night. Wherefore, at last lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there until daybreak. But being weary, they fell asleep.

Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair; and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping. Wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then with a grim and surly voice he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were and what they did in his grounds.

They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way.

Then said the giant, "You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me."

So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The giant, therefore, drove them before him and put them into his castle, in a very dark dungeon.

Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did: they were, therefore, here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance.

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence. So, when he was gone to bed, he told his wife that he had taken a couple of prisoners, and had cast them into his dungeon for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best do to them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they

were bound; and he told her. Then she counseled him that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without mercy.

So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them as if they were dogs, although they never gave him an unpleasant word. Then he fell upon them and beat them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves or to turn them upon the floor. This done he withdraws and leaves them there to condole to their misery and to mourn under their distress. So all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations.

The next night she, talking with her husband further about them, and understanding that they were yet alive,¹⁵ did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves.

So, when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before,²⁰ he told them that, since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison. "For why," he said, "should you choose to live, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness?"²⁵

But they desired him to let them go. With that he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits and lost for a time the use of his hands. Wherefore he withdrew, and left them, as before, to consider what to do.³⁰

Then did the prisoners consult between themselves,

whether it was best to take his counsel or no. But they soon resolved to reject it; for it would be very wicked to kill themselves; and, besides, something might soon happen to enable them to make their escape.

5 Well, towards evening the giant goes down to the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there, he found them alive. I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them that, seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should ¹⁰ be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon; but, coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best take it or no. Now Christian again seemed for doing it, but Hopeful reminded him of the hardships and terrors he had already gone through, and said that they ought to bear up with patience as well as they could, and steadily reject the giant's wicked counsel.

Now, night being come again, and the giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel. To this he replied, "They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves."

Then said she, "Take them into the castle yard tomorrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already dispatched, and make them believe thou wilt tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them."

So when morning has come, the giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle yard, and shows them as his wife had bidden him. "These," said he, "were pilgrims,

as you are, once, and they trespassed on my grounds, as you have done; and when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces; and so within ten days I will do to you. Get you down to your den again."

And with that he beat them all the way thither.

Now, when night was come, Mrs. Diffidence and her husband began to renew their discourse of their prisoners. The old giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor by his counsel bring them to an end.

And with that his wife replied. "I fear," said she, "that ¹⁴ they live in hopes that some will come to relieve them, or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape."

"And sayest thou so, my dear?" said the giant. "I will therefore search them in the morning."

Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, broke out into a passionate speech: "What a fool am I, thus to lie in a dungeon! I have a key in ²⁰ my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle."

Then said Hopeful, "That's good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom and try."

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom and began ²⁵ to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out.

After that, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too, but that lock went desperately hard: yet the ³⁰ key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed; but that gate, as it opened, made

such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the King's highway again, and so were safe.

— *Pilgrim's Progress.*

1. Who was traveling with Christian? What mishap first befell them? Why did it occur? What next did they encounter? What happened to the two in Doubting Castle?

2. Explain what an allegory is. Remembering this is an allegory, what do you think each of the following represents in actual life: By-path Meadow, Vain-Confidence, Doubting Castle, Giant Despair, Mrs. Diffidence, the key called Promise, the King's highway?

3. What is the significance of the name of each of the two leading characters?

4. Select and read aloud a short passage that reminds you of the Bible. In what way is the language of your passage like that of the Bible?

5. John Bunyan (1628–1688) was an Englishman, believed to be the son of a gipsy tinker. He said his youth was very ungodly; but he married a religious woman and early became a preacher. At the same time he began to write books of a religious nature. Because he preached at "unlawful meetings" he was thrown into prison, where he remained for twelve years. It was while he was in the Bedford jail that he wrote the first part of *Pilgrim's Progress*, the book that has made his name one of the best loved in literature. After his release from prison, he became an elected pastor of the Baptist faith, and spent his remaining years in preaching and writing. What is there in the above extract that may reflect his experiences in Bedford?

CHRISTMAS EVE AT FEZZIWIG'S

By CHARLES DICKENS

OLD Fezziwig in his warehouse laid down his pen and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands; adjusted his waist-coat; laughed all over himself, from his shoes to his organ of benevolence; and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice:

"Yo-ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!"

Ebenezer came briskly in, followed by his fellow 'prentice.

"Yo-ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work to-night. Christmas Eve, Dick! Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up," cried old Fezziwig, with a sharp clap of his hands, "before a man can say Jack Robinson."

You wouldn't believe how those two fellows went at it!¹⁵ They charged into the street with the shutters — one, two, three — had 'em in their places — four, five, six — barred 'em and pinned 'em — seven, eight, nine — and came back before you could have got to twelve, panting like race horses.²²

"Hilli-ho!" cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from his desk with wonderful agility. "Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!"

Clear away? There was nothing they wouldn't have²⁵ cleared away or couldn't have cleared away, with old

Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life forevermore. The floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse was as snug and warm, and dry and bright, as any ballroom you would desire to see.

In came a fiddler with a music book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and young women employed in the business. In came the housemaid with her cousin the baker. In came the cook with her brother's particular friend the milk-man. In came the boy from over the way, who was suspected of not having enough to eat from his master. In they all came, one after another — some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling. In they all came, anyhow and everyhow.

Away they all went, twenty couples at once; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them!

When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" Then there were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances; and there was cake, and there was a great piece of cold roast, and there was a great piece of cold boiled, and there were mince pies and other delicacies. But the great effect of the evening came after

the roast and the boiled, when the fiddler, artful dog, struck up *Sir Roger de Coverley*. Then old Mr. Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too, with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with — people who would dance and had no notion of walking.

But if they had been twice as many — aye, four times — old Mr. Fezziwig would have been a match for them and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to *her*, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. If that's not high praise, tell me higher and I'll use it. . . . And when Mr. Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance — advance and retire, both hands to your partner, bow and curtsy, thread the needle, and back to your place — Fezziwig "cut" so deftly that he appeared to wink with his legs, and came upon his feet again without a stagger.

When the clock struck eleven this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations one on either side of the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two apprentices they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away and the lads were left to their beds — which were under a counter in the back shop.

— *A Christmas Carol.*

1. *A Christmas Carol* is a story everybody should read and re-read. Why do you think it is so popular? What is there about this selection that is likable? How does it reflect the joy of the Christmas season?

2. List the books you know that Dickens wrote. Which have you read? Find some interesting facts about Dickens's life and report these to the class.

JEAN VALJEAN MEETS THE BISHOP

By VICTOR HUGO

Victor Hugo (1802-1885), poet, dramatist, and novelist, dominated the literature of France during the nineteenth century. His novel, *Les Misérables*, written in 1862, during Hugo's long political exile, exemplifies his extensive knowledge of the deplorable conditions of life in France at that time, his understanding of the human heart, and his marvelous literary ability.

In the following extract from *Les Misérables*, the most famous character of the book, Jean Valjean, an ex-convict, takes his first step toward final regeneration by meeting Bishop D. The Bishop, known also as Monseigneur Welcome, voluntarily lived a simple and austere life with his sister and old housekeeper, but had humored his one weakness by retaining his table silver and handsome silver candlesticks.

Valjean is speaking to the Bishop at the beginning of the extract.

"YOU! Listen! I am Jean Valjean, the galley slave.
I was nineteen years in prison. Four days ago
they let me out and I started for Pontarlier. I have been
tramping for four days since I left Toulon, and to-day I
walked twelve leagues. When I came into the town this
evening I went to the inn, but because of my yellow pass-
port that I had shown at the police office, they drove me
out. Then I went to the other inn and the landlord said
to me, 'Off with you!' Everywhere it was the same;
no one would have anything to do with me. Even the
jailer of the prison would not take me in. So I was lying
on a stone in the square, when a good woman came along
and she said to me, pointing to this place, 'Knock there.
They will take you in.' What is this? Is it an inn? I

have money — all that I earned in the prison for nineteen years — 109 francs and 15 sous. I will pay. I am terribly tired and almost famished. Will you let me stay here?"

"Madame Magloire," said the Bishop to his aged house-keeper, "you will please lay another place for supper." ⁵

Jean Valjean shuffled to the table where the lamp stood. He took a large yellow paper from his pocket and unfolded it. "Wait," he said, "You don't seem to understand. I am a galley slave, a convict, just from prison. This is my yellow passport which makes everyone drive me away. ¹⁰ You must read it. I can read it myself; I learned to read in the prison, where they have a class for those that want to learn. This is what it says on my yellow paper: 'Jean Valjean, a liberated convict, has been nineteen years at the galleys. Five years for burglary, fourteen years ¹⁵ for having tried four times to escape. A very dangerous man.' Now, will you turn me away like all the others, or will you give me food and a bed? Perhaps you have a stable?"

"Madame Magloire," said the Bishop, "kindly put clean ²⁰ sheets on our extra bed in the alcove."

Madame Magloire left the room at once to carry out these instructions. The Bishop turned to the ex-convict, saying, "Draw a chair to the fire, sir, we shall eat presently. Your bed will be prepared while we are at supper." ²⁵

After bidding good-night to his sister and Madame Magloire, the Bishop took one of the silver candlesticks and handing the other to his guest, Jean Valjean, he said, "I will conduct you to your room, sir. I trust you will have a good night's rest. To-morrow morning, before you leave, ³⁰ you will drink a glass of milk from our cow."

As the cathedral bell struck two, Jean Valjean awoke. The strange sensation of sleeping in a comfortable bed once more, after nineteen years of life in the galleys, disturbed his sleep. His first weariness had worn off after a few hours of deep sleep. After looking into the darkness about him, he tried to sleep again. When many agitating sensations have filled a man's day, and still preoccupy his mind, he may fall asleep once, but he cannot go to sleep a second time. So sleep had come to Jean Valjean, but would not return to him, and he lay awake thinking.

His mind was filled with troubled ideas, which seemed to float in a kind of obscurity. His old recollections and recent experiences became confused, lost their identity, grew out of proportion, dwindled, then disappeared entirely, all in a distressing vagueness. But one thought persistently returned, to the exclusion of all the others. It was this: the six silver forks and spoons and the handsome silver ladle were in the next room, only a few yards from him. He had seen Madame Magloire put them into a small cupboard in the adjoining room, on the right as you came from the dining room. It was fine, old silver — the ladle alone must be worth at least 200 francs, which was twice as much as he had earned during his nineteen years in the galleys.

For one hour his mind was occupied with this absorbing theme — weighing, wavering, even struggling. Suddenly at the stroke of three, he sat upright, reached out for his knapsack, which he had thrown into a corner, and found himself, to his surprise, seated on the edge of the bed. He sat thus for a while, deep in thought; then stooped, took off his shoes; then once more resumed his thoughts, sitting motionless. During this period, he again had the sensation

of all his old and new experiences crossing and recrossing each other in his mind and weighing upon him. He was thinking of an old companion of the galleys, recalling his queer mannerisms, when the clock struck the quarter or half hour, seeming to call to him "To work!" ⁵

He stood up and listened. The house was absolutely silent. He tiptoed to the window and looked out. The wind was driving heavy clouds across a full moon, producing alternate light and darkness, within and without. Jean Valjean examined the window; it was closed by a small peg, ¹⁰ had no bars, and looked upon the little garden. He opened it, but closed it again promptly upon the sharp cold wind that entered. A study of the garden showed it to be inclosed by a low whitewashed wall, and a view of treetops at regular intervals beyond indicated a public walk. ¹⁵

This study being completed, Jean Valjean returned to the alcove, drew from his knapsack an iron bar which he placed on the bed, put his shoes in a compartment of his knapsack, which he then lifted to his shoulders, drew his cap down over his eyes, took his stick from the corner, and finally returning to the bed, took up the article which he had laid there. ²⁰

At sunrise the following morning, the Bishop was walking as usual in his little garden, when Madame Magloire came hurrying toward him in the greatest excitement. ²⁵

"Monseigneur," she exclaimed, "all our table silver is stolen and the man is gone."

Just then, glancing at the corner of the garden, she saw that the coping of the wall had been broken away.

"Look at the wall! He must have climbed over into the ³⁰ lane! And all our silver stolen! What a crime!"

After a moment's silence, the Bishop said earnestly to Madame Magloire,

"As a matter of fact, was the silver really ours?"

The old housekeeper stood speechless. The Bishop continued,

"It was wrong of me to keep that silver; it belonged rightfully to the poor. And that man was a poor man, surely."

"Oh, Monseigneur!" murmured Madame Magloire, "neither Mademoiselle your sister, nor I, care about the silver. It was only for you. What will Monseigneur eat with now?"

"Are not pewter forks and spoons to be had?" said the Bishop.

"Pewter smells," said Madame Magloire.

"Then iron?" continued the Bishop.

"Iron has a bad taste," and Madame Magloire grimaced expressively.

"That still leaves wood," exclaimed the Bishop triumphantly. Later, at breakfast, the Bishop jokingly commented to his silent sister and grumbling housekeeper, that for a breakfast of bread and milk even a wooden fork was unnecessary.

"Just think of it," muttered Madame Magloire as she trotted back and forth between the dining room and kitchen,

"to take in a convict like that, and let him eat and sleep with decent people. It's lucky that he didn't do worse than steal. It terrifies one just to think of what might have happened."

At the moment that the Bishop and his sister were leaving the table, there was a knock at the door.

"Enter," said the Bishop.

The door opened, and there appeared three gendarmes holding a man by the collar. The man was Jean Valjean. The leader of the party, a corporal, saluted the Bishop.

"Monseigneur," he began.

Jean Valjean looked up, dazed.

"Monseigneur!" he muttered, "then this is not an inn. He is not just a priest!"

"Silence," commanded the corporal. "This is Monseigneur the Bishop."

The aged Bishop was making his way to Jean Valjean as rapidly as he could.

"Ah, here you are again," he said, "I am glad to see you. You know I gave you the candlesticks, too. Why did you not take them? They are worth at least 200 francs. You should have taken them along with the plate ¹⁵ silver."

Words cannot describe the expression in the eyes of Jean Valjean as he gazed at the Bishop.

"Then, Monseigneur, what this man says is true?" asked the corporal. "He looked as if he was escaping from somewhere, so we arrested him. And then we found this silver plate upon him."

"And then," interrupted the Bishop, "he explained, of course, that an old priest at whose house he stayed last night gave him the plate? I see. And you brought him ²⁵ back. You were wrong."

"Then we are to let him go?" asked the corporal.

"Certainly," replied the Bishop.

Jean Valjean was released. He staggered back.

"Is it true that I am free?" he murmured weakly.

"Yes, of course. And my friend," the Bishop continued, "take the candlesticks with you this time."

Going to the mantelpiece, he took down the two candlesticks and brought them to Jean Valjean. The two women watched, speechless, but made no sign of dissent. Jean Valjean was trembling; he took the candlesticks mechanically, as if in a dream.

"Depart in peace," said the Bishop, "and, by the way, when you come again, enter by the front door; it is only latched."

Turning to the gendarmes, he said, "Gentlemen, it is unnecessary for you to remain."

The gendarmes retired.

Jean Valjean seemed unable to recover his senses; he felt himself about to faint, when the Bishop approached and said to him, in a very low voice,

"Remember always, my friend, that I have your promise to use this money to become an honest man."

Jean Valjean, unconscious of having made a promise of any kind, remained silent.

With great solemnity, the Bishop continued, in a low but firm voice:

"Jean Valjean, henceforth you belong only to good. Your soul I have bought and herewith I banish from it all black thoughts and the spirit of Evil, and give it to Good."

— *Les Misérables.*

1. Who are the two characters that come into contact here? Tell what each is like. What, in a way, does each represent?

2. Did Valjean have any intention of robbing anyone when he asked for lodging? Was Valjean accountable for the theft? Discuss fully.

3. Where is the point of highest dramatic interest? If you were painting a scene from the selection, which would you select?

4. Explain why the Bishop did what he did in the final scene.

A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT

BY JONATHAN SWIFT

The adventures of Captain Lemuel Gulliver, as told by Swift in *Gulliver's Travels*, have been read with delight for two hundred years. Gulliver first lands in Lilliput and has thrilling adventures among the little people. Then he visits Brobdingnag, the land of giants. His third voyage takes him to Laputa, where he sees the philosophers; and on the fourth he visits the land of the Houyhnhnms. The last two voyages are not so entertaining as the first two, which are classics.

WE SET sail from Bristol May 4th, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous. It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas ; let it suffice to inform him that in our passage from thence to the East Indies we were driven by a violent storm to the northwest of Van Diemen's Land. By an observation we found ourselves in the latitude of thirty degrees, two minutes, south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labor and ill food, and the rest were in a very weak condition.

On the fifth of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship ; but the wind was so strong that we were driven directly upon it and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labor while we

were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half an hour the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as those who escaped on the rock or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell; but conclude they were all lost.

For my own part I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth, and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I reached, as I conjectured, at about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remember to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, above nine hours; for when I awaked it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my armpits to my thighs. I could only look upwards, the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but in the posture in which I lay, I could see nothing except the sky.

In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin, when bending mine eyes downward as much as I could I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the meantime I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls ²⁰ they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, "*Hekinah degul*"; and others repeated the ²⁵ same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant. I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness.

At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings and wrench out the pegs that fastened ²⁰ my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me; and, at the same time, with a violent pull which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my ²⁵ head about two inches; but the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them, whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased I heard one of them cry aloud, "*Tolgo phonac*," when in an instant I felt above a hundred arrows discharged on my ³⁰ left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and, besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs

in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not) and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower was over, I fell a groaning with grief and pain; and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but, by good luck, I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce.

I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when my left hand being already loose I could easily free myself. And as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest armies they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but by the noise I heard I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when, turning my head that way as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it, from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned that before the principal person began his oration he cried out three times, "*Langro dehlsan*" (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me), whereupon immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right and of observing

the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one, on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both mine eyes to the sun, as¹⁰ calling him for a witness: and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency), by putting my finger frequently on my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The *hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learned) understood me very well.

He descended from the stage, and commanded that²⁰ several ladders should be applied to my side on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked toward my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was²⁵ the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time about³⁰ the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and

astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me, and, being a most ingenious people, they flung up with great dexterity one of their largest hogsheads; then rolled it toward my hand, and beat out the top; I drank it off at a draft, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner and made signs for more, but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times, as they did at first, "*Hekinah degul.*" They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, "*Borach mivola*"; and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was an universal shout of "*Hekinah degul.*" I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backward and forward on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honor I made them, for so I interpreted my submissive behavior, soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them.

After some time, when they observed that I made no more demand for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from His Imperial Majesty. His Excellency having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forward, up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue, and producing his credentials under the signet royal, which he applied close to mine eyes, spoke about ten minutes, without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution, often pointing forward, which, as I afterward found, was toward the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by His Majesty in council that I must be conveyed. I answered in a few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over His Excellency's head for fear of hurting him or his train) and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty. It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture to show that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment: whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds, but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this the *hurgo* and his train withdrew with much civility and cheerful countenances.

Soon after I heard a general shout, with frequent repetition of the words "*Peplom selan,*" and I felt great numbers of the people on my left side relaxing the cords to

such a degree that I was able to turn upon my right. But before this they had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment very pleasant to the smell, which in a few minutes removed all the smart of their arrows.
These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours as I was afterward assured; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the emperor's order, had mingled a sleeping potion in the hogsheads of wine.

It seems that upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground after my landing, the emperor had early notice of it by an express, and determined in council that I should be tied in the manner I have related
(which was done in the night while I slept), that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This resolution perhaps may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident would not be imitated by any prince in Europe on the like occasion; however, in my opinion it was extremely prudent as well as generous. For supposing these people had endeavored to kill me with their spears and arrows while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and strength as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince hath several

machines fixed on wheels for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men of war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters ^s and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which it seems ¹⁰ set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords of the bigness of packthread were fastened by hooks ¹⁵ to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords by many pulleys fastened on the poles, and thus in less than three hours, I was raised and flung into the engine, ²⁰ and there tied fast. All this I was told, for while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused ^{*}into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to ²⁵ draw me toward the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped a while to adjust something that was out of order, two or ³⁰ three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep; they climbed up into the engine,

and advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently; whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my awaking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of that day, and rested that night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sunrise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The emperor and all his court came out to meet us, but his great officers would by no means suffer His Majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped, there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom, which having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked on as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground; into that on the left side the king's smiths conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six and thirty padlocks. Over against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty foot distance, there was a turret at least five foot high. Here the emperor ascended

with at least twenty lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above an hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand, at several times, who mounted upon my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued to forbid it upon pain of death. When the workmen found that it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people at seeing me rise and walk are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle, but being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at full length in the temple.

— *Gulliver's Travels.*

1. Relate briefly what happened to Gulliver after he landed on Lilliput. What devices does Swift use to make this story appear real?

2. Do the little people act exactly like people of our own kind?

3. Swift was a master satirist; that is, he was constantly ridiculing people, things, or customs. Do you find any trace of satire in this selection?

4. Pronounce, define, and use in sentences:

prosperous	perceived	syllable	intrepidity
league	violent	morsel	diminutive
inhabitant	forty	dexterity	parallel
pulley	soporiferous	metropolis	hospitality

5. Jonathan Swift (1667-1745) was born and educated in Dublin, Ireland. Most of his manhood was spent in that country, where he figured prominently in political and religious affairs. In 1713 he was made dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

THE STRUGGLE IN THE ARENA

BY HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

Nero was the emperor of Rome, A. D. 54-68. He was a wicked tyrant among whose crimes are the death of his first wife, the death of his own mother, and the murder of a second wife. Two thirds of the city of Rome was burned, and the emperor has been accused of having had the fire set so he could enjoy the sight. Be that as it may, Nero laid the blame on the Christians whom he persecuted. They were thrown into prison, fed to wild beasts in the arena, and burned on poles. Among the captives were the maid Lygia, and her faithful guard, Ursus. Vinicius, Lygia's lover, belonged to the Roman nobility. He had once tried to seize Lygia, but Ursus had foiled his plan by killing the attendant, Croton.

THE prefect of the city waved a red handkerchief, the hinges opposite Cæsar's podium creaked, and out of the dark gully came Ursus into the brightly lighted arena.

The giant blinked, dazed evidently by the glitter of the arena; then he pushed into the center, gazing around as if to see what he had to meet. It was known to all the Augustans and to most of the spectators that he was the man who had stifled Croton; hence at sight of him a murmur passed along every bench. In Rome there was no lack of gladiators larger by far than the common measure of man, but Roman eyes had never seen the like of Ursus. Cassius, standing in Cæsar's podium, seemed puny compared with that Lygian.

Senators, vestals, Cæsar, the Augustans, and the people gazed with the delight of experts at his mighty limbs as large as tree trunks, at his breast as large as two shields

joined together, and his arms of a Hercules. The murmur rose every instant. For those multitudes there could be no higher pleasure than to look at those muscles in play in the exertion of a struggle. The murmur rose to shouts, and eager questions were put: Where did the people live, who could produce such a giant?

He stood there, in the middle of the amphitheater, naked, more like a stone colossus than a man, with a collected expression, and at the same time the sad look of a barbarian; and while surveying the empty arena, he gazed ¹⁰ wonderingly with his blue childlike eyes, now at the spectators, now at Cæsar, now at the grating of the cunicula, whence, as he thought, his executioners would come.

At that moment when he stepped into the arena his simple heart was beating for the last time with the hope ¹⁵ that perhaps a cross was waiting for him; but when he saw neither the cross nor the hole in which it might be put, he thought that he was unworthy of such favor — that he would find death in another way, and surely from wild beasts. He was unarmed, and had determined to die as ²⁰ became a confessor of the "Lamb," peacefully and patiently. Meanwhile he wished to pray once more to the Savior; so he knelt on the arena, joined his hands, and raised his eyes toward the stars which were glittering in the lofty opening of the amphitheater.

That act displeased the crowds. They had had enough of those Christians who died like sheep. They understood that if the giant would not defend himself the spectacle would be a failure. Here and there hisses were heard. Some began to cry for scourgers, whose office it was to ³⁰ lash combatants unwilling to fight. But soon all had grown silent, for no one knew what was waiting for the

giant, nor whether he would not be ready to struggle when he met death eye to eye.

In fact, they had not long to wait. Suddenly the shrill sound of brazen trumpets was heard, and at that signal a grating opposite Cæsar's podium was opened, and into the arena rushed, amid shouts of beast keepers, an enormous German aurochs, bearing on his head the naked body of a woman.

"Lygia! Lygia!" cried Vinicius.

Then he seized his hair near the temples, squirmed like a man who feels a sharp dart in his body, and began to repeat in hoarse accents:

"I believe! I believe! O Christ, a miracle!"

And he did not even feel that Petronius covered his head that moment with the toga. It seemed to him that death or pain had closed his eyes. He did not look, he did not see. The feeling of some awful emptiness possessed him. In his head there remained not a thought; his lips merely repeated, as if in madness,

"I believe! I believe! I believe!"

This time the amphitheater was silent. The Augustans rose in their places, as one man, for in the arena something uncommon had happened. That Lygian, obedient and ready to die, when he saw his queen on the horns of the wild beast sprang up as if touched by living fire, and bending forward he ran at the raging animal.

From all breasts a sudden cry of amazement was heard, after which came deep silence.

The Lygian fell on the raging bull in a twinkle, and seized him by the horns.

"Look!" cried Petronius, snatching the toga from the head of Vinicius.

The latter rose; his face was as pale as linen, and he looked into the arena with a glassy, vacant stare.

All breasts ceased to breathe. In the amphitheater a fly might be heard on the wing. People could not believe their own eyes. Since Rome was Rome, no one had seen such a spectacle.

The Lygian held the wild beast by the horns. The man's feet sank in the sand to his ankles, his back was bent like a drawn bow, his head was hidden between his shoulders, on his arms the muscles came out so that the skin almost burst from their pressure; but he had stopped the bull in his tracks. And the man and the beast remained so still that the spectators thought themselves looking at a picture showing a deed of Hercules or Theseus, or a group hewn from stone.

15

But in that apparent repose there was a tremendous exertion of two struggling forces. The bull sank his feet as well as did the man in the sand, and his dark, shaggy body was curved so that it seemed a gigantic ball. Which of the two would fail first, which would fall first, — 20 that was the question for those spectators enamored of such struggles; a question which at that moment meant more for them than their own fate, than all Rome and its lordship over the world.

That Lygian was in their eyes then a demigod worthy of 25 honor and statues. Cæsar himself stood up as well as others. He and Tigellinus, hearing of the man's strength, had arranged this spectacle purposely, and said to each other with a jeer, "Let that slayer of Croton kill the bull which we choose for him"; so they looked now with 30 amazement at that picture as if not believing that it could be real.

In the amphitheater were men who had raised their arms and remained in that posture. Sweat covered the faces of others, as if they themselves were struggling with the beast. In the Circus nothing was heard save the sound of flame in the lamps, and the crackle of bits of coal as they dropped from the torches. Their voices died on the lips of the spectators, but their hearts were beating in their breasts as if to split them. It seemed to all that the struggle was lasting for ages. But the man and the beast continued on in their monstrous exertion; one might have said that they were planted in the earth.

Meanwhile a dull roar resembling a groan was heard from the arena, after which a brief shout was wrested from every breast, and again there was silence. People thought themselves dreaming till the enormous head of the bull began to turn in the iron hands of the barbarian. The face, neck, and arms of the Lygian grew purple; his back bent still more. It was clear that he was rallying the remnant of his superhuman strength, but that he could not last long.

Duller and duller, hoarser and hoarser, more and more painful grew the groan of the bull as it mingled with the whistling breath from the breast of the giant. The head of the beast turned more and more, and from his jaws came a long, foaming tongue.

A moment more, and to the ears of spectators sitting nearer came as it were the crack of breaking bones; then the beast rolled on the earth with his neck twisted in death.

The giant removed in a twinkle the ropes from the horns of the bull, and, raising the maiden, began to breathe hurriedly. His face became pale, his hair stuck together from sweat, his shoulders and arms seemed flooded with

water. For a moment he stood as if only half conscious; then he raised his eyes and looked at the spectators.

The amphitheater had gone wild.

The walls of the building were trembling from the roar of tens of thousands of people. Since the beginning of spectacles there was no memory of such excitement. Those who were sitting on the highest rows came down, crowding in the passages between benches to look more nearly at the strong man. Everywhere were heard cries for mercy, passionate and persistent, which soon turned into one unbroken thunder. That giant had become dear to those people enamored of physical strength; he was the first personage in Rome.

He understood that the multitudes were striving to grant him his life and restore him his freedom, but clearly his thought was not on himself alone. He looked around awhile; then approached Cæsar's podium, and holding the body of the maiden on his outstretched arms, raised his eyes with entreaty, as if to say,

"Have mercy on her! Save the maiden. I did that for her sake!"

The spectators understood perfectly what he wanted. At sight of the unconscious maiden, who near the enormous Lygian seemed a child, emotion seized the multitude of senators and knights. Her slender form, as white as if chiseled from alabaster, her fainting, the dreadful danger from which the giant had freed her, and finally her beauty and attachment had moved every heart. Some thought the man a father begging mercy for his child. Pity burst forth suddenly, like a flame. They had had blood, death, and torture in sufficiency. Voices choked with tears began to entreat mercy for both.

Meanwhile, Ursus, holding the girl in his arms, moved around the arena, and with his eyes and with motions begged her life for her. Now Vinicius started up from his seat, sprang over the barrier which separated the front places from the arena, and, running to Lygia, covered her naked body with his toga.

Then he tore apart the tunic on his breast, laid bare the scars left by wounds received in the Armenian war, and stretched out his hands to the audience.

Then the enthusiasm of the multitude passed everything seen in a circus before. The crowd stamped and howled. Voices calling for mercy grew simply terrible. People not only took the part of the athlete, but rose in defense of the soldier, the maiden, their love. Thousands of spectators turned to Cæsar with flashes of anger in their eyes and with clenched fists.

But Cæsar halted and hesitated. Against Vinicius he had no hatred indeed, and the death of Lygia did not concern him; but he preferred to see the body of the maiden rent by the horns of the bull or torn by the claws of beasts. His cruelty, his deformed imagination and deformed desires, found a kind of delight in such spectacles. And now the people wanted to rob him. Hence anger appeared on his bloated face. Self-love also would not let him yield to the wish of the multitude, and still he did not dare to oppose it, through his inborn cowardice.

So he gazed around to see if, among the Augustans at least, he could not find fingers turned down in sign of death. But Petronius held up his hand, and looked almost challengingly into Nero's face. Vestinius, superstitious but inclined to enthusiasm, a man who feared ghosts but not the living, gave a sign for mercy also.

Then Nero turned to the place where command over the pretorians was held by the stern Subrius Flavius, hitherto devoted with whole soul to him, and saw something unusual. The face of the old tribune was stern, but covered with tears, and he was holding his hand up in sign of mercy. ⁵

Now rage began to possess the multitude. Dust rose from beneath the stamping feet, and filled the amphitheater. In the midst of shouts were heard cries: "Ahenobarbus! Matricide! Incendiary!"

Nero was alarmed. The people were absolute lords in the Circus. He wanted their favor on his side against the senate and the patricians, and especially after the burning of Rome he strove by all means to win it, and turn their anger against the Christians. He understood, besides, that to oppose longer was simply dangerous. A disturbance ¹⁵ begun in the Circus might seize the whole city, and have results incalculable. And seeing everywhere frowning brows, moved faces, and eyes fixed on him, he gave the sign for mercy.

— *Quo Vadis.*

1. At about what time is this story laid? Where? Compare its setting with that of "The Lists at Ashby," page 363.
2. Who are the chief characters? What was the general situation with respect to the Christians?
3. Did Ursus know what he was to confront when he entered the arena? Why did he expect to be crucified?
4. Relate what took place in the arena.
5. Explain: podium, Hercules, colossus, superhuman, barbarian; line 13, page 407; lines 8-9, page 412.
6. Sienkiewicz (shēn-kyā'vich) is a famous Polish novelist (1846-1916). His best-known novel is *Quo Vadis* ("Whither goest thou?").

(From Jeremiah Curtin's translation of *Quo Vadis*, copyrighted by Little, Brown & Company.)

POLONIUS'S ADVICE TO HIS SON

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Memorize a goodly passage from this, and interpret the meaning of your selection to the class.

There ; my blessing with thee

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.

- 5 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
10 Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice ;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
15 But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
20 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all ; to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man. — *Hamlet*.

1. Spend at least one recitation discussing the life and works of Shakespeare. Bring to class some interesting accounts of him or his plays.

MERCY

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Antonio, a merchant-shipper of Venice, has met with financial losses. Shylock, his grasping creditor and competitor, demands in court the fulfillment of Antonio's bond, which states that Antonio has forfeited a pound of his own flesh to Shylock. Portia, a young woman who plays the part of attorney for Antonio, makes the following appeal to Shylock for mercy.

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest ;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes 5
The throned monarch better than his crown ;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway ; 10
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew, 15
Though justice be thy plea, consider this, —
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation ; we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. 20

— *The Merchant of Venice.*

1. Read this extract line by line, and interpret its meaning. Then read the whole of it aloud as Portia spoke it.

GOOD BOOKS YOU SHOULD KNOW

THE following list of book titles suggests some good library browsing for you. Try reading one good book a week outside of school hours. Aside from the immediate pleasure and knowledge derived, you will thus establish an invaluable habit and set up for yourself standards of literary judgment.

Alcott's *Eight Cousins*

Aldrich's *Story of a Bad Boy*

Baldwin's *Discovery of the Old Northwest*

Baldwin's *Fifty Famous Rides and Riders*

Baldwin's *Old Greek Stories*

Brown's *Rab and his Friends*

Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*

Burnett's *Secret Garden*

Burroughs's *Bird Stories*

Burroughs's *Squirrels and Other Fur-Bearers*

Clemens's *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*

Clemens's *Adventures of Tom Sawyer*

Clemens's *Prince and the Pauper*

Clemens's *Roughing It*

Cooke's *Stories of the Old Dominion*

Cooper's *Deerslayer*

Cooper's *Pathfinder*

Cooper's *Spy*

Dana's *Two Years before the Mast*

Dickens's *Child's History of England*

Dickens's *Christmas Carol*

Dickens's *Cricket on the Hearth*

Dickens's *Nicholas Nickleby*

Dickens's *Pickwick Papers*

Garland's *Boy Life on the Prairie*

Guerber's *Myths and Legends of the Middle Ages*

- Hill's *On the Trail of Washington*
Holland's *Historic Boyhoods*
Holland's *Historic Girlhoods*
Howells's *Stories of Ohio*
Hughes's *Tom Brown at Rugby*
Irving's *Sketch Book*
Kipling's *Captains Courageous*
Kipling's *Jungle Books*
Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*
London's *Call of the Wild*
Longfellow's *Courtship of Miles Standish*
Lucas's *Slowcoach*
Mabie's *Book of Christmas*
Mabie's *Book of Old English Ballads*
Mabie's *Famous Stories Every Child should Know*
Marden's *Stories from Life*
Ollivant's *Bob, Son of Battle*
Pyle's *Men of Iron*
Roosevelt's *Stories of the Great West*
Scott's *Ivanhoe*
Scott's *Quentin Durward*
Seton's *Trail of the Sandhill Stag*
Stevenson's *Kidnapped*
Stevenson's *Master of Ballantrae*
Stevenson's *Travels with a Donkey*
Stockton's *Stories of New Jersey*
Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*
Tarkington's *Penrod*
Thompson's *Stories of Indiana*
Warner's *Being a Boy*
Whitehead's *Standard Bearer*
Wiggin's *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*
Yonge's *Book of Golden Deeds*

